

NEW SERIAL THE BRAND OF THE BROAD ARROW.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

P.W. PEARSON'S P.W.
100,000 PRIZES COUPON.
August 12th, 1899.
No. 14. P.W.

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FRAGRANT,
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No. 478.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 12, 1899.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

SMOKE PIONEER CIGARETTES

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PER PACKET

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS
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YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
IN THEIR 1, 2, or 4 oz. DECORATED TINS,
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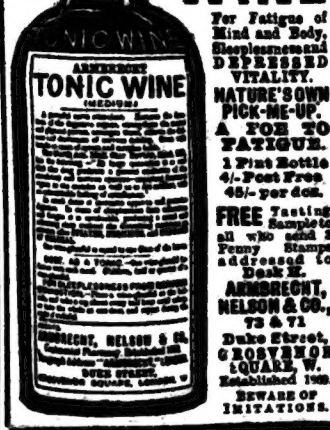
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consisting of over 220 pages, and embellished with no fewer than 3,000 Engravings, will be sent Post Free to any applicant, sending name and address. It is crammed with full particulars of H. SAMUEL'S Wonderful Bargains in Watches from 6s., Clocks, Diamonds, Jewellery, Plate, &c., and will afford innumerable Money-Saving opportunities. It will not cost you more than a penny to post your application, but the 50 names will save you many hard-earned Pounds.

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Genuine Claret from the Growers. One doz. bottles, carriage paid, 11/- Guaranteed pure. Write for Price List. The MEDCOG, Ltd., 8 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

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Make your own Cigarette, Sir;
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Best & Purest
LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Has the Largest Sale of full-weight 1-lb. Tablets in the World, and has proved itself to be one of the BEST Soaps ever used.

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For JULY and OCTOBER, 1899.

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16,000 Handsome Prizes, Value £8,898 4s

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Cash Prize of £100	£100 0 0	600 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 15s. each	£450 0 0
2 Cash Prizes of £50 each	100 0 0	600 Cash Prizes, value 10s. each	300 0 0
3 Pianos, value £40 each	200 0 0	300 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 7/6 each	112 10 0
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5 Cash Prizes of £20 each	100 0 0	2,000 Boxes of our famous "Nubolic Soap"	
10 Organs, value £20 each	200 0 0	packed in fancy boxes, containing 18	
10 Cash Prizes of £10 each	100 0 0	12-oz. Tablets, value 4s. per box	400 0 0
40 Jones's Sewing Machines (English Manufacture), value £8 each	320 0 0	2,333 Pictures of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," in gilt frame, value 4s. each	466 12 0
40 Cash Prizes of £5 each	200 0 0		
150 Cash Prizes of £2 each	300 0 0		
300 Cash Prizes of £1 each	300 0 0		
600 Gents' Umbrellas, value 15s. each	450 0 0		
		2,000 EACH COMPETITION	£4,449 2 0

Do not be afraid of sending in your Wrappers, however small your collection, as in our Prize Competitions of January and February every competitor secured a Prize; and in the March Competition nearly every competitor was successful.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION:

Cut off the top portion of wrapper, with the words "Watson's Matchless Cleanser" and send, postage or carriage paid, to Joseph Watson and Sons Limited, Watnall Soap Works, Leeds, not later than October 31st. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, each parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the postage is paid. The Prizes will be awarded in the above order to the winners of the highest number of wrappers. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and the number of wrappers sent must be marked on the same paper. A full giving result of competition, will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. The decision of J. Watson and Sons Limited to be final. Every wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of J. Watson and Sons Limited will be eligible.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Is full-weight 1-lb. Tablets, and is to be had of all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.

The names of the Principal Winners in the July Competition will be published early this month in the "Daily Mail" and the principal daily papers.

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444 104, 106 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
CAMBRIC LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS AND SHIRTS.
Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price List Free. Foot Free.
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS

Wear the New American Shoulder Braces, the Most Perfect Brace Made.
Prevents anyone becoming Stopped or Round Shouldered. ALL SIZES: Men's and Women's, 2/6 to 5/6. Boys and Girls, 2/6 per pair.
Send Chest Measure (high round under arms) and Amount in Postal Order, and we will send them Post Paid.
For Sale at D. M. MELDRUM & CO.'S, 13 & 15, BERNARD ST., DUNDEE.

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ORGANS, HARMONIUMS, THOUSANDS OF BANJO, Mandolins, Violins, Symphoniums, Phonographs, Gramophones, Musical Boxes, Instruments, and everything in the Musical Order. Our Peppy-in-Slot Gramophone is the very and most remunerative investment ever made. Visit: Requirements and Send for Catalogue.
JOSEPH RILEY AND SONS
25 CONSTITUTION HILL, BIRMINGHAM.
Best 10/- in the Trade.

BUY ONLY KLAUS'S SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

SOLD EVERYWHERE
In 1d. Packets and upwards.
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EPILEPTIC French's Remedy
IMMEDIATE RELIEF.
PERMANENT CURE.
EXTRACT FROM A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.
Mrs. Elizabeth L. FERRIS, Winchester, Virginia, Dec. 9th, 1898. "Having spent as I can consider his cure entirely due to your remedy. I should very glad if the publication of this letter would lead other sufferers to try it."
 pamphlet containing full Testimonials and Particulars. Free on application to
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33 South Frederick Street, DUBLIN.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, Aug. 3rd, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, Aug. 12th, 1899. For full particulars see page 96.

No 473.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 12, 1899.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[TWO PENCE.]

No Wonder It Pained.

A TENDER-HEARTED old woman noticed a horse with a broad rubber band stretched round its leg just above the hoof. She asked the driver of the cab why it was there, and suggested that it was cruel to place it on the animal.

"Yes, mum," replied the caddy, "it's painful to the horse, no doubt, but that's not the worst of it. It's the getting of it on that pains the poor thing. Why, we had to stretch the band and draw it over the horse's head and down all his body to get it on."

A CERTAIN landlady, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle after eating a moderate-sized piece.

GERALDINE: "Life will be one grand sweet song after we are married."

Gerald: "I don't care as long as it isn't a piano solo."

"EXCUSE my coming to dinner in a business suit, old fellow. My way, you know."

"That's all right. You won't mind my giving you a small table all by yourself in the pantry, will you? It's a fancy of mine to do it, old chap."

A Sharp Man Indeed.

"DID you ever notice," he asked, "that it is always the homely woman who wants a pug dog? The pug is so hideous that it makes her seem good-looking by comparison. Still, the ruse is so well known now that the possession of a pug is sufficient—"

"Who's going to buy a pug?" she asked. "Who ever thought of getting one?"

"Why, no one, of course, my dear," he answered, for he was too wise a man to admit that he had heard her telling a neighbour that she thought she'd get one.

FATHER: "What were you and Mr. Huggins talking about last night?"

Daughter: "Why, he was showing me how he plays billiards."

"He seems to make a good many kisses when he plays."

DR. BOON (anxiously): "Not the improvement I expected, Mrs. Brindle. What have you been giving the patient to eat?"

Mrs. Brindle: "Monday he had fried liver and onions, and yesterday I gave him corned beef and cabbage."

Dr. Boon: "Horrors! Did I not warn you against rich food?"

Mrs. Brindle: "Why, doctor, that's the cheapest stuff I could buy in the market."

Defective Astrology.

"I HAVE never told you," he said to her one evening, "that long before I saw you Fate had directed me to you."

"Indeed," she responded so sincerely that his heart beat faster, and her face blushed at the compliment.

"Yes, and it came about in a remarkable way. Just for fun one day I consulted an astrologer, and she told me that I would never care for any woman until I had met one who was then only a schoolgirl, a beautiful, golden-haired creature, with wonderful brown eyes. I laughed at the prophecy, but the words came true, for I never cared for any woman until I saw you."

Then he stopped, embarrassed and palpitating, thinking she would fall in his arms.

"Are you sure your astrological friend spoke of a golden-haired schoolgirl," she asked.

"How could I ever forget?" he responded.

"You couldn't possibly," she twittered; "only when I was a schoolgirl I wasn't golden-haired."

And then a heavy weight seemed to fall on him as he staggered away.

All rights reserved.]

Near to a Mother's Heart.

THE boy who hurries home from school,

And greets his mother with a kiss;

The lad who keeps his anger cool,

Who tries his lessons ne'er to miss.

The lad, who, tempted to do wrong,

Remembers that a harvest ill

Must sweep its solemn path along.

His cup, with sorrow, soon to fill

This is the lad all welcome in,

This is the lad—may such boys win—

Dear mother's like.

The boy whose tender touch and word

Brings sunshine to the saddest heart,

Whose merry laugh and jest is heard,

While thoughtfulness, too, plays a part.

The boy who loves to walk beside

His little sister in the street;

And boast of her with righteous pride,

To every passing friend they meet.

This is the boy the whole wide land

Is glad to grasp by either hand;

This is the lad.

The boy who treats his playmates fair,

Who does not fret, is seldom cross,

Who never says he does not care,

Nor gains by some poor fellow's loss;

Who does not blush to meet a friend

In humble circumstances placed,

And has a ready hand to lend:

A store of wholesome cheer—to place—

This is the lad our wreath is for.

May he, for aye and evermore,

Be mother's boy.

And let me say at once and now,

This, the highest compliment,

If mother's wreaths place on the brow,

'Tis just reward by Heaven sent.

Here's to the boys who smile away

The tears from every moistened eye;

Whose hearts, their best dictates obey,

And all the doubts of life defy.

Here's to the boy whose kiss falls light

Upon his mother's cheek to-night—

God bless the boy.

'Does the course of their true love run smooth?'
'Yes, indeed. There are banks on both sides.'

A MAN made a bullet out of a piece of cake tobacco, and shot it through the body of a cat. The animal died. Here we have another forcible illustration of the fatal effects of tobacco on the system.

BLACKING the nose all over with burnt cork is said to prevent the eyes being dazzled by the reflection of the sun on the water. If young ladies will only remember this when they go boating with their young gentlemen friends, they will save themselves lots of discomfort.

THE time may come when politics will mean all that is noble and good; when a small boy will break an apple in two and give his little sister the bigger half; when a tramp will work, and a stray dog won't bite; but the day will never dawn when a fly can tickle a drowsy man's nose without making him jump.

A COMMERCIAL traveller having got a settlement of his account with a shopkeeper in Falkirk, invited him to dine at the inn.

"Na, na," said he. "I ne'er gang to an inn. I'll no gang; but just tell me how muckle it would cost ye to gi'e me my dinner at the inn, as ye ca'd."

"Oh, never mind that," said the traveller.

"Aye, but I want to ken, just tell me whar I stan'."

"Oh," said the traveller, "perhaps three shillings or four shillings."

"Very well, then," replied the economist, "gi'e me the four shillings an' I'll be just as pleased."

Enjoying the Ride.

A SCHOOLBOY, who was going to a party, was cautioned by his mother not to walk home if it rained, and she gave him money for a cab. It rained heavily, and great was the mother's surprise when her son arrived at home drenched to the skin.

"Did you not take a cab as I ordered you, Alf?"

"Oh, yes; but when I ride with you, you always make me ride inside. This time I rode on the box, and it was so jolly!"

It is said that a man could easily carry £1,000,000, if the money was in £1,000 notes. It is well for every man to know this, so as to be prepared for an emergency.

HE was a cyclist, and called at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the farmer's pretty daughter offered him a glass of milk instead.

"Won't you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the tumbler.

"You are very good," he said, "but I am afraid I shall rob you."

"Oh, no! We have so much more than we can use ourselves that we always give it to the calves."

Shooting a Waterspout.

QUITE recently a waterspout was seen sweeping towards the town of Hennessey, Oklahoma, which, for the third time this year, has been saved from destruction by artificial means.

One of the rough riders in the neighbourhood bought four old cannons, and the local governing body employs a man to attend to them. When a waterspout or cyclone appears on the horizon, he mounts his horse and rides to one of the cannons, which are placed on the outskirts of the town, one on each side. The cannon is loaded with salt and fired at a fairly good range into the whirling black mass that threatened the town with destruction. The city is protected by this means at a trifling expense, and so far it has always worked satisfactorily.

IN a railway train. Two men discussing a book that has just been offered to them by the newsboy.

First Man: "That's a great book, sir—a masterpiece of work."

Second Man: "I wonder how it is selling?"

First Man: "Selling like hot cakes. Never saw anything like it. You see, I am the publisher, and ought to know."

Second Man: "Your information delights me. I am the author."

First Man (with fallen countenance): "Well—that is—it hasn't had much of a sale yet, but I think it will have. Big risk, you know, bringing out this sort of book."

His Exact Size.

THERE is a sort of selfish smartness which makes a man think well of himself, but which renders him a laughing stock, nevertheless. One rainy day, when a boot shop was full of customers, a man entered hurriedly, and speaking to an assistant who was fitting a lady, said: "Can you show me some of those boots you advertise? I am in great haste."

Excusing himself to the lady, the assistant proceeded to wait upon the new comer. Pair after pair of boots was tried on, and finally a perfect fit was secured.

"Now, what make are these boots?" inquired the man. "They fit me like a glove. Just write down the make, with the exact width and length."

The salesman did as required, and the man drew on his old shoes and started for the door.

"Don't you want the boots, sir?" inquired the surprised assistant.

"Oh, no," responded the man; "I just wanted to get my size. I have a friend in the wholesale business who can get them for me at a good deal less than your price."

"THAT'S FROM P.W.I"

Second Series.

DORA MYRL, the Lady Detective.

By M. McDONNELL BODKIN.

I.—THE RAILWAY RACE.

It was a marvellous triumph! "Glorious! glorious!" they whispered to one another in the crowded Playgoers' Theatre. "Even she never played like this before."

Every time Ophelia appeared on the stage there was a universal roar of applause which ceased in profoundest silence as she spoke. It was indeed a miracle of acting, reality could not be more real. Ophelia herself as she came warm with life from the brain and heart of the great master lived before the audience. The charming girlish Ophelia of the early scenes whose happy love in her radiant young heart the chilling counsels of father and brother could not kill, changed before their eyes to the womanly, passionate, broken-hearted Ophelia whom Hamlet had abandoned.

Dora could not stand the strain on her heart-strings. When at last Ophelia passed from the stage, while the whole theatre thundered with applause, Dora, to break the entrancing illusion, slipped round unobserved to the stage entrance, where she was well known, and sent in her card to her friend, Miss Nina Lovell. She knew that Nina always resolutely refused to answer the "calls" which would bring Ophelia back from her grave, or the ghost of Hamlet's father from "sulphurous and tormenting flame," to bow before the curtain, so she was certain to find her in her dressing-room.

Following an attendant down dark, narrow, crooked passages at the back of the gorgeous stage, round the coils and angles of alips and scenery, through groups of supers at the wings, Dora caught a sudden glimpse in a looking-glass, that hung askew on one of the side scenes, of a face that was like the face of a fiend as Dante might conceive it. There was a deadly, pitiless cruelty in the half-closed eyes and sneering lips that struck a chill to her heart. The next moment, at a turn of the narrow passage, she came upon handsome, debonnaire Dick Dulcimer, the most light-hearted and popular man in all London.

"Wasn't she just splendid, Miss Myrl?" he cried impulsively. "Cousin Tom is a lucky dog. I'm doing my best to cut him out, though."

He looked as if he could cut any fellow out with any girl at the moment, he was so light-hearted and handsome.

"I'm here to-night on the job," he went on gaily, while he pressed Dora's hand with playful tenderness, "but it's no use so far. She turned me out the moment I tried love-making. It's faithful till death and all that sort of thing with her. She is fonder of old Tom than Ophelia was of Hamlet. Still, I don't despair; while there's a life there's hope, though she has just refused me for the seventh time. Good-bye, Mr. Dulcimer," she said. "Au revoir, Nina," I answered. I heard her laughing in spite of herself as I went out, and it will be au revoir you'll see."

So with a gay laugh over his shoulder he vanished into the darkness.

Dora found her friend in the dressing-room still in the wild costume of the mad Ophelia, with the flowers trailing through her dishevelled hair and over her dress.

"Welcome, my dear. Sit down and have a cup of tea; it's just making," cried Ophelia gaily. "I'm glad you came; I was vexed."

Dora felt it a little incongruous to be on those pleasant terms with the crazed daughter of Polonius who had wrung her very heart-strings a moment before.

"Thanks," she said; "I will be glad to have a cup of tea. I want it after what you have made me go through."

"Did I though, really; was I good?" with the innocent delight of a child.

"Good is a weak, wishy-washy word; you were heart-rending, my dear."

"I'm glad. It was the last time; they don't know out there." She nodded her head towards the front where the applause came to them like muffled thunder from the theatre. "But they won't see me again—ever."

"I'm sorry."

"You won't be sorry when you know the rest."

"I suppose that's why you say you are vexed?"

"No, it wasn't, Miss Wisacre. I'm glad of that, and I wasn't vexed really. I never am for more than half a minute at a time. It was that Dick Dulcimer; he gets on my nerves. I cannot tell whether to be annoyed or amused at him. But I don't want to talk of him now. Prepare for a shock, Dora. I'm to be married in a fortnight."

"Oh!" was the full extent of Dora's reply. Then she supplemented it by another monosyllable: "Tom?"

"Why, certainly, who else could it be?"

"I congratulate you with my whole heart, and him with a heart and a half," and she kissed her congratulations.

"Oh, I'm the happiest girl in the wide world. There, take your tea; is it sweet enough? A little more cream? and I'll tell you all about it. His father came to—hark! they're burying me outside, you know. I'm on the bier, and they want me to get up and bow before I'm put in my grave. Where was I?"

"Not on your bier, I'm glad to say."

"Don't be frivolous. You remember I told you that I told Tom I would never marry him without his father's full consent. I thought that was the end of it all, and I wouldn't even let him come and see me—at home I mean. Of course I couldn't help him paying his money and coming to the theatre like anyone else."

"Like anyone else. Oh, Nina!"

"He was there in the same stall every night. There was a nice old gentleman with him that particular night who applauded almost as much as Tom himself. I got a card when I went to my dressing-room. My heart stopped

beating when I read the name, 'The Earl of Mordor.' Tom's father, you know. Oh, Dora, he was charming. I told Tom afterwards it was lucky for him I had not met his father first. He—the father, not Tom—was full of old-fashioned politeness. If I were a duchess he could not have been more deferential."

"I come as an ambassador for my son," he said. "He tells me you have been cruel to him on my account. Will you be kind to him on my account, Miss Lovell?"

"Then he has your consent?" I faltered out. I was as nervous as a schoolgirl.

"Don't say my consent; my very warm approval. You will forgive my frankness, I trust. I was nervous when he told me first until I saw you and heard you. I thought it was a boy's foolish passion, like—"

"Like young Penderennis?"

"You're a lover of Thackeray; that's another bond between us, Miss Lovell. Let me confess I did think of Penderennis."

"I hope I'm not like the Fotheringay?"

"And I hope I'm not like Major Penderennis?"

"You are like Colonel Newcome," I answered impetuously, and, Dora, I blush to think of it, I just threw my arms round him and kissed him just as I often thought I'd like to do to Colonel Newcome if he were alive."

"When I looked up there was Tom standing at the door grinning. 'My turn next,' he said. That is the way it was all settled. Two days after I was introduced to Tom's brother, 'the Hon. Bill,' who is at school at Rugby, and his sister 'Vi,' who has just come out and wants to go in again she says. She and I are the best of friends."

"I wish you could pass me over your place on the stage, my dear, when you are done with it," she said. "If I could play like you I wouldn't give it up for fifty foolish old Toms."

"They are all coming up from Hazeldean next week, and I'm to be married the week after. Oh, Dora," she ended as she began, "I'm the happiest girl in the world."

To prove it she burst out crying.

Dora murmured her congratulations and consolations as in duty bound, but all the time a half-conscious thought away in the back of her head was busy with Dick Dulcimer, the man that "got on Nina's nerves."

Then they talked trousseau for a while.

"But about Dick Dulcimer," said Dora suddenly, apropos of nothing, with her keen eyes fixed on her friend's face.

"Oh, don't talk any more of him; I hate him. That's nonsense, of course. He's Tom's cousin and greatest friend, and no one could really hate him; he is always so bright and pleasant. But still—"

Nina's wonderful eyes darkened as limpid water darkens when a shadow goes over the sun, and there was a vague trouble in her sweet voice.

"But still what?" Dora prompted.

"I cannot get myself to trust him. He makes love to me, half joke, whole earnest, yet so playfully that I haven't a chance to be vexed with him."

"What is Mr. Dulcimer?" asked Dora.

"Oh, he is something in the City, and Tom says he is very smart 'on 'Change,' though you'd never think it."

"Oh, yes, I would think it. Where does he live?"

"He has a flat—Waltham Terrace, West; I forget the number."

"Oh, I'll have no trouble finding that out."

Nina looked at her with bright eyes brimming over with fun.

"How queerly you talk, Dora. You have not fallen in love with my gay Lothario, Dick Dulcimer, have you? How serious you look, my dear. I'm afraid it's a very bad case."

"Yes," said Dora softly, as she joined in her friend's laughter, "I'm afraid it's a very bad case."

Next day there was a volunteer in the District Messenger Brigade who wore the uniform, though he had never been regularly enlisted. The nice looking, lazy young lad loitered down Waltham Terrace when Dick Dulcimer came out. As Dick hailed a hansom the messenger passed so close at the moment that he could not help overhearing the address in the City.

For the rest of the day that messenger boy might be seen unobtrusively coming and going in the vicinity of Dick Dulcimer's office, and out of his chubby, rosy, stupid face, under drooping eyelids, looked the keen eyes of Dora Myrl, which nothing escaped.

At about three o'clock she had the reward of her vigilance. A big man, tall and square-shouldered, walked briskly down the pavement and turned sharply into Mr. Dulcimer's office as though by appointment.

Dora caught but one glimpse of the dark, strong face, with square, protruding chin and beak like a hawk's; but it was enough. When she had last seen him he had worn a full beard and whiskers; now he was clean-shaven, but she knew him instantly as Silas Cranshaw, one of the cleverest and most dangerous desperadoes in London.

She had been on his track then for a dynamite outrage—the front of a jeweller's shop blown in at night, the policeman on duty killed, and the place plundered. At the time she convinced herself that Cranshaw was guilty, but had failed to find evidence against him. Her suspicion of Dick Dulcimer hardened to a certainty when she saw this man pass familiarly into his office. They were an hour together. Dora was all the time devoured with impatience.

At last she came briskly up to the door with a "message," as she said, "for Mr. Dulcimer." She wouldn't give the letter to the clerk. She was told, she said, to put it into the hands of the gentleman himself.

It would be easy, she thought, when Dick appeared, to fumble in her pocket for the letter, and pretend she lost it. A report for carelessness at headquarters wouldn't hurt her. But she was not put to that.

Dick Dulcimer's voice from within told the clerk he was not to be disturbed. Instigated by the messenger, the clerk knocked again. Mr. Dulcimer put his head out to tell him to go to the devil. Through the half open door Dora could see that the two men had been seated at a table

on which there was a large outline map and a Bradshaw railway guide. That was all.

After that there was nothing for it but to watch and wait. In half-an-hour more they came out together and walked to a telegraph station down a back street about a mile or so from the office.

"It's a quiet place," said Cranshaw. "I'll send you a wire here on Wednesday afternoon when the job is done."

"Wait a second," answered Dulcimer; "while we are here I may as well do a stroke of business which will help to pay our expenses."

He took a form from the counter and wrote:

"Burdock, Stock Broker, Throgmorton Street.
Sell for my account—five thousand London South-Westerns."

RICHARD DULCIMER.

It chanced that a messenger boy who was apparently waiting for a dispatch read the telegram over his shoulder. This was Monday. On Tuesday Dick Dulcimer walked to his office in the gayest of gay humours, humming an opera tune, with a bunch of sweet-smelling spring violets in his button-hole. He was a refreshing figure to meet, and many a pretty girl dropped her eyelids demurely after one quick look into those wide open, smiling, blue eyes, and cast a shy sidelong glance after the trim figure as it passed.

All day Dora watched him like a cat at a mouse-hole, but nothing came of it.

Early in the afternoon of Wednesday he called at the telegraph office and seemed a little disappointed there was no message for him.

At six he came again. This time, in reply to his question, the clerk handed him a russet envelope. He tore it open impatiently, and read the message under the gas-lamp in the office, puzzling over it a little as though the writing was illegible; but he got it all right at last, and his face brightened.

Crumpling the message and envelope together into his pocket, he left the office with a brisk step. Just outside the door he seemed to change his mind. He drew the crumpled ball of paper from his pocket and tore it into pieces, which he scattered like a small, pink snowstorm. Then, without turning his head, he walked briskly round the corner.

The air was still and the pavement greasy; the bits of paper rested where they fell without a flutter. It happened there was in the quiet street at the moment only one other person—a District Company's messenger.

He did a very queer thing. Mr. Dulcimer's back had no sooner disappeared round the corner than that district messenger was down on his knees on the greasy pavement. Lightly and dexterously he swept the fragments of paper into his handkerchief, picking up a few bits that had dropped into the kennel. Then running down the street, the opposite direction to that Mr. Dulcimer had taken, he jumped into a hansom, gave the driver Dora Myrl's address, with a promise of double fare if he drove quickly.

With a bottle of gum, a sheet of foolscap, and a couple of camel hair brushes, Dora had no difficulty in piecing together the tattered telegram. This is what she read on it:

U I F K P C E P O F T M F F Q F S D M B N Q F E
P O U I F M J O F C F U X F F O U I F F E J T D P
N C F B O E U I F F W S I E N T U B U J P O T N B
E F D F S U B J O U I B U I F X I P M F N P S E P
S Q B S U Z M F B W F C Z U I F O J H I U N B J M B
O E B S S J W F B U P V S U F S N J O V T B C P V U
F M F W F O G P S U Z D P O H S B U V M B U F Z P
V S M P S E T I J Q

It was a cypher, of course, but whether simple or complex was a vital question. Dora had given much time to cypher deciphering, and there were few she could not unravel—in time. But now she had a shrewd suspicion there was no time to spare, that life and death hung upon her speed. It was probable, she thought, that the cypher before her was of the simplest kind, merely meant to elude the telegraph clerks by the substitution of letters, each letter having always the same value. It was worth trying, anyway, as the test was so easy.

In any writing of that length "e," as Dora knew, is sure to be the most frequently recurring letter. This is the first rudiment of the art.

A single glance at the telegram showed her, even without counting, that "f" was the letter most frequently repeated.

She assumed that "f" stood for "e" in the cypher. It was morally certain, as she knew, that the word "the" would recur several times. Glancing over the telegram she found the combination "u i f" frequently recurring. The word "the" thus indicated gave her not merely letters but also the beginning and ending of a word whenever it occurred. At its fifth recurrence she found in the word or end of a word before it the combination u i b u. But she already knew that u = t and i = h.

Transcribing the combination to this extent she got t h b t, "b" being the only substituted letter. It was at once plain that the word was "that," and so another letter (b = a) was added to the correct vocabulary. She now set them out in a table for quick reference:

b = a, u = t, i = h, f = e.

A glance at the table revealed the whole clue. She thought herself blind that she had not guessed it before. For each letter the next in order in the alphabet was substituted, b for a and c for b and d for c, and so on to the end.

With the clue in her hand the infamous telegram became instantly clear.

"The job done. Sleeper clamped on the line between the Eddiscombe and the Everham stations. Made certain that the whole Mordor party leave by the night mail and arrive at our terminus about eleven forty. Congratulate your lordship."

She had not an instant's doubt of its meaning. She knew that Lord Mordor and his son and daughter were coming to town by the London South-Eastern line, and she knew the

"terminus" those devils had prepared; not for them alone, but for the whole train full of passengers.

Instantly every faculty of mind and body was on the alert to avert the fiendish outrage. In the half hour's rapid drive to the terminus of the London South-Eastern line her plan was formed.

"It cannot be done, Miss Myrl," said the superintendent; "it really cannot. It is without precedent. I should at least have the authority of the traffic manager, and he is—"

"But the men will do it if you order?"

"I believe so, but—"

"There must be no 'buts,' Mr. Merton; remember what the stake is! Have you wired to Eversham station?"

Even as she spoke a boy entered with the answer. It was very short:

"Cannot get through; wires cut."

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried Dora passionately. "While we stand idly here a train full of human beings is rushing straight to destruction. I have told you how to save them. There is not a second to spare, and you keep on talking of the Company's rules and bye-laws. Good-bye, I'll appeal to the men; it's the last chance."

Her passion captured the superintendent. He was a sedate young man, with mutton chop whiskers that showed black against his white face, but his eyes and lips were steady.

"Rules be hanged," he said. "I'll do it!"

There were a number of tubes with mouthpieces in his room close to his chimney-piece. He spoke a few words sharply through two of them.

"I have ordered them to get ready 'The Pioneer,' the fastest engine on the line, and I have sent for two men, a stoker and engine driver who—oh, come in!"

Two men came in, a big man and a little man, in answer to this invitation.

"I want you, O'Brien—you and McClintock on a dangerous job!"

"We're ready, sir," said the big man.

"This lady has brought the news there is an attempt to wreck the night mail between Eversham and Eddiscombe. I'm sending 'The Pioneer' down on the same rails to warn and stop her. I want you to drive and McClintock to stoke."

Both men nodded assent. At that moment the engine's whistle was heard.

The superintendent's office in which they were was on the platform. Merton and O'Brien flung the door open and started to run. Dora followed, but McClintock laid a grimy hand on the sleeve of her grey dress. She keeps that dress yet for the sake of the five grimy stains on the sleeve.

"All in good time, ma lass," he said. "It will take her five minutes to get her steam up!"

A sudden impulse made Dora look at her watch. She could hardly realise that time had gone so fast. It was a quarter to eleven.

"How far is it to Eversham station?" she asked McClintock as they walked rapidly down the platform together.

"About forty miles."

"It's nearer than Eddiscombe, is it not?"

"It's a good seven miles nearer."

She groaned in spirit. At eleven forty the night mail would be at the fatal "terminus," and they were fifty miles away waiting for an engine.

But no time was lost now. There were a number of men busy about 'The Pioneer.' They had fitted her with a huge headlight flaring red, and were hurling coal into her furnace. McClintock jumped on board at once and took charge. The other three—Dora, Merton, and O'Brien—waited, boiling over with impatience.

The flames crackled and roared in the glowing furnace, and the great engine purred and quivered as the steam mounted in her boiler. The whistle yelled again as McClintock touched it. O'Brien jumped in and the two strange men jumped out.

"Good-bye," Dora and Merton said together, and then their feet met on the step of the tender.

"Surely you're not going?" they began again together, but they stopped short as they looked in each other's eyes, and Mr. Merton gravely handed Dora into the tender and stepped in after her. At the same moment the engine began to slide out of the station, getting up speed as it went. Dora came close to where O'Brien stood with his hand on the lever.

"It's ten minutes to eleven," she said. "You have forty-five minutes to do fifty miles."

"We'll do it, Miss, never you fear," was the confident reply; then he pressed the lever, and the engine seemed to answer with a bound. Through the long suburbs they fled, the rows of houses with lights in the windows racing and twisting on either side. They broke abruptly from the city out into the open country. The red light showed far ahead in waves and flashes, and the angry wind whistled and howled as they tore through a hurricane. Dora peered for a moment round the iron shelter, and the tears streamed from her eyes and the breath was driven back by the wind into her labouring lungs.

Meanwhile McClintock, with black arms bared and black sweat streaming down his face, shovelled the coal into the furnace. In an instant, as they touched the fiery glow, the big, black blocks cracked, broke into flames, and grew crimson to the core.

The steam puffed from the funnel and sizzled through the safety valves, and still the engine flew. Wheels and cranks and pistons made clanging rhythm through the silent night. "Hurry on! hurry on! Death is before you! Hurry on! hurry on! Death is before you!" they rang incessantly in Dora's ears. Down long grades they rushed without a touch of the brake, and round clean curves, whirling "on the outer edge" with the further wheels clean lifted from the rails.

Twice with a shrieking of the whistle they flew past long trains, leaving them, as it were, standing, and Dora caught the gleam of light and a wavering glimpse of white faces and

staring eyes as they passed. Into stations and out again they went clanging with never a halt, so that the lamps and the lighted rooms and the frightened people on the platforms, all red as blood in the glaring headlight, were no more than the sudden picture of a lightning flash, swallowed instantly in the darkness. So the miles of rails slid backwards under those flying wheels and the fatal terminus came on.

"Eversham," the driver yelled in Dora's ear as they flashed through a station, and there was a sudden slackening of speed. "We've done it—forty-two," he said with a glance at his watch. How now, Miss?"

His right hand was still on the lever, but the engine had allowed more and more. Instinctively he took his instructions from her. At the name of the station there came upon Dora a sickening sense of danger. Hitherto she had been absorbed by a mad desire to get there in time. Now that they were there terror gripped her heart. Between the Eddiscombe and Eversham stations the death trap was laid. If they went forward now, at any moment they might go crashing into the obstruction.

They were running on a waving curve of the line that ran through a valley where they could neither see or be seen a hundred yards ahead.

All at once the high walls of the long cutting, from which the red light flashed and flickered, seemed to melt into the wide night air, and at the same moment the engine came up with a jar, and hung snorting and shivering on her brakes.

"Look!" said the driver.

The hurricane had ceased like magic as the engine stopped, and Dora, a little stunned by the sudden calm and silence, looked over the iron curtain far out into the holy starlit night. Down the slope the rails ran upon the ridge of a high embankment into the distant valley. She could see them dwindling to mere threads of light in the distance.

"We can do no more, Miss," the engine driver said; "they can see our red light a good three miles off. If they turn the far curve safely they are safe."

Plainly they could do no more. Their risk was the train's risk now. If they struck the hope of warning it was gone. So they waited in fear and trembling, with their red light flaming and their steam whistle shrieking a wild warning into the darkness and silence of the night.

The ordeal was brief. They were not five minutes on the watch before Dora's keen eyes caught a speck of moving light far down in the valley. O'Brien saw it almost at the same instant.

"The night express!" he gasped out. "Safe so far; let her rip, Jim!" and the steam whistle yelled like ten thousand demons.

The distant light wavered and stood still, and a steam whistle answered in the distance.

O'Brien broke into a cheer that sounded like a sob.

"She is safe," he cried. "She won't stir a step now till we crawl down to her at our ease."

The engine trembled into a snail-like motion as he spoke. In the sudden reaction the thought flashed into Dora's mind "What if it is all a cruel jest?" But before the thought could take shape the engine was brought up with a sudden jolt that jarred her nerves.

O'Brien instantly climbed over the side. He found the front wheels against a great beam of wood clamped with iron holdfasts to the rails at the point where the line ran along the steepest ridge, and a fall of sixty feet at least on either side made destruction sure.

The big Irishman was on his knees beside the engine tugging at the beam.

"May everlasting torment light on their souls who planned this devil's job!" he said solemnly as in prayer, and instinctively three voices from the engine answered "Amen."

The day but one afterwards the following paragraph appeared in the evening papers under a sensational heading:

"INEXPLICABLE OUTRAGE.

"This afternoon, as Mr. Richard Warnham Dulcimer was walking to his office in the City, he was suddenly accosted by a well-dressed gentleman, who shouted: 'You white-livered skunk, you've blown the gaff and put the police upon me. But I'll pay you out!'"

"There was a crowd around at the time; but before a hand could be raised the madman, for so we must suppose him, drew a revolver and shot the unfortunate gentleman through the heart. Instantly he put the revolver barrel between his own lips and fired again. The bullet broke a hole through the roof of his skull, and scattered his brains on the pavement."

"No motive can be suggested for the outrage. The murdered man, who was a nephew of Lord Mordor, with whom he was on most friendly terms, was universally beloved for his genial temper and kindness of heart."

[Next week: "WAS IT A FORGERY?"]

Articles have already appeared, in connection with the above series, entitled: "The Palmist" (462), "The Pauper's Legacy" (463), "The Last Shall be First" (464), "How He Cut His Stick" (465), "The Hidden Violin" (466), "The False Hair and the True" (467).

A LADY school-teacher in one of the Board Schools in Salford was endeavouring to make clear to her young pupils' minds the meaning of the word "slowly." She walked across the room in the manner the word indicates.

"Now, children, tell me how I walked."

One little fellow who sat near the front of the room almost paralysed her by blurting out:

"Bow-legged!"

Uncomplimentary.

In a certain town, not a hundred miles from Llanudno, there resides a Reverend Doctor who believes that animals, as well as man, will live in eternity. It happened that the Doctor was giving an address to the scholars in the Sunday-school a little while back, and during the discourse alluded to the subject of cruelty to animals.

"Many of you," said the Doctor, "illtreat the animals with which you come into contact. How will you like to meet one of those you have tortured in Heaven?"

No answer being forthcoming, the Doctor continued: "Suppose, now, you were to meet me in Heaven, I know how you would greet me: you would say, 'How do you do, Doctor —?' Now, suppose you were to meet in Heaven one of the dogs you torment, or, say, one of the donkeys you so cruelly illtreat on the shore, how would you greet it?"

"How do you do, Doctor —?" shouted a little urchin on the back row.

It is not stated how soon the meeting was brought to a close.

"I HOPE you are getting good results from the gymnastic exercises I recommended," said the medical adviser.

"Well I'm not," replied the patient. "It has ruined a good coat for me."

"Didn't you take your coat off?"

"Certainly, but the exercise has enlarged my shoulders so that I can't wear it any more. Coat was as good as new, too!"

4,000 above Zero.

If the claims that are made for his invention are well founded, a North Country chemist has discovered a means of producing a degree of heat vastly more intense than ever was produced through human agency before.

While details of the invention are being kept secret, it has transpired that the process consists in the use of kerosene oil and steam in such a way as to produce a temperature of about 4,000 deg. at a very slight expense.

So intense is this heat that it melts platinum and carbon with ease, and even magnesia, considered one of the hardest substances to fuse, is melted almost as quickly.

Ordinary iron and steel burn like paper to the fierce blast, and samples of fire-brick that were believed to be absolutely incombustible have been melted to lumps of earthenware by its means.

It is claimed that the invention will not only revolutionise the making of steam for all power purposes, but that it will have a marked influence on all metallurgical processes, since it is adopted to use in blast furnaces, crucibles, and every place in which great heat is required.

"Do you make much out of your apples?" asked the visitor.

"Oh pretty considerable," answered the farmer; "but I've got a son up in town who makes more out of the apples in a month than I make the whole season."

"A farmer, is he?"

"No; he's a doctor. I'm talking about green apples, now."

A Lucky Man.

"It's funny," said the bus conductor, "how curious some things occur in my line of business. Now, if I carry a one-armed man in the morning, I'm pretty sure to carry one-armed men all day."

"I've noticed that," said the conductor who was off duty and who was riding in the rear seat. "It's the same way with one-legged men, too."

"That's so," said the first conductor. "I noticed that when I came down the other afternoon. At one corner a one-armed man got on. Two streets farther down a man with one of his legs gone got on. Then it was a steady stream of them—a man with both arms and one leg off, and a man with both legs and one arm off. Then there was a man who had an eye gone and a man with both ears cut off."

"The funniest thing, though, was a man who got on, who looked all right. He made some sort of sign to me when I took his fare, and I didn't understand it. So I asked him what he meant. He made another sign. 'Can't you talk?' said I, and he shook his head and opened his mouth, and I'll be blowed if his tongue wasn't cut out."

"That was queer," said the other conductor, "but it was lucky, though."

"How do you make that out?" asked the first conductor. "I don't see how he was in luck."

"Oh, yes, he was," replied the other conductor. "He couldn't possibly be such a liar as you are. See?"

And then a dead silence fell over the bus.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

4646. Which Countries Profited Most from British Supervision in the last Twenty Years?

Although the condition of India has been enormously improved by British rule during this period, yet, among civilised countries brought under British influence, Egypt certainly forms the best answer to the question. Twenty years ago it was a chaos of misgovernment, corruption, national bankruptcy, and social degeneration. To-day, it is a well-ordered, well-governed, and prosperous country. Internally it has been completely reformed. Its resources have been opened up and developed. The chronic deficit in its finances has been transformed into a handsome surplus. The peasantry have been raised from slavery and poverty to independence and relative prosperity. Once utterly defenceless, it has now an army which, with the help of British troops, has conquered and finally crushed its traditional enemies and sometime conquerors, and all this and more has been achieved by British pluck, endurance, and honesty of purpose, in spite of hostile influences both in Egypt and in Europe emanating from those who would have been only too glad to have seen us fail where we have succeeded. In the West of Africa, too, we have transformed vast regions from war to peace, and from barbarism to civilisation, just as in South Africa we have abolished bloodthirsty tyrants like Cetewayo and Lobengula, and transformed regions which were simply a collection of battlefields into the homes of peaceful and prosperous communities. Speaking in Continents, therefore, Africa has certainly the best reason to appreciate the blessings of British rule.

4647. Did any King ever Gain his Crown through a Game of Chess?

There is at least one authentic instance of such an occurrence. In 1396 Mohammed Balba usurped the crown of Granada in spite of the superior claims of his elder brother Jusuf. He was very unsuccessful in his conduct of the war against the Christians and was at length assassinated by poison absorbed through his skin from a shirt. He entertained a desperate dislike to the brother whom he had injured and when he knew that his own fate was sealed he sent an order to the Governor of the prison in which Jusuf was confined that he should be executed immediately. When the order arrived Jusuf was playing chess with the chaplain of the prison. With great difficulty Jusuf obtained a respite from the governor permitting him to finish the game. Before it was ended, however, news came that the usurper had died of the poison. This cancelled the order of execution and Jusuf, instead of going to the scaffold, mounted the throne.

4651. What is Probably the most Extraordinary Sermon Preached by a High Dignitary of any Church during the Present Century?

Probably that preached by the Bishop of Sebastopol to the Russian troops on the eve of Inkerman, Saturday the 4th of November, 1854. He assured the masses of armed men, who thronged the church, that the blessing of God was upon their enterprise; that crowns of eternal glory awaited all those martyrs who should fall in battle against the heretical French and the Island Dogs who had dared to levy war against Holy Russia and their father, the Emperor. He told them that the English were monsters of cruelty who tortured their prisoners, committing unheard of barbarities on all who fell into their hands; that they were "bloodthirsty and abominable heretics, whose extermination was the solemn duty of all who wished to win the favour of God and of the Emperor." He further assured them that the British camp contained enormous treasures—the

spoils of India, vessels of silver and gold, sacks filled with precious stones—one-third of all of which was to become the property of the victors; and he conjured them, by the memory of Michael and Feodor, who sealed their belief in Christ with their blood before the savage Batu Khan, by the black flag unfurled by Demetri Donskoi against Mamai the Tartar, "by the forty times forty Churches of Moscow the Holy," and the memory of the French retreat thence, to stand firm and fail not.

4652. Which Handicraft Appears to Exercise the Greatest Influence on the Character of those who Pursue it?

Dealing strictly with handicrafts—for mental work affects character to a much greater extent than manual labour does—probably sailors and miners are more impressed by their respective callings than any other workers. The sailor, living in great open spaces and subject often to sudden and unforeseen contingencies, is frank to the verge of recklessness, but full of prompt resource. He usually thinks what he pleases and says what he thinks without chopping logic—the sea moulds his character to its own moods, and whether these resemble the hard hitting of the gale, or the softer tempers of smooth water, both are frank and free. The miner, on the contrary, is shaped by his work to face hard facts as he does hard rock. He finds ways and means to get through or round both, exhibiting both physically and mentally a dogged perseverance, developing sometimes into obstinacy; hence miners' strikes are amongst the worst of labour disputes. As a class, also, miners tend to be narrow-minded; they work within limited horizons, and their character is influenced accordingly.

4653. Is there any Great Distillery all the Profits of which are Given away in Charity?

This is the case with one of the most famous distilleries in the world—that which is connected with the Monastery of St. Bruno, in the Department of Dauphiné, which is better known as La Grande Chartreuse. The distillery itself is a considerable distance from the Monastery, but it stands on land belonging to the Order, although the French Government has a claim over it. The Monks of St. Bruno, although they are sworn to poverty, have control of an industry which produces about a hundred and fifty thousand a year profit. Of this, one-third goes as a contribution to the fund known as Peter's Pence. Another portion is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals, and the remainder is devoted to subsidising poor churches throughout France, and to the personal relief of poor applicants without distinction of church or creed. It is interesting to note that those who have control of this lucrative business are expressly forbidden by their vows to carry on any trade which could result in a profit to themselves. Many attempts have been made to purchase the business, one notably by the Rothschilds, but all have failed because the heads of the Order consider that they are not justified in selling the business to a firm that would make a personal profit by it.

4655. From which Spot can Most Lighthouses be Seen?

In ordinary weather, from the centre of the North Channel, where it leads into the North Atlantic and at a point about equidistant from England, Ireland, and Scotland, fifteen lighthouses are visible. To the north are Rathlin Island, the Mull of Cantyre and Sanda Island lights; towards the east are Davaar, Ailsa Craig and—on a clear day—Pladda, off the Arran shore, and Turnberry; southwards lie Loch Ryan and Corsewall lights, and, to the west, the twin lighthouses on the Maiden Rocks, Mew Island, lit by gas made in the lighthouse buildings—Donaghadee and Larne Lough—while, under suitable conditions, the positions of the lighthouses on the Mull of Galloway and upon Point of Ayre, in the Isle of Man, may also be made out. The multiplicity of lights in this locality has been said to be actually misleading, especially to strangers, and, to some extent, it has arisen from the duplication of lighthouse authorities, the Scotch and Isle of Man stations being controlled by the Northern Lighthouse Board in Edinburgh, and the others by the Irish Lighthouse Commissioners in Dublin.

4654. Would it be Possible for any Man nowadays to do as Pitt did, and Lead the House of Commons at the Age of Twenty-three?

It would be possible, but more difficult. Exceptional genius will always win its way to the front, even with the drawbacks of youth and inexperience. There have been but few men in the world's history who were endowed by Nature with such readiness and resource that they could arrive at a rapid and wise decision in any emergency, and Pitt was one of them. Lord Rosebery says of him that "it was perhaps impossible to carry the force of sheer ability further; he was a portent." It must also be remembered that he had been trained for statesmanship from his very childhood by his illustrious father, so that parliamentary methods were as familiar to his early manhood as cricket was to the youth of W. G. Grace. Were another Pitt to appear on the stage of politics, it is unlikely that his career would be widely different. He would probably have to wait longer for the premiership. In the present day the competition for the highest office is far keener than it was in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The second William Pitt had no rival in his party. The other great Parliamentarians, Fox and Burke, were leaders of a minority; and the King's choice lay between Pitt and a nonentity. But the rapid rise of Lord Randolph Churchill is a proof of what a brilliant young man can do even in our own day, and Churchill is not to be compared with Pitt.

4656. Is the Emperor William the first German Emperor who Visited Jerusalem?

If we take the term German Emperor in its widest signification, he is the fourth German Emperor who went to Palestine, and the third who has entered Jerusalem. The first was Conrad the Third, who joined Louis VII. of France in the second Crusade, and in company with him entered Jerusalem in 1149. Barbarossa went to Palestine with the third Crusade, but was drowned in the river Cydnus before he saw the Holy City. His grandson, the Emperor Frederick II., undertook a Crusade in the year 1228 in the hope of persuading the Pope to relieve himself and his dominions from an Interdict. The Pope, however, ordered the Christian communities in Palestine to give him no help; but he nevertheless succeeded in making a truce of ten years with Kamel, Sultan of Egypt, under the terms of which Jerusalem was to be occupied jointly by Christians and Moslems for the period of the truce. He entered Jerusalem, and as the Patriarch, in obedience to his orders from the Pope, refused to take any part in the ceremony, he crowned himself King of Jerusalem in front of the altar of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an interesting fact that the present Emperor entered Jerusalem by the same gate through which Frederick II. passed. His father went to the Holy Land and visited Jerusalem, but he did this as Crown Prince and not as German Emperor.

4657. Which is the Most Curious Item among Articles whose Importation is Prohibited by Various Countries?

The Turks excel in prohibitions of this description. Thus they allow no article admission if it bears the star and crescent as a trade mark, and a manufacturer who recently consigned goods stamped with that emblem found himself in trouble. A consignment of soap having wrappers upon which was printed in Turkish "soapmaker to Her Majesty the Queen" was summarily stopped, whilst a parcel of hymn books met a like fate at the Custom House because they included "Let us Gather at the River," and the officials construed the verses into an invitation to insurrection. Still worse happened to some printed matter which contained a quotation from the writings of St. Paul. The authorities demanded St. Paul's address, in order that he might be prosecuted for importing inflammatory literature, and when the unfortunate agent explained he could not give it he was arrested for contempt. Ultimately matters were explained, but nothing of St. Paul's is in future to be allowed entry into the Turkish Empire.

QUESTIONS.

4681. Which is the oldest flower of which we have any record?
4682. To what profession do we owe most of the comforts of modern life?
4683. What is the origin of putting the tongue in the cheek?
4684. Which is the largest private house in England?
4685. Whose inventions have most closely approached the solution of aerial and submarine navigation?
4686. Which is probably the most ancient custom still observed in the City of London?
4687. Which profession affords the greatest opportunities for attaining eminence?
4688. Why do people turn cold when they are frightened?
4689. Has the site of a great building ever been determined by means of an ass?
4690. What are the largest animals known to have been killed by hail?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by post on the Monday of the week following that for which the reply is desired. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"I TELL you," said the proud father, "that's a smart child of mine—very smart."
"What has he been doing?"

"Nothing in particular, only he's naturally up-to-date; he takes to oatmeal porridge as if he liked it, and talks something that sounds for all the world like Scotch dialect."

DINER: "Here, waiter, what on earth have you given me here? I called for tripe, but this is the stringiest stuff I ever encountered."

Waiter (after critical examination): "Just as I expected. That cook of ours is terribly near-sighted, and instead of tripe, she's served up a piece of Turkish towel. Perhaps you would like something else?"

"CLARA—Miss Simpkins," he murmured, as he reached for his hat after her disinclination; "when you think of a little road where we used to wander in the happy month of July, beneath the branches of the green trees, I pray you think of me. For I am like that little road—a lover slain;" and so he passed out of sight. And then she was glad she had answered him no.

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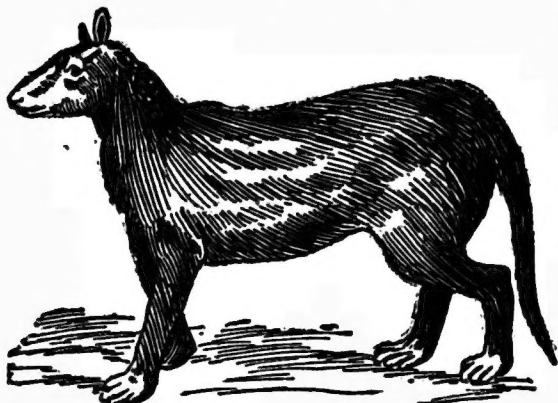
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The great comic and story paper to brighten every home—and essentially a home paper—is the BIG BUDGET.
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A HORSE WITH TWENTY TOES.



The horse you see about the streets to-day is supposed to have originated from the above specimen.

How old is the horse? Since the advent of the motor and its apparent success in weaning man's affections away from the horse, interest has been foregrounding and centralising in the reputed most intelligent of all domestic animals, and people are now asking, how old is the horse? Bones that have been dug up tell the story.

Dr. Matthews, the discoverer, a *savant* who has been digging and searching for fossilised remains of many-toed horses for some years, looking for such in certain out-of-the-way districts where he thought the original horse lived, came across a quantity of bones, which he declares to be those of the ancient horse, three hundred feet below the surface of a vast plain in Colorado.

But this find was a pure accident. Excavators were digging there, not for petrified, or mummified, or fossilised remains of extinct animals, but they were digging to find the source of a well. Luckily, the ancient horse enthusiast was close to the spot at the time, and his attention was called to the discovery, with what result the scientific world now knows.

These precious relics of pre-Adamite days are now wrapped for the sake of preservation in greased rags.

From the conformation of the bones, and their general setting, Dr. Matthews, being a clever anatomist, will be able to fairly determine the exact shape that the original horse took a million years ago.

He hopes within the present year to complete the difficult, albeit interesting, work of building up with the discovered bones the original horse, and he will probably throw positive light upon the now very open question, whether the horse of a million years ago was blessed with toes, and what their shape was.

Some of the scientific men who have devoted much time to it are inclined to believe that the horse of the primal period existed two, some say six, million years ago, because the radical changes in the shape of the foot would take at least a million years to bring about, and there have been a number of changes.

The old horse dropped his toes one by one.

The founder of the house of horses, it is suggested, had twenty toes, five to each foot. That was before the tertiary stage. As the latter period progressed, the horse's toes began to disappear. The various bones dug up show this.

Enough bones have, from time to time, come to light to make a complete series of horses from the present day to the time of five toes, going back thousands of centuries. The toes of the hind feet changed before those on the fore feet, the former having more work to do.

The oldest horse bones show eight toes on the forefeet and six on the hind feet, while splints, like thumbs, show whither the missing digits have gone. The next batch of remains, post-dated a thousand centuries, show the foot without the splints.

Later specimens again show only three toes, while the fourth is reduced to a thumb, or a splint. The next lot of remains in date order shows the fourth stump gone, and its place taken by what was originally the third toe, and so forth, until we come down to the foot without a toe, or splint, or stump.

Feel for a stump just above the off-side of a horse's hoof, and you may be able to trace a hard, lumpy substance.

The hoof did not assume its present shape till the advent of the post-tertiary period of the world's existence. This is the horse as we know him to-day, when he is rapidly transforming into electricity and compressed air.

IF YOU SAW A HORSE

Running about the streets of your town to-day with twenty toes and a face like that depicted above, you would be surprised, wouldn't you? But that's nothing to the surprise you'll feel when you see this week's "Short Stories." You'd think the horse exceptional—something uncommon, something to be looked at. So with "S.S." The inferiority of the prehistoric horse, however, lies in the fact that it only has one long tail. "S.S." has a long tale, and half-a-dozen short tales. So go for "S.S."

Tommy Spink's Ears.

TOMMY SPINK was a boy
Who brought bushels of joy
To the hearts in the sleepy old school,
But 'twas not his fine looks
Nor his liking for books,
For he stood at the foot, as a rule.
But Tommy was blest
Above all of the rest
Whom I knew in those jubilant years,
For in some funny way,
But just how I can't say,
He was able to wiggle his ears.

The lazy old clock
Would be dreaming "tick-tock,"
And the room quite as still as a mouse,
When one of the crowd
Would snicker out loud
And arouse all the rest in the house.
Then the teacher's command
Would be "Hold out your hand!"
And someone would shed a few tears.
And all just because,
Spurning Nature's set laws,
Tommy Spink chose to wiggle his ears.

His scalp, so he said,
Was too big for his head,
And he rolled it about as he willed,
While his ears to and fro
So grotesquely would go,
You would laugh though you knew you'd
be killed.

And to this very day,
When my skies are a grey,
There is one recollection that cheers
As I think with a smile
With what innocent guile
Tommy Spink used to wiggle his ears.

Oh, the years have been long
Since I left the glad throng
I loved in those happier days;
They have passed from my view
All those friends whom I knew,
And are treading life's devious ways.
All is fading, I find,
Yet with pleasure my mind
To that one youthful picture adheres,
And from out the dim past
I'll recall to the last
How Tommy Spink wiggled his ears.

"Don't you think Will has a musical laugh?"
"Indeed, I do! I notice he always laughs when you try to sing."

"I AM just thinking how I can encourage my boy to cut out a name for himself."
"Give him a sharp knife and a school desk."

"THE editor receives lots of first-rate jokes, but he throws them all in the waste-paper basket."
"Well, I'm glad to know there's something about that's overflowing with good humour."

MILES: "Idleness breeds discontent. No thoroughly occupied man can be miserable."
Giles: "Oh! I don't know. Did you ever attempt to amuse a baby while its mother was out shopping?"

"As I understand it an X-ray will go straight through a man's head. There is nothing quite so penetrating, is there?"
"Oh, I don't know. Did you ever hear my daughter sing?"

"You are not angry with me because I threw a kiss to you, are you?" he asked.
"Yes, I am," she replied.
"Why?" he inquired.
"Because there was no impenetrable barrier between us that made it necessary."

"WERE there no extenuating circumstances connected with the case?"
"No; nothing but attenuated circumstances."
"What do you mean by that?"
"The defendant's circumstances were so reduced that he could not afford to engage a competent attorney."

MR. LAWHEAD: "Why do you treat me so coldly? Why didn't you answer the note I wrote you last Thursday?"
Miss Brushley: "Sir, I don't wish to have anything more to say to you. You began your note by saying you 'thought you would drop me a line.' I want you to understand that I'm not a fish."

WHERE YOU CAN TAKE A SITTING TOUR.

A DOZEN WAYS OF RIDING TWELVE MILES.

PERHAPS in no other country is so little walking done as in America particularly in New York, where one could hardly dream of walking beyond a few yards. It sounds paradoxical, but no one there ever walks if you suggest going for a walk. A walk is sometimes alluded to as a "sitting tour" in contradistinction to Mark Twain's phrase, "a walking tour by train."

Let us suppose you are in New York and someone proposes a walk to the Orange Mountains, a distance of about fourteen miles. That "walk" would mean a ride all the way from your very door, showing how facile is the method of travelling in the third city of the world. You would find the start auspicious, because the tramway for the first stage of the journey would either pass your house or the end of your street.

Having ridden a little distance, say half a mile from the start, you would change and now take a Third Avenue Electric Car, which is known as the underground system to distinguish it from the older fashioned system where the power was obtained from the overhead wire.

You make your third change at Twenty-third Street, and take what is known as the Broadway cable-car. To digress for a moment, these cars are amongst the most ingenious things of the day in the way of clever devices. The cable runs under the street on little wheels, but at the power house, where it turns and goes back as it were, it winds over half-a-dozen or more immense fly-wheels, some of them thirty feet in height. When you go into one of these places you would imagine that there were at least a dozen cables working, but it is in reality the same one going backwards and forwards over cylinders and getting additional power from each.

The fourth stage of your journey is completed by your travelling for a little over a mile on the overhead railway.

You have already been propelled by horse, by electricity, and by cable, and now you try steam. You get your ticket, walk a few yards, and drop it in a glass box, where stands an official on duty by its side to see that you do not throw a scrap of old paper in instead.

The trains are made differently from ours. They consist of long carriages, with openings at the end and gates across the openings, preventing people getting out before the train stops or getting on after it starts. A cord overhead runs from the rear carriage to the engine. While the guard on each carriage platform shuts his gate with one hand he reaches up with the other and takes hold of the signalling cord. The jerk is only felt by the man on the next coach. In this way the signal finally reaches the engine-driver, who then starts off on his journey.

Having completed your trip on the "L," as New Yorkers call their elevated railway, you get out and make for the side of the river Hudson just close to the station you get out at. You ferry over to Jersey City, where you take train to Newark. Arrived at that very prosperous and beautifully laid-out city, you learn that you are yet ten miles or so from Orange. But there's no walking to do. You go all the way by the trolley system, which is riding by tram propelled by an overhead electric system.

You may by now feel quite worn out through sitting so long; but that's the beauty of these sitting tours—you get that delightfully tired feeling which follows exercise without taking a step.

Reaching the terminus of the trolley line you find yourself standing on the sidewalk, with the mountains still some way in the distance. But yet you need not walk a yard unless you like. You can take some refreshments, and then proceed on your journey in a vehicle known locally as a buggy.

You have now arrived at the foot of the famous mountains, and you jump out of your buggy. You want to get up to the top of the mountains, but you don't want to climb or walk. There is no necessity to do either, for the vernicular railway which runs up the side will take you, and it is also built to carry up the pony and buggy. The carriages have a special platform at the side for horses and waggons. It keeps the same level whatever the grade of the railway, so they cannot slip off backwards.

When you have arrived at the summit of the mountains you take a breathing rest, and count up the number of ways you have travelled since you left home. You find you have come by horse, by electric car, by cable car, on the "L," on the ferry, by train and trolley, in a buggy, and up the vernicular railway.

When you travel back again you can take the compressed-air car back into Newark, thence to Jersey by freight train (if you explain matters to the guard that you have spent all your money at the Orange Mountain) thence to New York (ferry included) by electric cab, the fare for which you will get your land-lady to pay just to accommodate you for the moment.

If you still feel fresh, you can afterwards spend an hour or so on your bicycle, when you will have travelled that comparatively short distance in no fewer than thirteen different ways.



**DON'T YOU REMEMBER
ME SHERRY, I'M ARCHER.**

"BY-THE-BYE, I saw an old friend of yours last night, Wilton."
"Oh!" said Wilton without raising his eyes from the newspaper he was studying.
"Who was it?"

"Sherry!"
"You don't say so! How was he?" And this time the newspaper was laid aside, and he looked at the other speaker with unfeigned interest.
"Oh! all right; not altered a bit. He asked after you, and told me to remember him to you if I ever saw you again."

"He's a good sort is Sherry," remarked Wilton.
"He wanted to know if you'd seen Delila lately."
"I was just going to ask you if he had either," and a hearty burst of laughter rang out simultaneously from both men.

Sherry! Delila! To me the foregoing conversation was unintelligible, and consequently I felt indignant at their laughter, and was overwhelmed by a burning desire to know what had caused it.

"Shut up, you two idiots," I exclaimed, "and talk sensibly. If you have got a joke there between you, pass it on and don't be greedy."

They were two old chums of mine so I had some excuse for treating them in that fashion. Wilton was a Chief Officer in the Anglo-Columbian line, and had seized the opportunity of his ship being docked to run up and see me, whilst Archer, the other, was a young doctor and an old school fellow of both of us.

For a long time we had been "fighting our battles o'er again," but their last remarks referred to something I knew nothing of.

In response to my request to be enlightened they each said the other could tell me, then suddenly they both started at once, and as suddenly left off when I said I wasn't deaf and didn't want to listen to a shouting match.

Finally they compromised matters, the yarn was to be divided, and Archer was to tell the first part and Wilton the second.

"Well," said Archer, "this took place some two years or so ago. I haven't told you of it before, partly because I had given a promise to keep the affair a secret, and partly because it had been put out of my mind at the time I saw you last by other things that happened in the interval."

"However, about two years ago I was in treaty for a post as ship's doctor, and one day when I had been kicking about Tilbury Docks waiting for a man who never came, I went into the pub near to get a drink and something to eat."

"I was just finishing my meal, when the door opened, and a young fellow hurried in."

"'Brandy and soda, miss, please,' and when it was given he swallowed it almost at a gulp. Somehow his face seemed familiar to me, and as he put the glass down it flashed across me who he was."

"Hullo, Sherry," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"For a moment I thought he was going to faint, he went so white, then he stared at me vainly, trying to recognise me."

"Seeing he was greatly upset by something, I went up to him."

"'Don't you remember me, Sherry? I'm Archer.'"

"'Frank Archer! So you are.' And he shook hands as though I was the one person in the world he was most pleased to see."

"He was a fellow I'd met once or twice at the house of one of my cousins, and so we sat chatting for a little while, though I could see he was in an awful state of funk over something, and if the door opened he looked scared and was generally so nervous that I couldn't stand it."

"'What is the matter with you?' I said."

"'Oh! nothing,' he answered, though his face gave the lie to his tongue."

The Story of a Brutal Captain, His Lovely Wife,
and Two Young Men Passengers.

DELILA DELISLE

By HARRY E. CHAPMAN.

"'That's nonsense,' I replied. 'What's the trouble?—you'd better tell me, and perhaps I can help.'"

"'D'you think you can?'"

"'Tell me all about it and we'll see,' and then I made a chance shot. 'Who is she?'"

"'He went whiter than ever.'"

"'How do you know?' he gasped."

"'Didn't know; I guessed. In nineteen cases out of twenty there is always a she mixed up in the business.'"

"'Then I carried him off to a private room where he told me everything.'"

"'Some month or two before he had been out of sorts and consulted a doctor, who recommended a sea voyage; not on a liner, where he would be in a lot of company and would be keeping late hours, and drinking more than was good for him, but a small steamer, where he would be the only passenger.'"

"'On looking through the shipping advertisements, he came across one that seemed to be just what he wanted.'"

"'The *Isle of Beauty*, Captain Delisle, had accommodation for one or two passengers desirous of taking a trip to or from Madeira—would leave Tilbury in a few days,' etc., etc."

"'The same afternoon saw him at Tilbury, where he found the *Isle of Beauty*, and arranged everything to his satisfaction; and on the day appointed for her to leave went on board.'"

"'One other passenger, a gentleman, was also going the trip out, intending to winter on the island; and as the days passed Sherry congratulated himself on his choice of ship, for she was a comfortable vessel, well found, and the living was excellent, whilst Captain Delisle was most agreeable, and did everything to minister to the comfort of his two passengers, so that when they reached Madeira Sherry decided to return with him rather than wait for another steamer.'"

"'The day before he was to start for home Sherry went down to find out what time the ship was to leave. He only intended staying a few minutes, but just as he was leaving, the captain, who had been too busy to do more than nod to him as he came on board, called him, and asked him to step into his cabin.'"

"'I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Sherringham,' he said in rather a hesitating way, 'as I think it only right—the fact is, I shall have another passenger going home, and I don't know if you might object. It's a lady—then, with increasing hesitation—' she's my wife.'"

"'Your wife?' said Sherry. 'Why, when—er—I didn't know—'"

"'Don't think it's my honeymoon,' said Delisle, with a short laugh; 'I've been tied up some years now, but she's been out here for a spell, and I think she's been here long enough; but I thought I'd tell you.'"

"'It's very good of you, and I'm sure I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Delisle, if she will not object to my company.'"

"'She'll have to like it,' said the captain brusquely; 'you're the one to be considered, and so long as you don't mind—'"

"'And he turned to one of the crew who came to speak about the cargo, and Sherry went back on shore.'"

"'When he came on board again the next day he went into his cabin without seeing the captain, but before he had been there very long he heard voices in the saloon.'"

"'The captain was speaking, and his voice had a bullying tone in it, which Sherry had only heard when he was upset by any of the crew.'"

"'I tell you you've got to, and you better look a bit more amiable whilst you are in Mr. Sherringham's company; we had a very pleasant passage out, and I'm not going to have the homeward one spoilt by your sulks—now you hear.'"

"'Yes, but I don't mind his company—'"

"'You'd better not show it if you do—'"

"'But I don't want to leave here.'"

"'I daresay not,' sarcastically; 'but your place is with me here, or at home, and there's an end of the matter.'"

"'To the auditor of this dialogue the captain's words were those of a brute and a bully, and Sherry felt a feeling of pity for the wife rise in his heart.'"

"'If this happened when, as yet, he had not seen her, what did it become when he did? In the days when the whole affair was but a memory he raved of her beauty, for when he went in to dinner he was introduced to a dainty little woman, hardly



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more than a girl, with golden, real dazzling golden hair, and eyes like the blue of the sky he had been living under for the last few days.

"She received him courteously, with just a touch of timidity, and only spoke to him or her husband when spoken to during the meal.

"Delisle, though still the same genial, urbane man to Sherry, had a tinge of hardness in his voice when he addressed her, which he did with a visible air of constraint.

"The dinner over he went up on deck immediately, leaving the other two alone, and then Mrs. Delisle seemed to breathe more freely, and before long Sherry flattered himself he had actually made her smile.

"The days passed, and the liking he had for the captain, gave way in Sherry's heart to wrath and hatred at his contemptuous treatment of his wife, whom he declared to himself was an angel.

"In every way she strove to hide her unhappiness from Sherry, but he could see it was at times only by the exercise of the greatest self-control that she kept herself from tears in his presence when her husband was more than usually bitter, and he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"The day before they were due in the Thames, matters came to a climax; Sherry heard the captain bullying her in such a fashion that his blood boiled, and he vowed to himself that if he could only persuade her to seek shelter with some of his or her friends, he would take her there as soon as they reached Tilbury, and then if there was a way of releasing her from her husband without any scandal touching her, he would marry her himself and give her the love she was now without.

"The captain's voice, which now sounded as though he had moved towards the companion way, was drowned a moment after by the slam of the saloon door, and Sherry, strung up to the highest pitch, determined to have his say to the heart-broken wife.

"Quietly he left his own cabin and entered the saloon.

"Mrs. Delisle was alone, sitting by the table on which she leaned, her face hidden in her hands, sobbing violently.

"She made a vain endeavour to check her tears as Sherry went in, but he gave her no time; seizing her hand he told her all his thoughts of his abhorrence of her husband's cruelty, his desire to help her in any way he could, offered to place her in the care of friends who would care for her until she could be released from her bonds and wound up by declaring his love and devotion for her.

"And it was real, honest love he offered, such as any man might offer to any good woman, and he would have acted as he said, so that no breath of scandal should touch her, but that his declaration was brought to an abrupt close.

"A slight noise behind him made him turn, and there, from the depths of a kind of extra berth which was built in the corner of the saloon, and usually had a curtain over it, came the face and hand of Captain Delisle, and a moment after that gentleman stood facing the pair.

"You villain!" he said to Sherry. "You infernal villain, to insult my wife in this fashion! What do you mean by tampering with her affections? By Heaven, I'll give you the biggest hiding you ever had!" and he strode towards the startled Sherry; but before he had gone more than a few feet his wife flung her arms round him.

"No! Jack dear, no! For my sake do nothing rash! Think of what it may mean to us! It would ruin us!"

"You're right, my darling," he said, caressing her; "but he shall not go scot free." Then, turning to Sherry again:

"Be thankful that my wife has interceded for you, sir! But I tell you that matters will not stop here. I am a poor man, but as sure as your name is Sherringham I shall consult my lawyer before I've dropped anchor many hours, and you shall smart for your conduct."

"Sherry was no fool; he saw now he had been the dupe of a pair of rascally schemers, and therefore concluded he had better get out of the trap that had been laid for him as well as he could, so, summoning up all the dignity he could, he said: 'Very well, but you will find that is a game that two can play at,' and walked quickly out and sought his own cabin, where the more he considered the situation, the less he liked the look of it.

"If the captain carried out his threat, Sherry knew his uncle, whose heir he was, would hear of it, and then it would be good-bye to all his chances of inheriting the pleasant place and handsome income he had been taught would some day be his.

"The captain's words, 'I am a poor man,' came to him, and he saw but one way out of his difficulty, which he guessed, and rightly too, that the captain had seen and counted on also.

"As they came up the river to Tilbury he made ready to leave the ship, but the captain was ready too.

"See here, Mr. Sherringham," he said, entering the cabin without even knocking, 'before you go I want an understanding; you've heard what I said, now I want to hear what you intend doing.'

"I shall fight," said Sherry, feeling his way.

"I think not," said the Captain; "it won't do for you, it would cost you too much. You forget what you've told my wife of your uncle. Come! you have had your amusement and you must pay for it."

"To cut the story short, he did pay, and to the tune of five hundred pounds, for which he gave an I.O.U., so it was no wonder he was upset when I fell in with him."

Having arrived so far with the tale, Archer left off and nodded to Wilton to continue.

"I got dragged into this," began Wilton, "by the long arm of coincidence. I, too, was down at Tilbury that day, and chanced to return to town by the same train as Archer and Sherringham; we met on the platform, and the tale was told me as we went up. By the description of her, Mrs. Delisle seemed familiar to me, and for some time I racked my brains as to where I had heard of or seen her before. Suddenly I asked what her Christian name was, and when Sherry told me 'Delila,' it came on me like a flash. 'Delila Travers,' I shouted; 'I know her. Delila Travers we called her; the prettiest, most unscrupulous hussy I ever met, and one of the best actresses, too.'

"We went to Archer's place to discuss the matter, with the idea of paying Delila and her husband back in their own coin, if possible; and after several hours of earnest deliberation our plan of campaign was decided upon, and in a few days the war began.

"One morning a letter came to Captain Delisle from a gentleman who was desirous of taking a trip to Madeira.

"It was written on thick heavy paper, and bore an imposing crest at its head, and the writer asked for the answer to be sent to one of the most aristocratic clubs in the West-end.

"The reply was duly sent, and the next day the passage money came down.

"When the passenger arrived on the day of sailing, he was duly received by the captain, and turned out to be a young, well-dressed man, who viewed everything with an air of languid impassiveness which nothing seemed to dissipate.

"Mrs. Delisle was also on board; she was recommended a voyage to Madeira for her health, her husband said, and the same game was played as was worked on Sherry; the passenger's sympathies were soon aroused on her behalf, so much so that he commiserated with her without any hesitation when her husband was out of the way.

"Still, his general impassiveness clung to him, and served only to incite the lady to further efforts to enthrall him, and as a result, she shortly, before they reached Madeira, reported everything to be favourable for putting the finishing touch to the comedy.

"From his cabin the passenger heard the captain's upbraiding, the sobs of his wife, and the final slam of the door as the captain ended.

"After an interval of some minutes he strolled in, carrying a revolver in one hand and a rag, with which he was cleaning it, in the other.



"I say," he drawled, 'what a charming husband you have got, to be sure! I quite love him.'

"Oh, Mr. Waldon," she replied, 'spare me! Is it not enough to be spoken to as you have heard? Cannot you sympathise with me, instead of adding to my misery?' and she began to sob afresh.

"I do sympathise with you; but what more can a fellow do? I can't very well call him out and shoot him, can I? You see, duelling has unfortunately gone out of fashion."

"Mrs. Delisle only sobbed the more and moaned:

"If I only had a friend—someone who loved me—it might be different."

"Yes, it would be better if you had. It's a pity I can't— He stopped, and she held her breath, waiting anxiously for his next words.

"I could have drilled a hole through him as easily as I did through that card the other night."

"He had given them a specimen of his skill with the revolver a few nights before, when, to their astonishment, he had put a bullet in the centre of each pip on a seven of diamonds."

"Suddenly he laughed.

"I say, fancy what would happen if I could challenge him? I'll show you," and taking a match from a box he carried, he stuck it on the point of the small blade of his penknife, which he opened and laid on the table so that the blade pointed upwards.

"He then lighted the match and went round to the other end of the saloon.

"Now," he said, 'I'll put that match out without knocking it off the knife,' and he took a steady aim.

"Stop!" shrieked Mrs. Delisle, 'stop! You'll hit—'

"What?"

"The bunk behind the curtain."

"Oh, never mind, I'll pay for the damages, look out! One! Two! Bump! Before he uttered three the curtain was thrust aside, and Captain Delisle jumped or rather fell out from behind it.

"I thought I should fetch you," said the passenger calmly, 'your little game has been played once too often, and you've made a mess of it. Now I'm going to make an example of you; when we get to Madeira I'm going to hand you over to the police on a charge of attempting to blackmail, and I can tell you, a residence in a Madeira prison is not the thing I should yearn after myself. Just you think the matter over well before we get there, and I'm sure the prospect will not be overwhelmingly pleasant to you,' and he walked out as calmly and as impassively as though nothing unusual had happened.

"The next day the captain caved in; he would do anything if the matter could be hushed up, and in the end the passenger appeared to give way.

"You will sign a paper to this effect then; that in consideration of my refraining from prosecuting you for your attempt at blackmail, you undertake to return to Mr. Arthur Sherringham his I.O.U. for £500."

"This was a veritable bombshell.

"The captain swore, Mrs. Delisle went into hysterics, but the passenger was unmoved.

"Either that or prosecution; and if," he added, 'I tell the tale of Miss Delila Travers's share in the "Head of Kinsdale" affair, it won't improve matters for you.'

"At this the captain ceased to swear, and 'Delila' came out of her hysterics without a moment's hesitation, and entreated her husband to sign anything.

"Quite overwhelmed by the situation, he assented, and the document was signed. The I.O.U. was produced, and sealed up, and addressed to Sherringham, and immediately the ship arrived at Madeira it was posted to him in the presence of the captain.

"And then," said Wilton, "I, for I was the passenger, left them and came home on another ship, and that is the true story of Delila."

BACON FOR HAPPY COUPLES.

WHERE MARRIED PEOPLE ARE TRIED BY JURY TO DISCOVER IF THEY ARE QUALIFIED TO RECEIVE THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

If some of those wretched cynics who love to declare that the institution of marriage is a huge failure, were to journey to Great Dunmow, Essex, on Bank Holiday, to witness the presentation of flitches of bacon to each gentleman who is in a position to prove that within one year and a day of his marriage he did not repent, nor have any difficulty with his wife, they in all probability would return home more kindly, if not wiser, men.

To us living in the hum and stir of great cities, surrounded, in fact, hemmed in on every side by countless objects and topics provocative of controversy, it would seem almost impossible for the average person to take the Dunmow oath:

"You do swear by custom of confession
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise in bed or board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish clerk said Amen,
Wish'd yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelve months and a day,
Repented not in thought anyway,
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you joined hands in holy quire,"

or its prose successor, without treading in the footsteps of Ananias.

But the peaceful repose in which some of our villages are steeped and the dislike the natives have to any conversation necessitating creative thought of any sort whatever renders, the fulfilment of the conditions not so impossible as one might suppose.

The Priory of Dunmow, where the celibate monks first established their perennial jest, is situated at Little Dunmow, and if it is true that much enjoyment is to be derived from the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, then the ill-temper which always overtakes Little Dunmow on the anniversary of the festival may account for the good humour which seems likely to bathe the larger village in happiness.

Go to Little Dunmow on Bank Holiday, and the good folk will inform you, with many disparaging sniffs, that the whole ceremony is "a made-up affair."

"It baint lawful anywhere but here," the rustics angrily exclaim. "If it be, what do the stones on which the couples used to kneel when taking the oath do in our churchyard, and why is the chair in which the winners sat when they were carried round the town in our parish? I'll tell 'ee why. 'Cos the folk of Big Dunmow 'ave been and gone and sneaked our festival."

The truth of the matter is that Great Dunmow has appropriated the ceremony. It was held originally at Little Dunmow. But why did they drop it? If they held it in abeyance, why didn't they say so?

Great Dunmow it seems, as with many other towns, likes a little pleasure say once a year, and lacking a pretext looked about, saw the Flitch covered with the dust of oblivion, blew it off and set the ancient ceremony on its legs again.

If stolen fruit is sweet, so are unrighteously acquired ceremonials; consequently, at the very time Little Dunmow is sternly attending to agriculture, the good folk of Great Dunmow will all be in the meadows on the Causeway, admission one shilling, whiling away the time till the eventful hour arrives, watching and betting, too, on the races competed for on perhaps the smallest racecourse in the world.

The races over, a rush will be made for the tent (front seats one shilling, back free) where the trial takes place. The flitches, adorned with red, blue and white ribbons and suspended against the tent pole, will be visible to all, and a card affixed to each informs all and sundry that they have been presented by some local brewer.

In conformity with the spirit of the age all the winners have to do now is to win the flitches and have them sent home by carrier, carriage paid. Of course, the winning is not so easy a matter as might be supposed.

Couples with a liking for bacon and an indifference to truth may be ready to declare that they have never so much as even pouted at each other during the past year; but they have to convince the court of this, which, if they betray the slightest hesitation during the terrible cross-examination to which they are subjected, they are generally unable to do.

Of course, the counsel are no more gentlemen of the long robe than his lordship is a real judge, but their gowns and wigs are correct, whilst their briefs look as if they had been the cause of much midnight oil burning.

Even after one's counsel has described how from the moment you first met the lady of your choice you became passionately fond of her, and even when the judge casts sympathising and sometimes admiring eyes at the fair claimants, still the ordeal is not to be lightly encountered.

Documentary evidence is required, and love-letters when read with withering emphasis by the opposing counsel have a distinctly disconcerting effect.

But the critical moment which has led to the discomfiture of so many applicants is when the counsel for the defence, in a voice reminiscent of the Old Bailey, and a menacing wagging of the forefinger suggestive of the Middlesex Session, asks the applicants whether, if they were unwed, they would go through it all again, courtship included.

The poor fellow remembers the little tiny tiff over the christening of the first-born, or the indifference he once expressed as to his spouse's headache when he came home tired and dusty, and found no tea ready. He remembers saying "Dang it all," and the flush of guilt suffuses his cheek.

Rare judges of matrimony, a Dunmow jury, they never fail to note the blush—and stern jurymen, too. The judge may have an eye for a pretty face, the counsel may be gallant, but Dunmow juries, although all bachelors and maidens, eschew all emotion, especially regarding with stony indifference all looks and gestures of the wheedling order.

It is said that a couple who once triumphed over the opposing counsel succumbed to the foreman.

The courtship, it transpired, had lasted five years, and the foreman said:

"Do you expect us to believe that you would have waited five years for a girl you loved if you had not been uncertain as to her temper?"

That couple lost the flitch, as did another, who, although they produced witnesses who swore that during the five years they had lived next door they had never heard the slightest angry word come through the partition.

But this partition on examination proved to be an inch thick, and when the party next door admitted that if the applicant had come in with muddy boots, and his wife had muttered "drat 'e and 'is boots," she would not have heard, the jury shook their heads, and that couple lost their flitch.

All the forms and ceremonies of law will be strictly observed on Monday. The counsel will open the cases, both parties will present themselves for examination, counsel will address the jury, the judge will sum up, the clerk will say, "Consider your verdict, ladies and gentlemen."

If the jury is composed of very young and frivolous people, they will probably ask leave to retire, and do so with much giggling.

Speaking generally, the flitches all find owners by the time the Court rises to see the winning couples driven round the meadow in an open landau, headed by the chief constable, followed by the judge and counsel in a wagonette, and the jury of bachelors and maidens packed very tightly in a larger one.

The moment they appear the band will play, with an accompaniment by the steam organ.

On Tuesday Great Dunmow will not be so happy; in fact, they will be distinctly depressed, which frame of mind will be noted with extreme pleasure by their neighbours in Little Dunmow.

"Jarge baint lookin' well this mornin'!" will be a phrase frequently heard, and then Little Dunmow will chuckle at the thought that "Jarge" has spent all his money and will have to wait till Saturday for more.

We sometimes say "out of sight, out of mind," but we do not necessarily imply that a blind man is insane.

"You say the popular Miss Smith can play the piano. I never heard her."

"That's just the point. She can, but she doesn't."

"WHY is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?"

"Because," she replied, "I like to have someone to blame when things go wrong."

"MAMMA, what are stars?" asked Freddie.

"What do you think they are, son?" she replied.

"I fancy they must be the moon's eggs," returned the young man.

He (reading item in newspaper): "It is estimated that in a few thousand years the human race will have become entirely destitute of teeth."

She: "And yet you want Tommy to be a dentist."

DOUBTFUL CUSTOMER: "Are these 'ere specs genuine crystal?"

Merchant: "Chenooine? Ef you don't mention it, I tell you someding. My bruder Isidore has bought dot Crystal Palace, und is cutting him up into spectacles; dot makes dem so sheap—two shillings a pair!"

HERE GOETZE, the tenor, had to travel from Cologne to Frankfort, and appear the same evening in *Lohen-grin*. He just arrived at the wings in time to "go on." After vanquishing the villain who aspersed her he embraced the beautiful heroine. As he did not know her, he whispered while holding her fondly in his arms: "Allow me to have the honour of introducing myself to you. My name is Goetze, of Cologne."

THE

SPELL-IT-FOR-ME

COMPETITION.

No. 1.

SIMPLE! FASCINATING!!

A £20 PRIZE.

HERE is an entirely new form of competition. It looks easy, doesn't it? Well, it is easy in a way, and it is great fun, whether you win or not. Try the following list just as an experiment. This competition is one of the simplest little things ever devised to cause you amusement and perplexity. We have taken twenty-five words at random from Nuttall's Standard Dictionary, jumbled up the letters, and set them down on the left-hand side of this column. What are these words?

The prize of £20 will be given to the person who solves the greatest number correctly. In the event of more than one competitor solving the whole number, the prize will go to those who find the greatest number of duplicate words. For instance, from the letters *e l m n o*, you can make both *lemon* and *melon*. Plurals are allowed.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

Write down the word or words in the blank spaces opposite. Competitors may send as many attempts as they like, and in the event of the prize being divided they will take, if correct, so many shares.

All attempts to reach us not later than first post on Monday, August 14th, marked "SPELLING."

If you are stuck for a word, get your friends to help you.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. dilw | wild. |
| 2. tsac | |
| 3. elmno | melon—lemon. |
| 4. aegir | |
| 5. abekr | |
| 6. achty | |
| 7. celnu | |
| 8. adegr | |
| 9. achnts | |
| 10. abellt | |
| 11. addely | |
| 12. bhipos | |
| 13. aegiar | |
| 14. acinotu | |
| 15. cimnors | |
| 16. acipors | |
| 17. hinorsu | |
| 18. eghnrstt | |
| 19. adeilittu | |
| 20. aegilary | |
| 21. afggglin | |
| 22. eemmotv | |
| 23. behilorr | |
| 24. aabelrty | |
| 25. elmopstuu | |

Name

Address

You can't do without the August PEARSON'S on your holidays. It's a special holiday number, crammed with interesting stories, articles, and pictures.

BATTLES ON BOARDS.

CHESSE AS A HOBBY IS ON THE INCREASE.

OF all our pastimes none has increased so greatly in popularity of late years as chess. There are over one hundred chess clubs in the metropolis alone, to say nothing of those in the provinces.

Years ago chess was the relaxation of the learned; now nearly everybody one meets claims to have some knowledge of the game. This popularity has led to a corresponding improvement in the game.

Chess as played years ago in England bore no more relation to the real article than did the yearly struggles at Donnybrook Fair to the Battle of Waterloo; but that is all changed, and this is strange, for this age does not favour the cultivation of chess.

But its attractions have overcome all obstacles. Peaceful yet warlike, light yet profound, it is independent—a most important consideration this—of the weather, and can be played at any hour of the day by young and old of both sexes.

It is also so full of variety that it may be safely stated that even if it survives for a million years no two games will ever be played exactly alike.

So, although we are a busy race, lacking the leisure necessary for the production of first-class chess players, we can claim to be a great chess-playing nation.

For all this, chess offers so few emoluments that the professional foreigner, content to live on a wage that Englishmen would despise, has had no difficulty in making it his own.

The life of a professional chess player, except in a few instances, is not an enviable one. True, there are the thirty columns set apart for chess in the London papers, but as twenty-six of these are monopolised by one player (a German, of course), the others, save in matches and tournament times, have to spend their evenings in cafés waiting for customers willing to pay a shilling a game for the privilege of playing with a fine player.

If the professional could make certain of winning every one played between six p.m. and midnight, he might do fairly well, but a time limit of even three minutes a move, and the Briton's natural instinct to get all he can for his money, so lengthens out the game that the professional sometimes plays rashly, and loses instead of gaining a shilling.

Those people who believe that quietness is necessary for the proper enjoyment, to say nothing of proper playing of chess, would find themselves woefully mistaken were they to visit some of the restaurants when consultation games are in progress. Consultation chess is as noisy as it is amusing.

A gentleman, say, from foreign parts plays a couple of chess-loving Britons, and secrecy being necessary for the deliberations of the partners, sits some little distance away opposite a board of his own.

Although this arrangement is open to objection on the ground that every move has to be loudly announced, still matters would not be improved were the professional to play on the board used by his foes. He might be drawn into the disputes which constantly occur between the partners as to which is the best move, for "consultations" frequently become so tropically warm that it is quite a common thing for spectators to tender advice, with the result that the professional, instead of two, is contending with a dozen opponents.

Add to this the noise created by the waiters, evidently of opinion that quietude is unfitted for ripe and sustained meditation, and the stentorian tones which the callers find necessary to employ when announcing the moves, and you have a scene so full of stir and bustle that one wonders why some of the other players do not start to their feet and demand silence.

There is hardly a chess resort in London where the problem student is not to be found.

To spend hour after hour pouring over problems the solution of which yields nothing useful seems to the average person a complete waste of time. It would not be wise to suggest such a thing to the problem student, however.

The varieties in the style of chess playing are largely due to the characteristics of the race from which the players spring.

The Germans play a solid thoughtful stonewall sort of game.

Hungarian players, who are plentiful in London just now, give a beautiful and romantic display.

The Scotch play cautiously, the Irish badly, and the French unevenly.

Were English people to devote themselves to chess seriously, they would be unsurpassed, for the qualities of caution and enterprise, so conspicuous in the English character, are just those which tell in chess.

Although Blackburne, the great English player, is not pre-eminent in either tournaments or matches he is, with the exception of Pillsbury, the only player who can play a dozen games blindfolded, and vary the monotony by now and then announcing a mate in a given number of moves.

The recent tournament has conclusively demonstrated the right of Lasker to be considered champion chess player of the world.

With no desire to make light of the achievements of this really great player it may fairly be observed that

he has not yet proved himself the equal of Steinitz, who, whatever, he may be at sixty, beat time after time for a quarter of a century all the strongest players of the day. As a rule, Cambridge University turns out better chess players than Oxford. There is good reason for this.

Concentration, calculation, and resource are excellent qualities, both in mathematics and chess.

The chess intellect is, of course, highly specialised, but, as a rule, it may be said that the majority of really first-class players have either been good mathematicians or possessed of the faculty for mathematics.

It is, of course, difficult to estimate the chess-playing qualities of the Briton by geographical considerations, for the reason that most of our best English players are amateurs, many of whom shun the publicity of the public gaze. Still we are not without a clue.

A short time back the best players of the South met the best players of the North.

This was the return match of a tournament which had been played in Birmingham the previous year, in which of the 100 games each won fifty. The points were then raised to 106, and the South left off with one point to the good.

The result of the return match apparently demonstrated the superiority of the South. There were 108 players on each side. The South won forty-nine games, the Northerners twenty-eight, and thirty-one were drawn.

These figures, however, are rather misleading, as some of the best Northern players did not put in an appearance. Had they done so, the score would have been much closer.

Yorkshire and Lancashire furnish the greatest number of good players, at the present moment each of these counties boasting over twenty really fine players.

Chess matches held in London, and open to provincial, throw little light on the comparative merits of the different countries. Distance counts for so much that the best players are generally amongst the absentees.

To decide which county produces the best chess players it would be necessary not only to pay the expenses of all competitors, but hold the competition in some central town like Birmingham.

Not Responsible.

IN a small country town the street-lamps, which are few and far between, are under the charge of one of the oldest residents of the place.

"Why in the world weren't the lamps lighted to-night, Mr. Jacobs?" inquired a summer visitor, who had stumbled down to the post-office one July evening in the pitchy darkness of a heavy rainstorm.

"They ain't ever lighted on moonlight nights," responded the old man calmly; "that's the rule; an' the moon full last night, an' this is one of her best nights in the hull month."

"Best nights!" echoed the other, in considerable irritation. "What good does the moon do in a pouring rain like this?"

"I can't help that," said Mr. Jacobs. "Accordin' to the almanac this is a moonshine night, an' the lamps hev no call to be lit. I reckon the almanac's a good thing to go by."

"Why," continued the old lamplighter, surveying his critic with suddenly awakened surprise and disgust, "where a'pose I should be ef I was t' go by the weather 'stid o' the almanac? I presume t' say likely I might hev t' go my raound ev'ry night fer a month in dog-days. I don't expect to hev no sech work as that! Ef the moon don't do her duty it's unfort'nit, but it ain't any o' my look-out."

The bystanders murmured assent, and the summer visitor was silenced.

MAMMA: "What are you trying to draw?"

Little Ethel: "An elephant."

"Rather a difficult subject."

"I'd rather draw elephants than anything else, because people can always tell what it is. They knows an elephant is the only animal wif two tails."

A CERTAIN merchant, who wears his hair skating-rink style, said to his hopeful son the other day:

"Charley, I'm coming down to your school some day this week to see you at work."

"O, papa, please don't, the boys will chaff me so about your bald head," replied the unappreciative youth.

The old man did not go.

"WHEN I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly. The lion did not offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I have thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very tall tree."

Too Quick for Her.

THE following amusing story is told of Queen Margaret of Italy. She recently arrived in a town, where great preparations had been made to do her honour.

The mayor was at hand to escort her to the room where luncheon was served, but the Queen declined to eat anything, saying that all she needed was a glass of water and a sandwich.

At the end of this frugal repast she was about to take her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe her lips, when the mayor, misinterpreting her action, bowed respectfully, and said:

"Your Majesty need not trouble yourself. I can assure you the lunch is paid for."

A Specialist for Fainting Fits.

THE ingenious plan adopted by the principal London shopkeepers of providing luncheon for their lady customers is quite common now in all the large establishments in the metropolis. By this means women are enabled to refresh themselves in the midst of the fatigue of shopping, and continue their labours with renewed vigour.

The Americans, however, have "gone one better." Not content with providing lunch for their patrons, the managers of a New York house have added a trained nurse to their staff, in view of the arduous duties of shopping, combined with the close atmosphere, producing faintness.

Our American cousins who trade at this enterprising establishment may now faint away with the comforting knowledge that instead of being hastily conveyed home, they will be restored and enabled to return to the fray.

Iced Tea.

THERE is a certain good woman, the wife of a prominent lawyer. Her husband attended court at different towns, and his wife listened to his experiences with wonder and surprise.

He never grew tired of extolling the virtues of "a big glass of iced tea when a man is warm and tired," and one day he gave a commission for a quantity of ice.

The wife was neither surprised nor displeased to have a well-filled ice-chest, and on the morning after its arrival the lawyer requested her to have iced tea to drink.

It was an extremely warm day, and when he took his seat at the table he was hot, tired, and thirsty.

What was his surprise to see, instead of the refreshing amber beverage of his soul's desire, the same old steaming Brown Betty teapot and the cups of former days.

"Where is the iced tea, Mary?" he asked.

"There 'tis," she answered, laying her forefinger on the hissing lid of Brown Betty; "and if you can tell any difference betwixt it and plain well-water tea, you're smarter than I am."

She had boiled the ice!

Curling Tongs at Sea.

IT is customary to say that modern science has conquered the dangers of the open sea except that of fog. Those who say so are mistaken. We build ships that can buffet any wave and outride the most furious gales. But every one of them carries in her saloon a source of danger more threatening than any that tempest brings or the forces of Nature create.

There is always the woman with a fringe which persists in getting out of curl. That woman provides in advance for the emergency. She arms herself against the danger of appearing at dinner with unkempt forelock. She surreptitiously introduces a pair of curling irons and a spirit lamp into her cabin, and, in spite of placard warnings and peremptory prohibitions, she lights the lamp every day before the altar of her devotion.

She knows, of course, that every time she does this she imperils the lives of hundreds of human beings.

But would you have a little matter like that interfere with the essential processes of the toilette? Is the woman with the fringe to be expected to appear with limp locks at the captain's table merely that a lot of people who are nothing to her may feel safer against a roasting?

The purser, when he finds her out, tells her that her act is criminal. But the purser is only a man, wholly incapable of feminine points of view. The captain may threaten her with irons if she repeats the offence; but how is the captain to know if she closes her cabin door?

And so fringes are curled and lives risked and ships set on fire just to gratify a passing whim for self-adornment.

INVENTORS' IDEAS.

ICED chloroform is now used in Bavarian hospitals when operations are performed. Its advantages are that it is quicker in action, it is not so dangerous, and is not accompanied with depression and sickness.

"ACETYLENE black" is a new pigment that is claimed as an improvement on the ordinary black. It is obtained by exploding a charge of acetylene gas by electricity, the gas being contained in a strong vessel under pressure.

AN Italian professor has promulgated a new theory concerning genius. He says that the majority of persons of distinction are the first-born of the family, while a large proportion of the minority are the youngest of large families.

IN South Africa, where some mines are now worked by means of electricity to a depth of 5,000 feet, it is proposed to work them shortly to just double that depth. It is estimated that it will be much less costly to do this than to operate in two mines at a depth of 5,000 feet.

SELENIUM, which has hitherto been confined to the laboratory, is now being used industrially. Glass-makers find that by adding selenium to the materials in the melting pot they can make rose-tinted glass without the trouble of re-heating and dipping in colouring fluid.

A FRENCHMAN has produced a new style of "magic clock." The dial is transparent, but neither works nor electric wires are to be seen. Yet the hands move and the clock keeps good time. The secret is that the works are concealed in the edge of the clock and the movement communicated to the hands by a glass disc.

EVER since the manufacture of toilet soaps was first attempted, makers have tried without success to produce a violet soap that would retain its scent. Recent scientific progress has solved this problem. It has been found that vaseline can be used with as much success as lard to preserve perfumes, and the violet toilet soap is an accomplished fact.

A SUBSTITUTE for marble and slate for chimney-pieces and ornaments is the invention of a Gloucester man. It is made of powdered slate moulded under great pressure with a varnish composed of gum arabic, resin, boiled oil, and asphaltum. It is submitted to a high temperature for several days, and dried. When finished, it can be polished or grained.

A SANITARY head-rest for use in barbers' shops is the invention of a resident of Aix-la-Chapelle. At the present time each customer "for a shave" rests his head where many others have been, a fact which is apt to be disquieting. The new seat is made of sheets of paper or parchment superimposed, and as each customer retires the top sheet is torn off and "the next, please," has a fresh surface.

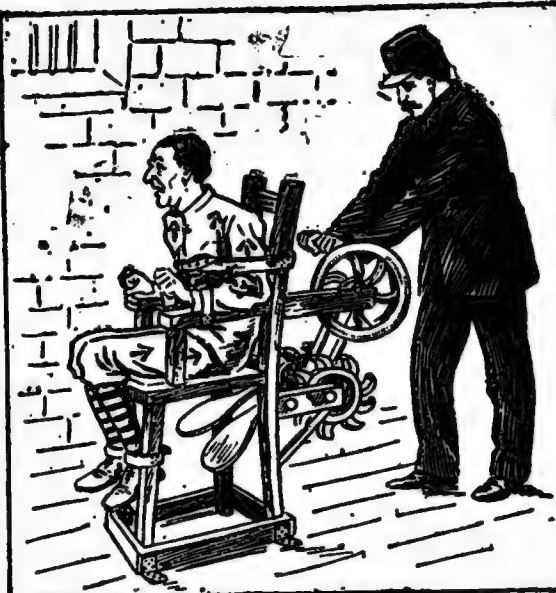
THE Sea Serpent is a new form of amusement to form a variation of the water chutes, presumably. It will be from 80ft. to 100ft. long, and pleasure-loving people can enjoy a ride on the water on the back of this substitute for the fabulous monster. The inventor of the mechanism has devised an apparatus that will make the new serpent reproduce all the sinuous movements of the "genuine" article.

AN improved nosebag has been devised by a thoughtful gentleman of Liverpool. By its use the horse will be spared the annoyance of tossing the bag about, while the owner or driver will not have to tighten the strap, and waste will be prevented. Spiral springs are sewn inside the canvas. These springs are adjusted to the weight of the fodder, so that as the weight decreases by reason of the transference of feed from the bag to the animal, the springs draw up the contents of the nosebag within reach of the horse's mouth.

FIREWORK-SIGNALS for use by day or night, between two ships at sea or between a ship and the land—such is an invention for which a patent has been granted. Material for coloured fires is placed in small moulds and telescoped into a long tube, this tube and a parachute being inserted in the hollow chamber of a rocket. The material ignites when the rocket is in mid-air, and the tube and the attached parachute come out and show a signal. The coloured fires are arranged in order according to the signal to be made. The tube can be placed on the masthead of a ship or on a flagstaff on land.

THE "free wheel" is an improved device for bicycles that will commend itself strongly to all riders. In the present machine, wherever you are riding, however smooth the road may be, you must keep on pedalling or place your feet in a position that is not elegant, and may prove very dangerous, especially to lady riders. By this new device you can take advantage of acquired momentum at any time, whether on the level or for coasting, and keep your feet still on the pedals. The arrangement is a simple one; the chain ring is in two parts, the outer carrying teeth for the chain, and the inner (fixed to the hub) having teeth and pawls for locking its other half. By ceasing to pedal you actuate the mechanism; the halves separate, and the rear wheel revolves without a movement of the crank-shaft, pedals, or chain. As soon as you apply power to the pedals again, the forward action of those parts locks the two halves of the chain ring, and you go on as usual. Further particulars may be obtained from the Beaumont Free Wheel Ltd., 61 and 62 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

THE SMACK MACHINE.



Spanking prisoners in this form does more good than any other sort of punishment.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strict discipline of prisons, and the rigid regulations carried out within their walls, prisoners who have the misfortune to be reported, and get punished, would seem to be no better off than they were before; that is to say, that no matter what severe punishment they endure for misconduct, it seems to have very little effect in bringing about a favourable alteration in the conduct of the more rebellious type of criminal.

This may be accounted for by the fact that the putting a man in irons, or dieting him for so many given days on bread and water, flogging him, or placing him in solitary confinement, rather tends to still further harden the already very hardened criminal, while among his associates, people of his own class and temperament, he is regarded in the light of a hero.

These matters have been occupying the attention and close study of the powers that be for some time, and the upshot of their deliberations is that it would appear that prison discipline, so far as punishment goes, is on the eve of a remarkable change, a revolution which threatens to consign dungeons to more useful purposes, make scrap-iron of chains, do away with the birch, and in time do away with solitary confinement in cells and make the old bread and water diet a thing of the faded past. For an enlightened assembly of prison authorities has decided to believe, what many civilians have believed for a long time past, that the punishing, for prison misconduct, a hardened monster of iniquity, who is steeped to the eyes in crime and who often rebels while languishing in durance vile, is simply wasting the energy of the punishing warder and exhausting his strength for nothing.

The change, then, in prison discipline refers to the introduction of that form of punishment particularly well-known to every bad boy at home and at school, namely, spanking. The sorrows attendant upon that chastisement does not lie in the mere act itself, which is but a trifle, but in the humiliation of being chastised in that way before one's friends and acquaintances, a very trying humiliation indeed, and one which is rarely experienced more than, say twice, by the same bad boy, as a rule.

But this familiar form of punishment for prison and reformatory school purposes is administered mechanically, so that there's no chance of getting a few easy strokes; each stroke tells with stinging effect.

The spanking chair comes from America where it has been in use for a little while, but there is a sample chair to be found in one of Her Majesty's prisons and also in one or two reformatory schools, and up to the present the new punishment has fairly wrought a miracle in the conduct of the inmates of these places.

There are a few hundred prisoners in the prison just referred to but since the day—about a month ago—when one of their number was "spanked," which was done before nearly a couple of hundred of the man's fellow prisoners, not one man has been reported.

Spanking humiliates more than it hurts. It makes a man feel ashamed of himself and sorry that he lived to go through such an experience. You may whip the blood out of a man's back or beat him into insensibility but you won't get the results that a public spanking will give.

This adoption of an old custom is but in the experimental stage as yet in prisons, but there is every likelihood that ere long the smacking-chair will be found the only medium of punishment for refractory prisoners of both sexes.

The victim is strapped in the chair, which has an open bottom, and the paddles, two in number, do the work, obtaining their force by means of a revolving cog, which is turned by a wheel operated from the back of the chair.

THE UPPER CRUST.

THE Duchess of Portland is the tallest titled lady in England.

AMONG the reigning sovereigns of Europe there are still several who have not been crowned. The Kings of Italy and Saxony may be cited as instances.

THE Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the well-known Non-conformist minister, is a Welshman, with a slight admixture of Jewish blood in his veins. His father was a coroner in Carmarthen.

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, who has won fame in the realm of geology, says that his mind was turned in that direction by one of the small things of life, namely, a visit to a limestone quarry in Edinburgh.

THE Kaiser is "at home" to some twenty of his friends once a week. He never fails on these occasions to make reference to his progress in the study of the Turkish language, which he has begun since his visit to Constantinople.

LORD SHAND, not the least distinguished of the judges who form the highest tribunal of the land, is one of the smallest men in the House of Lords. He owes his rise to his own abilities, for he is the son of a hotel keeper in Aberdeenshire.

LORD CURZON, the Viceroy of India, is a strong advocate of temperance reform. He was on the executive of a prominent temperance society until he went to the Foreign Office, and is now paying great attention to the army canteen system in India.

THE Duke of Devonshire takes great pride and interest in the prosperity of Eastbourne, of which he is the principal owner, and never fails to point out that to his father is due the tremendous development of the town that was known as East Bourne.

THE Duke of Veragua has two claims to distinction in his own country—he is a lineal descendant of Columbus, and the principal breeder of bulls for the national sport of Spain. He has immense herds of splendid animals, which are under the charge of his brother, Christopher Columbus.

MISS OISSIE LOFTUS was never intended for the stage. Her mother, who began her own career at the age of nine, thought that the girl would never have nerve enough to perform before an audience. But Oissie developed so great a faculty for mimicking everybody that finally the plans were changed, and she was prepared for the "boards."

THE Emperor of Austria is the only member of the Austrian Imperial family who is never seen walking in the streets of the cities and large towns. When he was a young man, and but few people knew the features of the monarch, he thought it a treat to elbow his way through crowds, but now he always avoids even the smallest assembly of persons.

IN the club which the Prince of Wales established for the tenants on his estate at Sandringham he made it a rule that no man should be served with more than a pint of beer on any day. He afterwards rescinded the rule, thinking that it was rather arbitrary, but the labourers still adhere to it. They thus show their appreciation of his Royal Highness' desire to promote temperance.

AMONG the treasures most highly prized by Sir William Harcourt are two sets of official robes. One belonged to Mr. Gladstone when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the other to the celebrated Sir Simon Harcourt, who was Lord Chancellor in 1712. Sir William once hoped to be Lord Chancellor himself, but his legal career was practically cut short when he was appointed Home Secretary.

THE first youth who told the Duchess of York that he loved her was a grocer's assistant. He sent love letters to her when she was sixteen; she showed them to her mother, and took no further notice of them, but her schoolboy brothers got hold of them and made an appointment with the swain in her name. The youth had reached a point when he began to threaten the princess, so the brothers made the interview a lively one.

THE King of Siam is one of the richest of monarchs, his annual income being about four millions sterling, and he knows how to enjoy the good things that lie within his reach. His palace is like a city, as nearly five thousand persons live in it. It is lighted by electricity and the appointments generally are up-to-date. The ornamental gardens cover twenty-five acres, and are surrounded by a wall twelve feet high. He has a glass pavilion in which he makes descents to the bottom of the lake in summer.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES has remained very much in the background, and has been regarded as generally inferior to her two charming sisters. As a matter of fact, she is much better fitted for a royal or imperial position, and she has shown this lately by the manner in which she has discharged the duties of hostess. She has greatly endeared herself to her father by her loving attentions, and has developed qualities that were not suspected while her personality was overshadowed by the brilliant but more superficial attractions of her sisters.

Of course you are a cyclist—then get next Wednesday's PASTIMES, and laugh over the difficulties of "First Lessons in Cycling," humorously illustrated by J. J. Proctor.

RAILWAYS ON THE ROOFTOPS.

What We Shall Have to do When the Streets Get too Full.

WHETHER the individual who invented reading and writing deserves to be ranked amongst the benefactors of his race, is open to very grave doubt.

When man was a savage, having no needs beyond those of the body, he was content to live in woods, caves, branches of trees, anywhere, as long as the shelter provided security from the elements and the attacks of foes.

But the three R's soon transformed our species. The rust of ignorance removed, man proceeded to build up civilisation, which, with great differences, possessed one feature common to all.

The wants of communities made it incumbent that dense masses of people should herd together.

These places called towns and cities have grown just in proportion as the civilisation, becoming more complex, developed increased wants and greater necessities.

Great Britain being the greatest manufacturing country of modern civilisation, London, as a matter of course, has become the greatest city in the world, with a population far exceeding that of old Rome or Babylon.

Were London properly built, the organising genius of our race is so great that a vast increase in the present enormous population could be contemplated with serenity.

The most remarkable feature of the metropolis is, that the streets are in contradistinction to nature, which provides the human system with small arteries at the extremities, increasing in size as the centre of the organism is approached; the artificers of London so contrived matters that the farther our streets are from the great centres the wider they become, with the result that what with the increase in traffic and the growth of the population, the thoroughfares will before another fifty years have become so impassable that locomotion will become impossible.

We do not say this state of things will be universal, but considering the crowded condition of the City during the day and the difficulty of locomotion in such thoroughfares as Oxford Street, Regent Street, Mile End Road in the evening, it stands to reason that a million added to the population would stop pedestrian traffic altogether.

What will happen then?

Well, we opine that as it will not be possible to widen the streets some other form of locomotion will have to be resorted to.

If terra firma becomes too crowded we must leave it. When the earth is full up we shall have to try the air.

Would this form of travelling be possible?

Why not. We shall not take to this new departure without a struggle. When we do, however, some strange things will happen. Without going so far as to say that suburban railways will be abolished, it is certain that the 'bus, cab, in fact every sort of vehicle now in use will disappear to make room for pedestrians. When the roadways become as congested as the streets we shall enter on the era of the aerial car.

We are, of course, prepared to hear aerial vehicles

weary and disappointed find solace in dreams which will never be realised, but it is from this world of imagination that man has always found assistance for the schemes he has ever been devising for his own benefit.

That aerial navigation will be opposed as impracticable, not to say visionary, is certain.

One cannot help remembering the reception accorded the iron horse when it first made its appearance.

That law of nature which we call adaption to environment so reconciles people to existing conditions as to even cause them to regard with dread, not to say downright hatred, all new ideas.

So the pioneers of aerial navigation have a hard fight before them.

Skilfully-devised plans for the regulation of the traffic will for a time lessen the congestion of the streets.

When electricity has superseded horseflesh, we shall in all probability see huge waggons shot from one end of the metropolis to the other in pneumatic tubes.

With the 'bus relegated to subways, the sides of the road could be occupied by gutter-shaped structures fitted with carriages. These, aided by tubes under the roads, subways, and overhead railways might be resorted to, and the pavements might be classed as "up" and "down," but they would only be stopgaps.

The time, as we said, is coming when the public, whether it likes it or not, will have to do its travelling over the housetops.

The difficulties to be overcome are so trifling compared with the annoyances consequent upon the present methods of transit, that the sooner we concentrate our attention on the new departure the better.

Setting aside "aerial boats," "flying machines," and all appliances dependent on the atmosphere for support as unsuitable for the vast majority of people, let us consider some less sensational schemes.

The overhead railway may be dismissed at once. Many of the main thoroughfares, such as the Strand and Fleet Street, are too narrow to permit of its introduction.

Besides, London is none too beautiful as it is, and an overhead railway would constitute an added terror to life.

What about switchbacks?

In moderation, strictly in moderation, there is much to be said for the switchback; but it is to be feared that the very qualities which have made it popular would in the end cause it to be execrated.

It is all very well to be bumped and jolted once in a way, but twice a day on a switchback year in and year out in all sorts of weather would mar the smoothness of the noblest brow.

Now we come to the sky railway.

It would be quite practicable, providing the columns were not too far apart to erect lines so far above the ground that a journey would be regarded not only from the business but the health point of view.

But as the initial expense attached to this scheme would be enormous, we turn to the aerial suspended carriage, drawn by electricity or wound up on the drum principle.

Is it possible for conveyances hung on steel hawsers to be wafted from one part of London to another without having the towers so close together that the scheme would be defeated from a financial point of view?

Certainly, for ropes formed of twisted strands of wire possess such resisting power, that a Sin. rope running between two Eiffel towers a mile apart could support a thousand times more weight than it would be called on to bear.

Still, even steel ropes might snap. Yes, and so might the couplings of a railway carriage.

With proper care a voyage through the air 600ft. above the ground would be as safe as walking through Fleet Street.

With the engineers of to-day such a scheme of aerial navigation would present few difficulties.

Besides, forewarned is forearmed.

At first timorous people would regard with a shudder the spectacle of aerial cars darting through the air several hundred feet above the ground, but as they did the same when they first became acquainted with railway tunnels, the terrors would not only soon wear off but the patronage accorded the highest cars would far exceed those of the lower grade.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth, but once rooted, a time would soon come when the mountain air of London would be regarded as a cure for all sorts of ailments.

The cost of providing London with a complete system of aerial navigation would possibly lead to our engineers availing themselves of the services of the few lofty structures we possess as stations for the traffic.

A wire rope stretched from Nelson's Column to St. Paul's Cathedral or the Monument would enable people to go from Trafalgar Square to the City; but what about Waterloo Bridge, Blackfriars, etc.?

To overcome opposition and ensure popularity, aerial navigation in London would have to be efficient. So a company, before it obtained Parliamentary powers, would have to deposit plans, and these, to enable persons to journey to another necessary into dis-vals round miles from stations. To enable persons to from one part of London in mid-air, it would be to divide the metropolis triets, placing at inter-a circle drawn, say, three a given centre, sixteen Each of these sixteen



You might live to see overhead railways in London, and Nelson's column a signal station.

main stations would not act as a centre, into which its five feeding lines would pour the traffic yielded by the districts through which the lines passed.

But the plan makes no provision for cross journeys. As shown, a passenger might go from any outlying district to the City, but what about cross journeys, such as Camden Town to Clapham.

As provision would have to be made for these, it would be necessary to keep the lines of hawsers far apart, in order to avoid collisions.

There would be no difficulty about this, save, as we have pointed out, the fear with which travellers would at first regard a journey through space several hundred feet above the ground.

To compete against the 'bus traffic below, the air company would have to open so many routes that the steel ropes would be as numerous as the lines at Clapham Junction.

Still, these would be mere details, the great difficulty and one which would require a deal of patient investigation to overcome would be the question of routes.

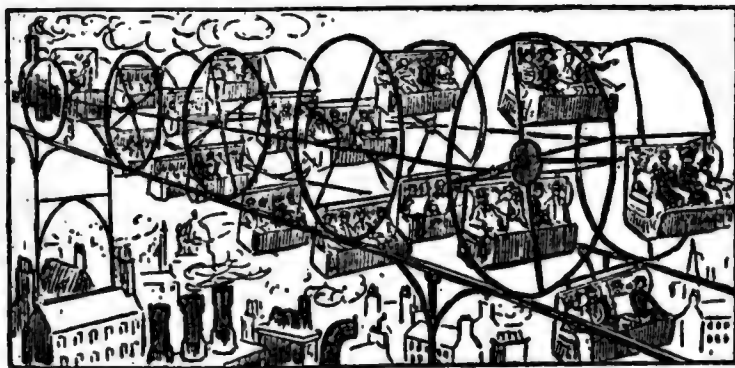
Would the towers and stations be arranged to follow the course of well-known thoroughfares?

Take the car going from Highgate to the City. Would it go as the crow flies, or would it follow the 'bus route which at a hazard we take to be over two miles further?

If Parliament applied the same reasoning as it did to railway fares, it would say: As the distance between Highgate and the City above the housetops is three miles, fares must be based on this distance.

But a way, no doubt, would be found of settling even this knotty point.

Compromise is the ruling factor in business, and this joined to the enterprising spirit which has contributed to making Great Britain the foremost country in the world, will soon, it is to be hoped, take aerial railways from the realms of romance into the prosaic region of accomplished fact.



A novel and healthy way of going to business in the morning.

described as the excesses of a sumptuous imagination, and that it is easy to talk about aerial travelling as it is to build castles in the air.

To this we reply that as the history of mankind is one long record of fierce battling with the obstacles which have ever beset the path of progress, it would be only the rash and unthinking who would presume to doubt that the triumphs won in the past will be withheld us in the future.

Fancy may have a realm of its own in which the

NOW MEN HAVE MADE MILLIONS.

Some Golden Roads to Fortune.

XI.—PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM.

THE world's millionaires, as a rule, have not contributed greatly to the gaiety of nations. Although it must be admitted that their adventures have been many and marvellous, and in some cases their conduct and modes of life were eccentric and consequently unconsciously amusing, humour in a great measure has been missing. There is, however, one brilliant exception to the rule. Phineas Taylor Barnum made the world laugh. His course through life was followed by cheers from the children; his absurdities, many of natural growth and many cultivated, tickled the grown-ups of all lands, and while he was above ground this earth was all the brighter for his presence. His "Greatest Show on Earth" lives after him, young and old crowd the tents, clowns and freaks, elephants and tinselled, bare-back riders, educated dogs and calculating pigs,

Raring Lions and Tattooed Ladies

are now on view in even greater numbers than when Barnum was king, but all who lived in his day realise that there is a great "something" missing. The fact is that Barnum was the show. His was a gigantic, mirth-provoking personality, whose broad, honest face folk loved to gaze upon, and whose "tall" stories folk delighted to hear. Every moment of his life he was the showman born, the patron of prodigies, the magician who made the ordinary seem the extraordinary, and the extraordinary the impossible.

Besides this redeeming virtue of humour Barnum was a considerate man. He wrote his own life. Few millionaires have cared to do that. With a great many it has been the least said is soonest mended, but there was no occasion for P. T. Barnum to hide the least little particular of his dealings with the public from the public. Indeed, his life as told by himself has long been part of the "Show." But his consideration for all who wish to become millionaires is further shown in that he has left behind him for the benefit of the humblest his "Golden Rules," as he terms them, "for making money." His ideas are clearly set forth, and as he accomplished the remarkable feat of making—and losing—quite a number of fortunes in his day, the rules are well worth studying.

As to his motto in life, he says: "The noblest art is that of making others happy," and perhaps he added under his breath "at the same time making one's own pile." Great Sachem of the wandering tribe of showmen, he lived a nomadic life of it, and his journeyings over the face of the earth were only equalled by the marvellous fluctuations of his fortune. He died at a ripe old age regretted alike in palace and peasant's home. It is good to be able to include such a breezy genial life as his in this book of the makers of great fortunes.

Barnum is one of the many examples of the wonderful development of farmer's sons in America. There appears to be something of peculiar virtue in the climate of the United States and Canada, that sharpens the wits and cultivates ingenuity. The roominess and sweep of the country, the long distances, gigantic physical features, the silence and mystery of the forests, the bare living and sore struggle for existence on back-wood farms in some way breed broad ideas of life, and cause youth in early days to look upon the world as a place of struggle and strife which has to be, and can be, conquered if one approaches the task with vigour. Certainly their commercial ideas are great and their ingenuity well-nigh inexhaustible.

Barnum was a native of Connecticut, being born at Bethel on July 5th, 1810. His father was a man of many trades, sometimes farming, sometimes plying the needle as a tailor, and occasionally keeping a tavern in a small village. Although connected in his early days with the sale of strong drink, Phineas in after life became a strict teetotaler and used all his influence—and his influence was by no means small—to further the great cause of temperance. Before he begins to enumerate his "Golden Rules for Money-making,"

He Reads the World a Sound Lecture

on the foolishness and danger of strong drink and the evil effects of tobacco, so in his case as the twig was bent the tree did not incline. In boyhood he ran about in summer barefooted doing the farm "chores," lighting the fires on winter mornings when the very breath froze to his nose, chopped the wood, hoed the garden and the crops, drove the cows to and from pasture night and morning, husked and shelled the corn, worked like a "hired man" in the fields and, like the rest of the farmer's sons, was quite the busiest little man on the whole place. At odd times he went to school.

The average granger in America, like his ignorant brothers the world over, has a supreme contempt for "book learning," and sends his boy to school only when he can find nothing else to do with him. When the iron hand of winter falls upon the Northern States, when snow covers the ground, and ice the rivers and lakes, work upon a farm comes to a standstill, all but the few morning and evening duties, of feeding the

stock, cutting enough wood for twenty-four hours, bringing in water and such like. Then and then only are the youths allowed to attend school, struggling through the deep snow for miles and arriving half frozen to imbibe as much learning as a half taught teacher has time and inclination to din into their heads. As was the case with the founder of the family of Rothschild, Barnum in his early schooldays began to "swap" articles with his school-fellows and was always ready for a speculative trade. But his mind was not so firmly set on money-making as that of Rothschild. He loved a "dicker" for the fun and risks that were in it much more than for the advantage he gained.

In 1822, when the boy was nearly twelve years old, a drover with a number of cattle to sell, put up at Barnum's tavern on his way to New York. The drover happened to want a boy to assist him in attending to the beasts, and young Phineas eagerly accepted the opportunity afforded him to see the sights of the great metropolis.

At the Tail of a Drove of Cattle

he entered the city. It was a prophetic sort of entrance, for many a time in after years P. T. Barnum invaded the place with his drove of beasts and a swarm of human curiosities to captivate the city as in the first instance the city had captivated him. He spent a wonderful week of it viewing the sights and recklessly lavished all his money upon new toys that caught his fancy and returned to Bethel a much-travelled person to whom the other boys of the village were forced to do honour. But as during his travels he had lost two pocket-handkerchiefs and a sock his thrifty mother spanked him and sent him to bed in disgrace.

Early in life Phineas began to show a marked aversion to manual labour. He saw that however useful work with the hands might be it did not pay, and as he had made up his mind to be rich he developed the first stage of passing from the caterpillar state of the workman to the butterfly existence of the capitalist by turning extremely lazy. So apathetic did he become that his parents were seriously put about, and at length his father, Philo Barnum, formed a partnership with a neighbour, erected a small store and set young Phineas up in business as a general dealer. These country stores in America are an epitomised Whiteley establishment; they are so stocked as to fill every want that humanity of the farming kind is heir to, and the storekeeper has to be prepared to trade his goods for farm produce, butter, eggs, feathers, dried apples, beeswax, grain of all kinds, axe-handles and such like useful articles. The consequence is that there is ample room for much keen bargaining. Generally the village shopkeeper succeeds in getting rich in a short time and certainly the farmer succeeds in getting poorer year by year as a general thing. Young Barnum learnt much in this little store of his. What he learnt does not appear to have heightened his opinion of human nature, but on the other hand it did in no way turn him into a cynic. He developed into one of the greatest optimists the world has seen.

When Phineas had reached his fifteenth year his father sickened and died. The widow found herself with five children on her hands, the eldest being Phineas and the youngest only seven years old, and when the affairs of her husband were examined into it was found that the assets would pay about one half the liabilities. The farm and store went to the creditors and the youth tramped away to find a situation at six dollars a month and board—a wage of a little over £14 a year.

From this time until the year 1835 Barnum was a man of many trades. He worked for a time at his six dollars a month, next succeeded in setting himself up as a general dealer in his native village and prospered in a small way, then for a time edited a small paper in Danbury so vigorously that

He was Imprisoned for Sixty Days

and fined many hundreds of dollars for libel. This sickened him of newspaper editing and he disposed of the paper, and in 1835, having turned all his property into money, removed to New York. Not that he had made any arrangements for the future or had any call to the city. He simply took chances, determined to push his way at all costs. For a time matters went badly. He could get no regular employment. Occasionally a small job as a "drummer"—commercial traveller—came his way, these were not frequent enough to live upon, and his little stock of money began to diminish much too rapidly to suit his ideas. As yet his thoughts had not once turned to the occupation for which, as it afterwards proved, his genius so peculiarly suited him—that of showman. But fortune was soon to show him his destined road.

It was during the summer of 1835 that Barnum first turned his attention to the show business. One day he stumbled across an old acquaintance and in exchanging news it came out that this acquaintance had dabbled in the "Dime show" trade but had just sold out his interest to his partner, who in turn was desirous of selling the whole, as he found himself unsuited to properly conducting such a peculiar and complicated caravansary as a perambulating exhibition of oddities. Barnum inquired what this particular show consisted of and was informed that the sole object of interest was an old negro woman named Joice Heth, aged 161 years. To be sure she had belonged to George Washington's father, had been the first to wash and dress the Father of His Country, and nursed him through the wars and revolu-

tions of infancy and set his feet firmly on the road that leads to fame and honour. An idea struck Barnum. He set out for Philadelphia to see this dark daughter of Methuselah.

She certainly was a curiosity. Wizen, wrinkled, unable to move, her ebony head crowned with hair bleached white by the suns and snows of many years, so long blind that her eyes had completely disappeared. But she was in her way a brisk and cheery body, she chatted with great vigour chiefly about her protégé George Washington, she sang quaint old melodies and enjoyed life in a quiet way. A certain amount of documentary evidence was forthcoming concerning her identity and age, quite enough to satisfy the conscience of an enterprising showman however sceptical others might be, and Barnum, seeing that the old woman slave looked the part and was a genuine curiosity, no matter whether she had nursed George Washington or not, made up his mind to go into the "Show business."

He bought the relic for 1,000 dollars. It was a start typical of all that followed. Barnum always secured genuine curiosities and then by his marvellous adjectives and highly-coloured posters spread their fame far and wide and drew the people to his tents almost in spite of themselves. He was under the necessity of borrowing 500 dollars to complete the purchase, and with the old negro woman on his hands (for how long he could not guess, for she was old and very frail, and seemed to live on only because she had fallen into the habit),

He Set About Flooding Philadelphia

with advertising matter regardless of expense or where the money to pay the bills was to come from. The previous owner of Joice Heth knew nothing of the value of printer's ink. Barnum early analysed it and found it to contain everything necessary to keeping alive and in robust health any business, show or not, of proper constitution. The only liquids he believed in were water and printer's ink. "Get the people to talk," he kept repeating to himself, and he bent all his energies to accomplish the by no means easy trick. With Joice Heth he succeeded. Folk scoffed until they saw her. Once seen she was such a curiosity that people cared nothing whether she was really 161 years old or not, they were glad they had come and they went away—talking. Cash poured into Barnum's coffers, and although the poor old negress died in a few months after she had passed under the care of the young showman, he had cleared a small fortune, and, more profitable still, had found his vocation.

No occupation in life is more rich in ups and downs, lights and shadows than that of the wandering showman, the Bedouins of civilisation, whose tents spring up in the night, shine white in the sun of one day only, and disappear as if by magic in the hours of darkness that follow the day. Barnum was now fairly embarked on the nomadic life and experienced all its manifold fluctuations. At one time his pockets would be bulging with the store of bank-notes some ingenious turn had brought to him, and a week or so later his watch would be in pawn for money to carry him and his attractions to the next place of exhibit. After travelling with individual freaks and performers he formed a travelling circus June 5th, 1836.

In the history of his life the good-natured showman tells many queer tales of adventures that befell him on the road. One of the earliest, and a good one too, happened to him and his fellow performers of Turner's Travelling Circus, in Virginia. There were thirty-six of them altogether, who put up at a hotel, expecting to give a performance that afternoon, but it rained "cats and dogs," the show could not be given, and Turner, the owner, determined to push on to Richmond without further delay. But the advance agent for the circus had arranged with the landlord of the hotel for board and lodging for one day and night and the landlord refused to make any deduction from his bill, although only one instead of three meals had been taken, and the beds had not been disturbed. There was a heated discussion between circus-man and publican, but

The Latter Stuck Out for the Letter

of the contract. The showmen were not to be robbed in this way, however. "Turner ordered dinner at twelve o'clock," says Barnum, "which was duly prepared and eaten. The table was cleared and re-set for supper at half-past twelve. At one o'clock we all went to bed, every man carrying a lighted candle to his room. There were thirty-six of us and we all undressed and tumbled into bed as if we were going to stay all night. In half-an-hour we rose and went down to the hot breakfast which Turner had demanded and which we found smoking on the table. Turner was very grave, the landlord was exceedingly angry, and the rest of us were convulsed with laughter at the absurdity of the whole position. We disposed of our breakfast as if we had eaten nothing for ten hours, and then started for Richmond with the satisfaction that we fairly settled with our unreasonable landlord."

(Next week: PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM—concluded.)

[Articles have already appeared on OECIL RHODES (462), JAMES TISON (463), SOURCES OF GREAT FORTUNES (464 and 465), CORNELIUS VANDERBILT (466), LI HUNG CHANG (467), JAY GOULD (468), THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (469 and 470), SIR TITUS SALT (471 and 472).]

A long complete novel, heaps of funny pictures by the best British humorous artists, and the finest serials of the day, appear weekly in the BIG BUDGET. One penny everywhere.

THIS, on this page, suggests in the most ludicrous manner a competition, and I offer a pencil-case, any who transforms the sentence-reader to solid silver.

A. A. Weir, 69 Drumenra Road, Dublin; Donald McIntyre, Dollymear, Dublin; James Baikie, 15 Deane Street, Southsea Road, Liverpool; James Meikle, North Road, Stearn-u-nauir, Stirling-shire; Jos. H. Barraclough, Westfield School, Wyke, near Bradford, Yorks.; C. H. Poynter, 23 Exmoor Road, Southampton; Nellie Cousins, 39 Broad Street, Wilmersmore; W. Smith, G.W.R., Abercorn Mon.; W. Billington, Junior, 47 St. Stephen's Street, Salford; F. J. Etherington, 47 Hythe Road, Swindon; O. Swell, 40 Keats Avenue, Horne Hill, S.E.; H. S. Young, 7 Granarion Road, Yelto Road, W.; D. Elder, 23 Rodney Street, Edinburgh; Percy Votto, 20 Buckridge Street, Bacrroft Road, Mile End, E.; H. Pye, 1 Fernhill Terrace, North Woolwich; C. A. Russell, 2 York Buildings, Edinburgh; W. Baashe, 15 Maple Road, Penze; R. Hampson, Wood Road, Summerfest, near Manchester; W. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn, Ireland; W. A. Bacon, 75 Drakefell Road, New Cross; Harry Rice, 9 Leighton Terrace, York Road, Exeter; S. Etherington, 74 Hythe Road, Swindon; J. Campbell, Stanley Chambers, Leicester; Flayno, 8 Colford, Essex; Drum-Major Lydon, East Lancashire Morrison Street, Edinburgh; F. Chapman, 153 Halaterson Street, Spott, Cardiff; W. Finch, 4 New Street, Wenman Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham; Miss F. I. Taylor, 13 Dalborn Road, Bristol; J. Ponds, 486 New Cross Road, S.E.; J. B. Mellowes, 7 Halfour Road, Nottingham; F. Wood, 1 Ruby Place, Charlton King, Cheshamham; James O'Keefe, Kildinan, Fermoy, co. Cork; Joseph Mauby, 1 Upper Bow, Edinburgh; Charles Arthur, 73 Elizabeth Road, East Ham; M. W. Dawa, 21 Parliament Street, Hull; J. J. Scully, Glencar, Caragh, Kilsney; T. Collidge Halliburton, 4 York Buildings, Edinburgh; W. Hopley, 11 Trematon Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth; Robert Johnson, 17 Coxon Street, Bill-quay-on-Tyne; E. Evans, Mamont Road, Peckham; H. Berry, 3 High Street, Belfast; William A. Whithead, Pirbright, Fulwood, Epsom, Surrey; W. Finch, 4 New Street, Wenman Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham; Sidney H. King, Laurel Cottage, Green, Ramstead; David Hayler, Geys House, Holyport, Maidenhead; Minnie Macgregor, 15 Mornington Road, Wanstead, N.E.; James Moore, 6 South View Street, Belfast; G. F. Marshall, Benington, Boston; C. E. Wixley, 6 Almorah Road, Islington; May Hale, 5 Oakhampton Street, St. Thomas's, Exeter.

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FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Apples for Dumplings should not be cored for the flavour of the pips greatly improves the cooked fruit.

Parchment Size is very useful, and is made by boiling parchment cuttings in water, until it forms a jelly when cold. (Reply to TOM.)

Respecting the Desired Cookery Book for a labouring man's wife, I can better advise you if you will send me your address. (Reply to OBLIGED.)

The Proportions for Jams are three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; should the fruit be very acid allow an equal pound to a pound. (Reply to HANOVER READER.)

Varicose Veins. If you cannot afford an elastic stocking, or do not like the pressure of one, try binding a damp cloth round the leg at night covered with a dry cloth. This greatly eases the pain, and often proves a good remedy. (Reply to J. A.)

Make Imitation Limejuice thus: Citric acid, one ounce and a quarter; carbonate of potassa, forty-five grains; white sugar, two ounces and a half; cold water, one pint. Dissolve. Add sixteen drops of oil of lemon, and in twenty-four hours strain it through a hair sieve, bottle, and it will be ready for use.

You are Probably Suffering from Corns because your boots are too large. I should advise your smearing the corns with castor-oil at night, and wrapping in soft rag; in the morning place felt corn plasters where any pressure comes from the boot. A regular treatment of this will ease you, I feel sure. (Reply to LEO.)

Use Salt for Preserving Eggs. Have a wide-mouthed pan, or a wooden box, and in it put a layer of dried salt; on this put the eggs, carefully arranging each so that it does not touch another. Then put an even layer of salt over and another of eggs. The great point in this method is that a few eggs can be added at a time as you have them fresh. (Reply to KATE.)

Fish Sandwiches can be made of any kind of cooked fish, and are liked, I find, at a picnic as a first course. First pick the meat from the bones, and pound it into a smooth paste. Mix with it a little pickled gherkin, seasoning of pepper and salt. To bind all together use a small quantity of salad dressing, cream, or melted butter. Have thin slices of bread and butter, lay some salad on one slice, then a layer of fish, and on the top put a second piece of bread-and-butter. The flavouring may be varied to taste by adding ketchup, anchovy, or fish sauce.

A Danish Dish. Procure from your butcher two cleaned and chopped cow-heels. Wash thoroughly, and place in a stew-pan with plenty of cold water. As the contents of the pot boil, skim well. Add a cupful of cold water, and skim again; then add peppercorns, cloves, mace, a few allspice, an onion, a carrot, and a small bunch of sweet herbs. Let all simmer for six or seven hours. Lift out the feet, place on a dish, and take away all bones. Strain off the liquor and put it aside till next day, when the fat can be easily removed. Strain the liquor, add it to the meat, and simmer a couple of hours. Scatter chopped parsley over, and serve with nicely-boiled vegetables. The remainder of the dish should be pressed into a mould and served cold in slices.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S
COAT OF ARMS.
THE DUTIES OF AN
ENGAGED GIRL.
WHOM TO MARRY.

These are three interesting subjects, but even these are not one whit as interesting as the remainder of this week's

HOME NOTES.

Spend a PENNY on it, and See.

Punctuality in a Household is a most important matter, and the only way of keeping things going smoothly.

White Spots on Rosewood Furniture should be rubbed with either essence of peppermint or spirits of camphor.

Never Purchase Salted Meat but prepare it yourself, and then you will be sure that it is in perfect condition. The flank end of the sirloin makes an excellent joint if salted, boiled slowly, and pressed till cold.

A Good White Sauce is made by dissolving two ounces of butter in a sauce-pan, blending with it two ounces of flour and a pint of milk. Stir till it has thoroughly boiled, lastly add a squeeze of lemon-juice, or a teaspoonful of white vinegar. Salt and cayenne to taste.

To Destroy Superfluous Hairs. There is no really safe and reliable remedy, but powdered pumice-stone, which should be slightly dampened and rubbed on at night to the affected part. I know a lady who applies this treatment daily, when making her toilet, with good effect. (Reply to HAIRDRESSER.)

Potato Fricassee is a very good dish, and best made when potatoes are not quite ripe. Cut the cold boiled potatoes into slices, an eighth of an inch thick. Shed half-a-dozen in this way into a basin, pour over a gill of new milk, season with pepper and salt. Stand the basin over a pan of fast-boiling water, and when the contents come to the boil add a tablespoonful of butter. Let it boil up, and serve with grated cheese scattered over.

A Cheap Glaze for hams, tongues, etc., is prepared as follows: Take two or three heads of garlic or an onion and boil in a gill of water, add half an ounce of gelatine and sufficient extract of meat to make it look a rich brown colour, also a teaspoonful of soy. This will, of course, be bright; let it get nearly cold. When it begins to get thick, brush on to the ham, or whatever it is intended to glaze. Add what is left to the stock pot.

Favourite Soda Cake. Into one pound of fine flour rub three ounces of lard and three ounces of butter, six ounces of sifted white sugar, six ounces of currants, a teaspoonful of ground ginger and a quarter of a nutmeg grated. Mix these ingredients with two beaten eggs and half a teaspoonful of warm milk in which a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Place in a cake tin lined with paper and bake in a moderate oven for nearly two hours.

Claret Cup. Take one bottle of claret, place it in a tankard, add one and a half or two bottles of soda water, quarter of a pound of lump sugar, and half a wineglassful of brandy. Slice the thin rind of a lemon and add to the wine, etc. Remove the pulp, slice the fruit and free it from pips and add to the wine. Cover the tankard with a saucer and stand in a refrigerator for two hours; a glass of maraschino greatly improves the claret cup. Serve with a lump of ice in the tankard. (Reply to DAN.)

Well Water Should be Tested about every month or six weeks in the following manner: Fill a wine glass with freshly drawn water, and into it put two or three small crystals of permanganate of potash. Do not stir the water, but if it is of a dull claret colour it is impregnated with injurious matters; in fact, the deeper the colour, the greater the evil. Where water is at all doubtful, always have it boiled for ten minutes before using for tea or any cooking purpose.

Apples in Jelly. Peel, halve, and core six large apples, selecting those of uniform size. Make a syrup of one pound of granulated sugar and a pint of water; add the apples with the rind and juice of one lemon. Simmer all slowly, and as soon as tender take the pieces out one by one, and arrange in a glass dish. Add some dissolved gelatine to the strained syrup, in the proportion of half an ounce to a pint of syrup, and when nearly cold, pour over the apples. When set, garnish the dish to taste with whipped cream, fruit, or blanched almonds and serve.

Raspberry Vinegar should be made when the fruit is thoroughly ripe. Put four quarts of ripe raspberries into a jar, and pour over them a pint of white wine vinegar. Stir it daily for a week, then mash the fruit and strain it through a jelly-bag, squeezing the fruit thoroughly. To each pint of juice allow a pound of best loaf sugar. Return the sugar and the juice to the jar, and allow it to stand in boiling water over the fire until the sugar is dissolved and the liquid begins to simmer. Skim it thoroughly, and, when cold, bottle and seal the corks. Other fruit may be used in the same way, but raspberries are the most popular for this purpose. (Reply to ROBERT.)

To Sauter means to fry things lightly by tossing them in a frying-pan with a small quantity of butter.

Before Broiling Salmon Steaks, Chicken Legs, etc., wrap them up thoroughly in buttered paper.

For Carved Furniture, a new soft paint brush is a good thing for dusting. The bristles will penetrate the deepest crevices without in any way injuring the polish.

Meat for Young Children should be carefully prepared and always be fresh cooked. No twice-cooked food such as hash, stew, or mince should be given to young children. Rich poultry such as ducks, geese, or turkeys should be avoided.

Peach Brandy. Cut three or four ripe peaches into slices, and place them in a wide-mouthed bottle, with any of the juice escaped in the slicing. Crack the stones and add them with a bottle of brandy. Cork and leave for a month or six weeks. Then strain through very fine muslin, and sweeten carefully with syrup, remembering that the liqueur will get sweeter with age. (Reply to ADELPHIA.)

Tomatoes and Rashers. Procure some fair-sized ripe tomatoes, wipe them, and cut into slices crosswise. Place in a frying-pan with a little butter, pepper, and salt, and fry till tender. The bacon must be either added and fried with the tomatoes or cooked on a gridiron in front of the fire. Serve on a hot dish and scatter chopped parsley over all. The result will be a very tasty and pretty breakfast dish.

To give Paper the appearance of Parchment follow this recipe and you will have a tough substance. First procure some concentrated sulphuric acid and mix it with half its quantity of water. Pass some good rough paper quickly through this liquid, wash in several waters and the change is effected. Have a pair of tweezers with which to hold the paper, for such a strong solution would burn your skin and cause great pain. (Reply to SUFFICIENT.)

Two Summer Drinks. Sweeten some clear strong coffee to taste, and to each pint add the juice of half a lemon and a wineglassful of brandy. Stand on ice for one hour, serve in small glasses with a teaspoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glass. **Fruit Cup.**—To one bottle of raisin wine add the juice of one lemon, a tablespoonful of rum, with one of noyeau. Sweeten to taste, and add a wineglassful of crushed ice, a bottle of soda-water, and stir well. Decorate with slices of bananas, grapes, slices of lemon, and preserved fruits. Serve in cups.

Minced Veal and Rice. Mince some veal roughly, but do not put it into a mincing machine, and mix it with some nice thick white sauce. Boil the rice for five minutes in salted water, using plenty of it, as the more water there is the better is the rice cooked. Put the rice into a clean stew-pan with a little stock, pepper, salt, and a small piece of butter, and bring it to the boil, then drain for a few minutes before the fire. Make the minced veal quite hot, and place it on a hot dish. Around it put the rice in the form of a wall. Serve at once.

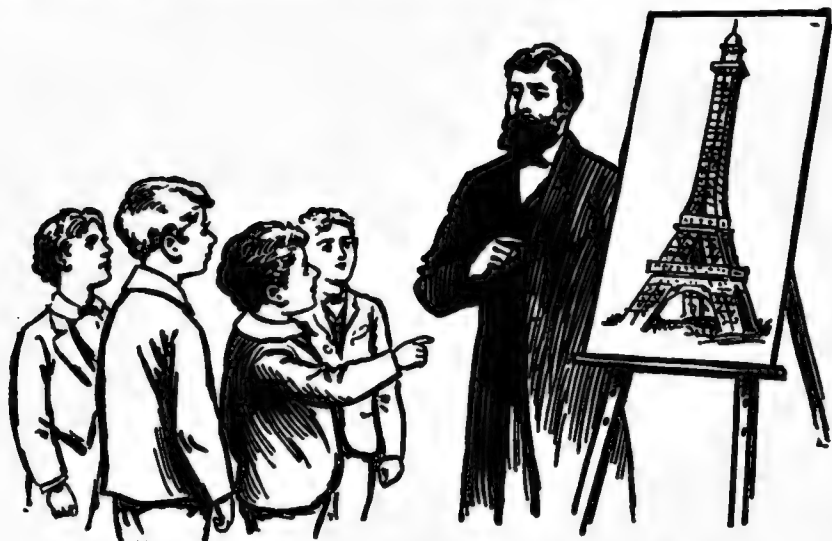
Broiled Chicken. Only tender chickens can be broiled. Draw them, split open the back, and wipe the inside clean. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and rub them thoroughly all over with creamed butter. Place on a gridiron, the inside downwards, cover with a saucepan-lid or flat pan and let them cook for twenty minutes and perhaps longer. When nearly done so as to let the skin brown, blend chopped parsley, butter, salt, cayenne and lemon juice on a plate, spread the mixture on the chickens, and place on a hot dish in the oven for a few moments to dissolve the butter. Then send at once to table, the dish being garnished with watercress and cut lemons.

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T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26 31	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 9 16 23 30
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BOY: Yes, Sir: please, Sir: it's where the Lemonade comes from

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While Eiffel Tower Lemonade is cheap—very cheap—that is not its chief claim to popularity, but its full, rich, fragrant flavour of the Ripe Lemons which makes it so deservedly popular with the large number of people who drink nothing else.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Eiffel Tower Lemonade, send to Messrs. FOSTER CLARK & CO., 27 Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone, enclosing 4½d. stamps.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE 2 GALLONS FOR 4½d.

The Medical Magazine says: "The simplicity of this preparation is its great recommendation. In a very short period of time, and with a minimum of trouble, we have before us a delicious drink for Summer use, a Lemonade as refreshing as pleasant to the most critical taste, and as harmless as it is possible to obtain. We can cordially commend it to the notice of the Medical Profession as well as to the general public."

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Messrs. Foster Clark & Co. are most anxious that everybody who has not tried their Lemonade should do so, and for that purpose they have decided to GIVE AWAY 300 BOTTLES every Week. The first fifty letters opened every day will not only have the Lemonade sent on by return of post, but the stamps forwarded will be returned to the sender. It must be distinctly understood that a second bottle cannot be supplied direct by post, but must be obtained of your Grocer, Chemist, or Stores. Send your order off at once, so that you may be one of the first fifty applicants. Inset upon having "Eiffel Tower Lemonade," as imitations are sometimes recommended for the sake of extra profits.

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Mellin's Food when prepared is similar to Breast Milk.

Small Size Bottle sent post free for 1s. 6d.

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Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation, or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free, three stamps.

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—British Medical Journal.

ASK ANOTHER.

W. G. wishes to know if I think education essential to success in life. "I say it is, but my friend maintains the contrary; he points to the fact that many men have succeeded who couldn't read or write, and asserts that education is more often the reverse of a blessing."—The time when an illiterate man could build up a large business is past; there may be an occasional exception, but, generally speaking, education is necessary if you wish to climb the ladder. It must be remembered that the men referred to made their fortunes, or the sure foundations of them, at a time when education was at a comparatively low level. But those men had an education of another kind, which was, and still is, of the greatest importance—a knowledge of the world. This latter, combined with natural shrewdness, will take you a long way even now, but without the help of general education you will be beaten. As to your friend's last assertion, education is apt to make you unhappy if you do not realise your ambition; but one of its chief objects should be to teach us equanimity and show us our limitations. There isn't room on top for everybody—although there is always room on top.

OUR readers may be interested to know that on Friday, July 21st, the shareholders of O. Arthur Pearson Ltd. held their annual meeting, and that the directors were again in the pleasant position of being able to report increased profits for the year.

H. T.—Yes, it is quite correct that in London you can summon a cab by blowing a whistle. To such an extent does whistling for cabs go on in London that it is unpleasant, not to say unsafe, to whistle in the main thoroughfares by way of recreation for fear of being chased by a string of vehicles. Cabbies are very sensitive men, and now that they are combining with the idea of protecting their interest, and, like all other organisations, seeking to be represented in Parliament, I should not be surprised to hear any day of a Bill being introduced into the House of Commons prohibiting whistling in London streets, except in case of a cab being required. Just now, however, a strong protest is being made by a few of the "upper ten" against the noise and racket caused by this whistling. If this protest should succeed London would have to hunt around for a new system of summoning cabs. Maybe we shall live to see Marconi's wireless telegraphy come to the assistance of the cabbies, and then anybody who professes to be anybody would have to have a large pole fixed at the top of their house, and cabs would go humming around with miniature flagstaffs on top for the purpose of electrical communication.

J. B. M. bought a tin kettle about three months ago, which cost sevenpence. Since then it has spent all its spare time in visits to the tin-man to be soldered up, as it did not turn out to be a particularly healthy and sound utensil. Up to the time of writing, the kettle has cost its possessor 1s. 2d. in repairs—just twice its original cost.—Have any of my lady readers similar tales to tell? If so, I would suggest they endeavour to justify their claim to a solid silver pencil-case and fifty ROYAL MAGAZINE stereoscopes by chronicling it on a post-card, addressed to the "KETTLE EDITOR," to arrive not later than Monday, August 14th.

C. O. propounds the following question: "Why is it that we see so many old men with bright intellects among what I may call the professional classes, and so few among the other classes of the community? Take law and politics as examples; we find old men of eighty dispensing justice in the Law Courts, or holding forth and arguing logically and clearly in Parliament, but if you inquire among the working-classes you will find it very different. Among the latter, the body outlives the intellect more often than not; that is, you find a man enjoying good health at an advanced age, but his mind is decaying and we say he is in his 'second childhood.' Of course, there are exceptions, but I am speaking generally. The saying 'once a man, twice a child' is certainly more applicable to the working than to the professional classes. I am not saying this because I despise the former, but because I am a working-man myself and should like to know the reason."—The explanation of this difference is, chiefly, that in the one class the mind has been cultivated and developed. The continual judicious use of the mental faculties improves the intellect, just as continual judicious exercise improves the physical faculties. In the ordinary course of things, the man who works with his hands does not make full use of his mental capacity, for the simple reason that he hasn't the same opportunity as the professional man. The latter, moreover, was able to live under better conditions, and knew how to keep his body sufficiently healthy to support his brains, while the poorer man had to put up with many difficulties. But things have altered during the last thirty years, and the difference you refer to will become less and less. The working-man has opportunities which his father didn't think about, and he is making use of them.

A NEW competition commences on page 72. It is a bright and entertaining one, different entirely from any other which has appeared before. The fun of the thing lies in the fact that it looks so easy, and really isn't. At the same time, the task set is by no means a difficult one; it calls for skill, and certainly the best man will win the prize.

No SPORT cannot understand why people play cricket, lawn tennis, and similar games in the summer-time. "They play football in winter; that's sensible, because they want to get warm," he writes. "I can understand boating, and cycling, and golf in summer, because you can go as you please. But in cricket and tennis you must go as others please, and make yourself hot and uncomfortable 'for amusement.' I don't see any sense in that."—My correspondent apparently thinks that we ought to shelve these games till the winter, and play them concurrently with football. This raises another point, namely, why we should not play cricket all the year round, as our Scottish relations play football. The objection that it is too cold to stand about is to be met with the argument that in summer it is too hot to run about. Altogether this is an interesting question, and I invite my cricketing and lawn tennis-playing readers to give their opinions on the subject.

DING DONG's experience is one which, no doubt, many of my readers can equal if they will only speak. For eighteen years this correspondent lived alongside a church the clock of which chimed the quarters, half-hours, three-quarters and hours. These sounds were clearly heard by him during the still hours of the night when he was reading in bed. When, however, he moved thirty miles away to another town, he still heard the chimes—in imagination, of course. The remarkable part of the experience, however, lies in the fact that he heard these chimes at the correct moment—at the quarters, the half-hours, the three-quarters, and the hours. DING DONG asks if I can account for this.—The regularity with which the sounds were conveyed to your brain every day for so many years would naturally result in your anticipating them at the proper moment. During the day, when you are possibly surrounded by other noises and with work that distracts your attention, these memories pass unnoticed, but during the silence of the night your memory, automatically, recalls the chimes. Your case is not an isolated one. I know of a man who regularly every day, at twelve and at six o'clock, for twenty-five years used to toll a bell in a large factory to ring out the hands. Although it is now two years since he left off that work, at twelve and at six every day he hears that bell toll—never a minute before or behind the time. To readers who can give me the best authentic incidences of this sort, I will give a solid silver pencil-case and a gold-plated pencil-case to the next best fifty. All attempts should be sent on post-cards to the "TOLLING EDITOR," to arrive not later than Monday, August 14th.

H. F. writes thus: "Why should we be alarmed at the idea of seeing a ghost, and imagine that it will harm us? I always thought that a shade was a protection."—That is the kind of thing I have to put up with in the hot weather. I hope my correspondent has not been communing with the spirits that are always to be found in certain houses, even in the daytime.

I WOULD this week particularly draw the attention of readers to the new serial story, the first instalment of which appears on page 81. There is too much sameness about convict stories, but this one by Major Griffiths is as far above all others as the stars are above the earth. I have read the whole story, so I know. After you have read it, pass the paper on to some friend who isn't acquainted with it and ask him to do the same.

"Do we give honesty a fair chance?" asks TRUSTY, who proceeds to argue that we do not. He continues: "You will see that in every walk of life our greatest efforts are to prevent people from being dishonest, and that we devote a very small portion of our energies towards making them honest, for you don't make a man honest by preventing him from being dishonest. We have elaborate systems of checking and registering; we have bell-punches and vouchers, inspectors and auditors, and all the rest of it, but about the last thing we think about is trusting people and showing them that we do trust them. In most of the instances where we 'trust' a man, as we are pleased to call it, we do so because we must have someone to do that particular work and we cannot devise any check. Is that giving us a fair chance? Why does not humanity trust itself?"—It is not exactly like that. It is a case of the many suffering from the faults of the few. Those laws and preventatives have been called into existence because a portion of our common humanity was not and is not honest, and we are not certain how that portion is made up. The system of vouchers and auditing in general use in business houses was created, owing to the shortcomings of the very few; it would be absurd to take it as an indication that all the members of a staff were suspected. There is a great deal more honesty and trust in the world than you seem to think. Humanity does not trust

itself absolutely, because it knows its own weakness; our ideas of what constitutes honesty are sometimes elastic. Suppose a man brings you your purse—full of money—which you have dropped, you are surprised in spite of yourself. That shows your low opinion of the integrity of your fellow-man. But if you don't reward the finder by giving him a fair percentage of the contents, the man begins to regret his action, and your friends hint that it would not have been a bad thing if he had kept it. Now, although we hate meanness, it is a strange commentary upon ourselves that we require to be paid for doing what we ought. No, there is plenty of scope for honesty; we need have no fear but that we shall be fully trusted if we prove ourselves worthy.

WE have received several substantial amounts for the FRESH AIR FUND, both from officers and men on board the ships of our Navy. The latest to come to hand is £8 11s., which means that Thursday, August 10th, will be known as H.M.S. *Dido* day.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £1,932 6s. 7d.

ORDINARY SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Buxton, 5s.; J. and C. 2s.; G. E. Armytage, 2s.; Billiards (Birmingham), 10s.; Constant Reader, 7s. 6d.; S. Irving, 5s.; F. E. F., 2s.; Anon., 5d.; Spain, 2s. 6d.; E. Morris, 5s.; Dorothy Marshall, 5s.; G. Wardle, 5s.; T. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Gregory Gaunt, 2s. 6d.; Rev. H. Harris, 10s.; Willie and May Knight, 5s.; Income Tax Abatement, £4 8s.; Two Little Boys, 4d.; T. B. Simons, 7s.; S. T. Burden, 1s.; 8124 B.B.B., 1s.; A. H. Christie, 1s. 6d.; Bartindale, 2s. 6d.; E. Batten, 9d.; Catherine Courtland, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Collins, 1s. 6d.; J. Nees, 2s. 3d.; X. Y. Z., 23s.; Miss Ritchie, 1s. 6d.; Dorothy Archib, and Lindsay Anderson, 2s. 3d.; M. Stuart, 1s. 6d.; A. Friend, 1s. 6d.; F. S., 1s.; A. W. B., 9d.; A. S. Hale, 2s. 6d.; T. F. Harrison, 2s. 6d.; M. D. Davis, 5s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; J. H. S. C., 2s.; Anon., 5s.; L. C., 5s.; 200 up, 5s.; 6 Crouch Hall Road, 4s.; Mac. (Bromley), 9d.; C. Peters, 10s. 6d.; C. E. Hollier, 5s.; Mrs. George Masters, 2s. 2s.; M. A. M., 10s.; F. Marr, 10s.; Leighton Amateur Art Club (per L. Jacobs), 21 7s. 6d.; E. Brooks, 21s.; H. G. Hart, 1s. 4d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mancunian, 2s. 6d.; Fraisher, 1s. 6d.; Old Blue Post, Portsmouth, 3s.; Crosslands, 7s. 6d.; Anon. (Norwich), 2s. 6d.; Boyce, 9d.; Anon., 10s.; E. Lambert, 1s. 6d.; J. B. Wyatt, 2s. 6d.; Forest Gate, 2s. 3d.; Conovium, 21s.; M. Hooper, 1s.; B. M., 1s. 6d.; Income Tax Abatement, 6s. 6d.; Edith Carter, 2s. 6d.; A. D., 1s. 6d.; T. Daniel, 9d.; Ernest, 9d.; Forman and Sturrock, 2s. 6d.; John Davidson, 10s. 6d.; G. V. Green, 5s.; A. Thank Offering, 3s. 9d.; I. L. Ross, 21 2s. 1d.; Croft, 6d.; J. G., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; W. W., 2s.; Anon., 6d.; G. F. Cox, 9d.; L. Townsend (Cape Colony), 7s. 6d.; T. S., 6d.; Anon., 2d.; Lang, 5s.; L. Gordon, 9d.; B. J. Johnson, 1s. 6d.; A. Prize-winner, 9d.; B. Thompson, 1s. 6d.; W. Grove, 1s. 6d.; G. Kirkland, 1s.; Manspree, 2s.; A. R. and A. A. R., 10s.; M. Nibbs, 9d.; M. B. No. 1, M. B. No. 2 and G. B., 2s.; A. Constant Reader, 5s.; U. E. M., 1s.; Yarnale (Edinboro'), 9d.; Cyril, 5s.; Jack Shepherd, 9d.; E. Haynes Walker, 21 1s.; Ident. F. J. Stopford, 21 1s.; 210s.; George Brown, 1s.; T. K., 2s.; Shepherd, 6d.; Mrs. L. C. Hall, 2s. 6d.; T. Jameson, 6d.; W. Warren, 1d.; A. B. H., 5s.; Miss Griffith, 1s.; Memory of Arthur, 3s.; Anon. (Belfast), 10s.; E. H. Tench, 5s.; Explosives (Stowmarket), 1s.; Mrs. Blake, 10s.; Erring Father, 9d.; Mab Norwood, 9d.; Connaughtman, 3s.; Miss N. Edmondson, 7s.; The Holiday Folk, 4s.; Mr. Uplands, 9d.; J. W. King, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Moffat, 1s. 6d.; Eva Journalist, 21s.; Heath, 5s.; Cricket Club, 2s. 6d.; C. B., 9d.; A. Friend, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. A. Hurst, 3s.; Charles Clarke (France), 8s.; W. H., 6d.

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Grand P.W. Total, £2,104 1s. 7d.

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Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly.....	5. 0.	2. 6.	1. 0.
Home Notes	5. 0.	2. 6.	1. 0.
Short Stories	5. 0.	2. 6.	1. 0.
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THE BRAND OF THE BROAD ARROW

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "Mysteries of Police and Crime," "Chronicles of Newgate," "Memorials of Millbank," "Secrets of the Prison House,"
"A Prison Princess," "Criminals I have Known," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE ESCAPE FROM PORTLAND.

THERE WAS a sudden change of weather. The fierce gusts of wind came rain laden from the seaward, and the purple black clouds were riven with streaks of dazzling light.

"Fall in, No. 97!" The brief word of command went echoing through the quarries, taken up and passed on from officer to officer, and the broken gangs of convicts gathered quickly together like well-disciplined soldiers. There was barely time to rank them up together two deep, give the word "right turn, double march," before the storm burst upon them. It was a swiftly risen autumnal gale from the south-west, a perfect tornado, with the accompaniment of pealing thunder and a deluge of rain.

The convicts, a body of many hundreds, were hurried along to the shelter sheds—rough, timber-built refuges provided by the prison administration for such accidents as these—standing close at hand, available as immediate cover, and still more for security.

The long march to the distant prison amid the confusion of the disturbed elements might favour escape. "No. 97 party" doubled steadily forward, keeping their step and their formation until within a couple of hundred paces of their appointed shelter, when all at once, with a great blaze of fire and an awful crash, the thunder-cloud broke just above their heads. The lightning flash, the awful reverberation filled all—officers and convicts alike—with sudden uncontrollable terror. The warden in charge was paralyzed; his men broke and ran for their lives, a wild, disorderly, and disorganised mass of humanity, making in hot haste straight for the shed, where they pulled up breathless, drenched to the skin, still shuddering and shaking from the shock, but safe and out of danger at last.

Warder Manvers, a little ashamed of himself for his surrender to panic, was the first to recover, and quickly ordering his men to straighten up, he called them to "attention," telling them to "dress by the right," and with the almost automatic impulse of one held responsible for a certain number of his fellows dead or alive, quickly counted his party over.

"Fifteen, sixteen, seven—"
Seventeen, seventeen, where was the seventeenth?

Then, with a quick movement of dismay and a cold feeling about his heart, he realised that he was "one man short." He could only account for sixteen convicts. The seventeenth had escaped.

How? When? Where? This was no moment for idle conjecture, the disappearance was quite recent, within the last few seconds indeed; recapture was surely possible, if proper promptitude was displayed. Mr. Manvers gulped down his emotions, which were sad enough, for the loss of a prisoner meant loss of pay, perhaps dismissal, and made a whispered report to his nearest superior officer, Principal Warder South.

Mr. South forthwith sounded his whistle; a second whistle answered his, a third, a fourth, and the sibilant message signalling that "a convict had escaped," passed on faster than the fiery cross carrying the news to every point far and near. The usual steps were taken: all the officers that could be spared from the works—and at least a dozen

were available owing to the lucky chance that the prisoners were assembled in the sheds—were sent out to search for the runaway. One hurried on to the prison with the name of the fugitive now reported by Mr. Manvers to be X. Y., 27873 George Gringo. From the prison further help was sent to the works: officers to take charge of parties and prosecute the search. The usual notice of escape was run up at the prison flag-staff, and the warning gun was fired. The electric telegraph soon flashed the news to all neighbouring police-stations, and the clerks in the Governor's office set busily to work filling up forms which announced the escape, offered a reward of £5, and gives a full description of the runaway convict.

His name was George Gringo, alias George Vaughan, his age forty, his complexion dark and moreover much sunburnt, eyes brown, height 5ft. 10in., figure proportional, distinctive marks, a heart pierced with an arrow tattooed upon the left fore-arm, a pair of flags crossed upon the right breast.

Meanwhile, in spite of the pouring rain, the search for

The storm had continued all through the night with unabated fury. Nowhere on the south coast is the force of a south-wester more seriously felt than at Portland Bill. The West Bay becomes in that wind a treacherous trap for the homeward bound and its high raised shifting barrier, the far-famed Chesil Beach, is too often strewn with the wreckage of ill-fated crafts which have failed to make the shelter of the breakwater. So it was the morning after Gringo's escape. It was now known that a fine full-rigged ship had been cast away in the night and it was feared that not a single soul had been saved.

Meanwhile the search for the missing convict had been continued unremittently, and was at last crowned with success.

It was Mr. Manvers who found him. The officer who had lost him now recovered his body, coming upon it quite by chance, where it lay motionless under the steep cliffs that form the outer walls of the precipitous prison island. For George Gringo was dead.

He must have wandered on and on through the storm, hurried on recklessly, blindly, driven ever forward by his fierce desire to evade his pursuers, and then finally, with one last fatal false step he had met the full release that awaits us all.

He had fallen from a great height, down into the depths of a disused quarry; right to the bottom of a basin or lower platform just above the edge of the sea.

Mr. Manvers in the eagerness of his search had crept along this lower level and had come all at once upon the corpse.

There it lay, bruised and mangled, the face battered in beyond recognition. But there was no mistaking the prison clothes, the blue and red smock frock, the brown fustian knickerbockers and gaiters, the heavy hobnailed highlows, the long stockings, the coarse striped shirt, everything plentifully decorated by that well-known Government stigma, the hideous crow's foot mark of the Broad Arrow.

The body was humped up anyhow among the rough debris of the quarry surrounded by the sharp edged many pointed stones that explained the wounds on the head. One gaped wide in the forehead, and all around it the life blood was encrusted hard and black as dried up coal tar.

"He'd better have stayed where he was!" was the outspoken comment of Manvers as he turned him over not exactly to identify him for that was hardly possible, so much had the fall disfigured the face and injured the features and battered the poor frame. But identification was unnecessary. Here was a dead convict, and a live convict had escaped the day before; it was cause and effect, the commonest process of reasoning sufficed to settle the question of identity.

So Mr. Manvers calling down half-a-dozen of his drab clad charges to his aid, desired them to lift the body

and carry it up to the cliff above. There, after due report had been made to the senior officer present, a hand-barrow was produced and a melancholy procession formed, to convey the corpse into the prison enclosure. It was done with decency, with reverence indeed. They were common felons these poor misguided wretches; criminals, cruel, hardened outcasts from society, expiating their offences in this place of perpetual penitence and toil, but they were men with human hearts and feelings not entirely seared, and this burthen they bore had been their comrade, their fellow sufferer, but a few short hours before.

Past the gates, through the prison yards by the high embankment where the Governor himself stood at times to take stock of his felon troops as they filed past to and from labour twice daily; on to the prison hospital, an imposing castellated edifice solidly built, like all the rest of



Finally, with one last false step, he had met the full release that awaits us all.

Gringo was prosecuted with great activity on and about the works. It was continued till long after midnight, and yet proved entirely fruitless. He was gone; either he had got off, or he was drowned or struck by lightning; or, still more probably, he had found some temporary hiding-place, from which he would undoubtedly be unearthed the following day.

"It's not so easy to get off this island," said the chief warden confidently, adding with kindly encouragement to the person most concerned. "Don't be down-hearted, Mr. Manvers. It wasn't altogether your fault. We'll have him in the morning, never fear." And Manvers, who was brooding dejectedly over his misfortune, which might entail many privations on his young family and the curtailment of his own tobacco, tried to take heart of grace, and yet could not believe his fugitive would be found.

ASK ANOTHER.

W. G. wishes to know if I think education essential to success in life. "I say it is, but my friend maintains the contrary; he points to the fact that many men have succeeded who couldn't read or write, and asserts that education is more often the reverse of a blessing."—The time when an illiterate man could build up a large business is past; there may be an occasional exception, but, generally speaking, education is necessary if you wish to climb the ladder. It must be remembered that the men referred to made their fortunes, or the sure foundations of them, at a time when education was at a comparatively low level. But those men had an education of another kind, which was, and still is, of the greatest importance—a knowledge of the world. This latter, combined with natural shrewdness, will take you a long way even now, but without the help of general education you will be beaten. As to your friend's last assertion, education is apt to make you unhappy if you do not realise your ambition; but one of its chief objects should be to teach you equanimity and show us our limitations. There isn't room on top for everybody—although there is always room on top.

OUR readers may be interested to know that on Friday, July 21st, the shareholders of C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. held their annual meeting, and that the directors were again in the pleasant position of being able to report increased profits for the year.

H. T.—Yes, it is quite correct that in London you can summon a cab by blowing a whistle. To such an extent does whistling for cabs go on in London that it is unpleasant, not to say unsafe, to whistle in the main thoroughfares by way of recreation for fear of being chased by a string of vehicles. Cabbies are very sensitive men, and now that they are combining with the idea of protecting their interest, and, like all other organisations, seeking to be represented in Parliament, I should not be surprised to hear any day of a Bill being introduced into the House of Commons prohibiting whistling in London streets, except in case of a cab being required. Just now, however, a strong protest is being made by a few of the "upper ten" against the noise and racket caused by this whistling. If this protest should succeed London would have to hunt around for a new system of summoning cabs. Maybe we shall live to see Marconi's wireless telegraphy come to the assistance of the cabbies, and then anybody who professes to be anybody would have to have a large pole fixed at the top of their house, and cabs would go humming around with miniature flagstaffs on top for the purpose of electrical communication.

J. B. M. bought a tin kettle about three months ago, which cost sevenpence. Since then it has spent all its spare time in visits to the tin-man to be soldered up, as it did not turn out to be a particularly healthy and sound utensil. Up to the time of writing, the kettle has cost its possessor 1s. 2d. in repairs—just twice its original cost.—Have any of my lady readers similar tales to tell? If so, I would suggest they endeavour to justify their claim to a solid silver pencil-case and fifty ROYAL MAGAZINE stereoscopes by chronicling it on a post-card, addressed to the "KETTLE EDITOR," to arrive not later than Monday, August 14th.

C. O. propounds the following question: "Why is it that we see so many old men with bright intellects among what I may call the professional classes, and so few among the other classes of the community? Take law and politics as examples; we find old men of eighty dispensing justice in the Law Courts, or holding forth and arguing logically and clearly in Parliament, but if you inquire among the working-classes you will find it very different. Among the latter, the body outlives the intellect more often than not; that is, you find a man enjoying good health at an advanced age, but his mind is decaying and we say he is in his 'second childhood.' Of course, there are exceptions, but I am speaking generally. The saying 'once a man, twice a child' is certainly more applicable to the working than to the professional classes. I am not saying this because I despise the former, but because I am a working man myself and should like to know the reason."—The explanation of this difference is, chiefly, that in the one class the mind has been cultivated and developed. The continual judicious use of the mental faculties improves the intellect, just as continual judicious exercise improves the physical faculties. In the ordinary course of things, the man who works with his hands does not make full use of his mental capacity, for the simple reason that he hasn't the same opportunity as the professional man. The latter, moreover, was able to live under better conditions, and knew how to keep his body sufficiently healthy to support his brains, while the poorer man had to put up with many difficulties. But things have altered during the last thirty years, and the difference you refer to will become less and less. The working-man has opportunities which his father didn't think about, and he is making use of them.

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No SPORT cannot understand why people play cricket, lawn tennis, and similar games in the summer-time. "They play football in winter; that's sensible, because they want to get warm," he writes. "I can understand boating, and cycling, and golf in summer, because you can go as you please. But in cricket and tennis you must go as others please, and make yourself hot and uncomfortable 'for amusement.' I don't see any sense in that."—My correspondent apparently thinks that we ought to shelve these games till the winter, and play them concurrently with football. This raises another point, namely, why we should not play cricket all the year round, as our Scottish relations play football. The objection that it is too cold to stand about is to be met with the argument that in summer it is too hot to run about. Altogether this is an interesting question, and I invite my cricketing and lawn tennis-playing readers to give their opinions on the subject.

DING DONG's experience is one which, no doubt, many of my readers can equal if they will only speak. For eighteen years this correspondent lived alongside a church the clock of which chimed the quarters, half-hours, three-quarters and hours. These sounds were clearly heard by him during the still hours of the night when he was reading in bed. When, however, he moved thirty miles away to another town, he still heard the chimes—in imagination, of course. The remarkable part of the experience, however, lies in the fact that he heard these chimes at the correct moment—at the quarters, the half-hours, the three-quarters, and the hours. DING DONG asks if I can account for this.—The regularity with which the sounds were conveyed to your brain every day for so many years would naturally result in your anticipating them at the proper moment. During the day, when you are possibly surrounded by other noises and with work that distracts your attention, these memories pass unnoticed, but during the silence of the night your memory, automatically, recalls the chimes. Your case is not an isolated one. I know of a man who regularly every day, at twelve and at six o'clock, for twenty-five years used to toll a bell in a large factory to ring out the hands. Although it is now two years since he left off that work, at twelve and at six every day he hears that bell toll—never a minute before or behind the time. To readers who can give me the best authentic incidences of this sort, I will give a solid silver pencil-case and a gold-plated pencil-case to the next best fifty. All attempts should be sent on post-cards to the "TOLLING EDITOR," to arrive not later than Monday, August 14th.

H. F. writes thus: "Why should we be alarmed at the idea of seeing a ghost, and imagine that it will harm us? I always thought that a shade was a protection."—That is the kind of thing I have to put up with in the hot weather. I hope my correspondent has not been communing with the spirits that are always to be found in certain houses, even in the daytime.

I WOULD this week particularly draw the attention of readers to the new serial story, the first instalment of which appears on page 81. There is too much sameness about convict stories, but this one by Major Griffiths is 'as far above all others as the stars are above the earth.' I have read the whole story, so I know. After you have read it, pass the paper on to some friend who isn't acquainted with it and ask him to do the same.

"Do we give honesty a fair chance?" asks TRUSTY, who proceeds to argue that we do not. He continues: "You will see that in every walk of life our greatest efforts are to prevent people from being dishonest, and that we devote a very small portion of our energies towards making them honest, for you don't make a man honest by preventing him from being dishonest. We have elaborate systems of checking and registering; we have bell-punches and vouchers, inspectors and auditors, and all the rest of it, but about the last thing we think about is trusting people and showing them that we do trust them. In most of the instances where we 'trust' a man, as we are pleased to call it, we do so because we must have someone to do that particular work and we cannot devise any check. Is that giving us a fair chance? Why does not humanity trust itself?"—It is not exactly like that. It is a case of the many suffering for the faults of the few. Those laws and preventatives have been called into existence because a portion of our common humanity was not and is not honest, and we are not certain how that portion is made up. The system of vouchers and auditing in general use in business houses was created, owing to the shortcomings of the very few; it would be absurd to take it as an indication that all the members of a staff were suspected. There is a great deal more honesty and trust in the world than you seem to think. Humanity does not trust

itself absolutely, because it knows its own weakness; our ideas of what constitutes honesty are sometimes elastic. Suppose a man brings you your purse—full of money—which you have dropped, you are surprised in spite of yourself. That shows your low opinion of the integrity of your fellow-man. But if you don't reward the finder by giving him a fair percentage of the contents, the man begins to regret his action, and your friends hint that it would not have been a bad thing if he had kept it. Now, although we hate meanness, it is a strange commentary upon ourselves that we require to be paid for doing what we ought. No, there is plenty of scope for honesty; we need have no fear but that we shall be fully trusted if we prove ourselves worthy.

WE have received several substantial amounts for the FRESH AIR FUND, both from officers and men on board the ships of our Navy. The latest to come to hand is £8 11s., which means that Thursday, August 10th, will be known as H.M.S. *Dido* day.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £1,932 6s. 7d.

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A GOLD-PLATED PENCIL-CASE WILL BE AWARDED TO EACH PERSON WHOSE LETTER IS DEALT WITH ON THIS PAGE.

THE BRAND OF THE BROAD ARROW

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "Mysteries of Police and Crime," "Chronicles of Newgate," "Memorials of Millbank," "Secrets of the Prison House,"
"A Prison Princess," "Criminals I have Known," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE ESCAPE FROM PORTLAND.

THERE was a sudden change of weather. The fierce gusts of wind came rain laden from the seaward, and the purple black clouds were riven with streaks of dazzling light.

"Fall in, No. 97!" The brief word of command went echoing through the quarries, taken up and passed on from officer to officer, and the broken gangs of convicts gathered quickly together like well-disciplined soldiers. There was barely time to rank them up together two deep, give the word "right turn, double march," before the storm burst upon them. It was a swiftly risen autumnal gale from the south-west, a perfect tornado, with the accompaniment of pealing thunder and a deluge of rain.

The convicts, a body of many hundreds, were hurried along to the shelter sheds—rough, timber-built refuges provided by the prison administration for such accidents as these—standing close at hand, available as immediate cover, and still more for security. The long march to the distant prison amid the confusion of the disturbed elements might favour escape.

"No. 97 party" doubled steadily forward, keeping their step and their formation until within a couple of hundred paces of their appointed shelter, when all at once, with a great blaze of fire and an awful crash, the thunder-cloud broke just above their heads. The lightning flash, the awful reverberation filled all—officers and convicts alike—with sudden uncontrollable terror. The warden in charge was paralysed; his men broke and ran for their lives, a wild, disorderly, and disorganised mass of humanity, making in hot haste straight for the shed, where they pulled up breathless, drenched to the skin, still shuddering and shaking from the shock, but safe and out of danger at last.

Warder Manvers, a little ashamed of himself for his surrender to panic, was the first to recover, and quickly ordering his men to straighten up, he called them to "attention," telling them to "dress by the right," and with the almost automatic impulse of one held responsible for a certain number of his fellows dead or alive, quickly counted his party over.

"Fifteen, sixteen, seven—"

Seventeen, seventeen, where was the seventeenth?

Then, with a quick movement of dismay and a cold feeling about his heart, he realised that he was "one man short." He could only account for sixteen convicts. The seventeenth had escaped.

How? When? Where? This was no moment for idle conjecture, the disappearance was quite recent, within the last few seconds indeed; recapture was surely possible, if proper promptitude was displayed. Mr. Manvers gulped down his emotions, which were sad enough, for the loss of a prisoner meant loss of pay, perhaps dismissal, and made a whispered report to his nearest superior officer, Principal Warder South.

Mr. South forthwith sounded his whistle; a second whistle answered him, a third, a fourth, and the sibilant message signalling that "a convict had escaped," passed on faster than the fiery cross carrying the news to every point far and near. The usual steps were taken: all the officers that could be spared from the works—and at least a dozen

were available owing to the lucky chance that the prisoners were assembled in the sheds—were sent out to search for the runaway. One hurried on to the prison with the name of the fugitive now reported by Mr. Manvers to be X. Y., 27873 George Gringo. From the prison further help was sent to the works: officers to take charge of parties and prosecute the search. The usual notice of escape was run up at the prison flag-staff, and the warning gun was fired. The electric telegraph soon flashed the news to all neighbouring police-stations, and the clerks in the Governor's office set busily to work filling up forms which announced the escape, offered a reward of £5, and gives a full description of the runaway convict.

His name was George Gringo, alias George Vaughan, his age forty, his complexion dark and moreover much sunburnt, eyes brown, height 5ft. 10in., figure proportional, distinctive marks, a heart pierced with an arrow tattooed upon the left fore-arm, a pair of flags crossed upon the right breast.

Meanwhile, in spite of the pouring rain, the search for

The storm had continued all through the night with unabated fury. Nowhere on the south coast is the force of a south-wester more seriously felt than at Portland Bill. The West Bay becomes in that wind a treacherous trap for the homeward bound and its high raised shifting barrier, the far-famed Chesil Beach, is too often strewn with the wreckage of ill-fated crafts which have failed to make the shelter of the breakwater. So it was the morning after Gringo's escape. It was now known that a fine full-rigged ship had been cast away in the night and it was feared that not a single soul had been saved.

Meanwhile the search for the missing convict had been continued unrelentingly, and was at last crowned with success.

It was Mr. Manvers who found him. The officer who had lost him now recovered his body, coming upon it quite by chance, where it lay motionless under the steep cliffs that form the outer walls of the precipitous prison island. For George Gringo was dead.

He must have wandered on and on through the storm, hurried on recklessly, blindly, driven ever forward by his fierce desire to evade his pursuers, and then finally, with one last fatal false step he had met the full release that awaits us all.

He had fallen from a great height, down into the depths of a disused quarry; right to the bottom of a basin or lower platform just above the edge of the sea.

Mr. Manvers in the eagerness of his search had crept along this lower level and had come all at once upon the corpse.

There it lay, bruised and mangled, the face battered in beyond recognition. But there was no mistaking the prison clothes, the blue and red smock frock, the brown fustian knickerbockers and gaiters, the heavy hobnailed highlows, the long stockings, the coarse striped shirt, everything plentifully decorated by that well-known Government stigma, the hideous crow's foot mark of the Broad Arrow.

The body was humped up anyhow among the rough debris of the quarry surrounded by the sharp edged many pointed stones that explained the wounds on the head. One gaped wide in the forehead, and all around it the life blood was encrusted hard and black as dried up coal tar.

"He'd better have stayed where he was!" was the outspoken comment of Manvers as he turned him over not exactly to identify him for that was hardly possible, so much had the fall disfigured the face and injured the features and battered the poor frame. But identification was unnecessary. Here was a dead convict, and a live convict had escaped the day before; it was cause and effect, the commonest process of reasoning sufficed to settle the question of identity.

So Mr. Manvers calling down half-a-dozen of his drab clad charges to his aid, desired them to lift the body and carry it up to the cliff above. There, after due report had been made to the senior officer present, a hand-barrow was produced and a melancholy procession formed, to convey the corpse into the prison enclosure. It was done with decency, with reverence indeed. They were common felons these poor misguided wretches; criminals, cruel, hardened outcasts from society, expiating their offences in this place of perpetual penitence and toil, but they were men with human hearts and feelings not entirely seared, and this burthen they bore had been their comrade, their fellow sufferer, but a few short hours before.

Past the gates, through the prison yards by the high embankment where the Governor himself stood at times to take stock of his felon troops as they filed past to and from labour twice daily; on to the prison hospital, an imposing castellated edifice solidly built, like all the rest of



Finally, with one last false step, he had met the full release that awaits us all.

Gringo was prosecuted with great activity on and about the works. It was continued till long after midnight, and yet proved entirely fruitless. He was gone; either he had got off, or he was drowned or struck by lightning; or, still more probably, he had found some temporary hiding-place, from which he would undoubtedly be unearthed the following day.

"It's not so easy to get off this island," said the chief warden confidently, adding with kindly encouragement to the person most concerned. "Don't be down-hearted, Mr. Manvers. It wasn't altogether your fault. We'll have him in the morning, never fear." And Manvers, who was brooding dejectedly over his misfortune, which might entail many privations on his young family and the curtailment of his own tobacco, tried to take heart of grace, and yet could not believe his fugitive would be found.

the stone that is a drug at Portland, and so to the mortuary. There the body was deposited till an inquest of free islanders could be got together to view it, hear the evidence and pass the unhesitating verdict of "Accidental death."

"Right turn, quick march," were Mr. Manver's brief orders to the little party that had brought in the body, as he hurried them back to their work in the distant quarry. He brought up the rear himself, according to the strict rule that his men should always precede him to prevent the possibility of treacherous attack, and thus he was unable to check the muttered talk that passed between the two convicts of the leading file.

"He's got his 'ticket' has Gentleman George," said one. "Blest if I don't envy him; no more hard graft, and short tuck and free for good and all, of these nigger driving swine, the 'screws'."

"Was that George, mate? Are you so blooming sure?" asked the other.

"Why, who else? What dy'e mean, Sonkey? Not Gentleman George? Are you going off your chump? Doing the barmy, and bidding for the 'sylum' or 'farm'?"

"George and I were pals; knew each other outside, and was in one or two jobs together, the very one that landed us here, worse luck. I don't believe that was the 'Gentleman.' Didn't weigh enough. See?"

"Yah! You're too fast, Sonkey Sam. You can't weigh a pal like a ten ounce loaf."

"I tell you I know it wasn't George. He was bigger, brawnier; taller, too, if they stood 'it' upright."

"It's a tremendous pitch if wot you're figuring is true. They was his duds tho'. How could he make the swop? Do you think he 'did' for this dead 'un; colded him first to so as to strip him and collar the clothes?"

"Aye. George'd do it easy as biting a chew of tobacco if it stood between him and the key of the street. He'd reason for wanting liberty these days more than most of us. I know that, for the last lot from the Scruts brought him some queer news. He told me he'd risk anything to make his guy."

"There, you two, Grimes and Pickup—less talking!" growled Mr. Manvers from behind. "Silence! or I'll have it in for you before the Governor at dinner-time! Hear?"

The conversation thus abruptly interrupted was, however, continued in the recesses of the quarry, and the question fully debated whether George Gringo should be "put away"; whether, in plain English, the prison authorities should be informed of the substitution suspected or left to discover the fraud for themselves. The decision was in the negative.

"What should I get by it?" said Pickup finally. "Nothing; only to be called a 'nose' by the rest, and a crack on the skull from a jumper or pick first time they got me alone. No! let the blokes do their own business. 'Tisn't mine or yours."

So no warning, no hint was given, nothing came out at the inquest or before it, that the remains lying in the mortuary were other than those of the fugitive convict who had lost his life in his rash attempt to go free. True, in the absence of direct and positive evidence in the unrecognisable features there was a superficial examination of his body marks, the scars left by affray or accident, or again, those ineffaceably tattooed devices which short-sighted vanity so often leads the criminal classes to stamp and label themselves with for ever. These, it was true, did not exactly correspond with those recorded in the dead man's personal papers. But very little notice was taken of the discrepancy; nothing beyond a passing sneer at the carelessness of police officers and prison comrades who must have "taken down" the marks wrong in the first instance. Flage, or no Flage, Anchors crossed or Anchor and Crown, Joined Hands, or Heart transfixed—what did it matter?

Such records might be correctly or incorrectly copied in the official register. Here they were at any rate plain and indelibly written in Indian ink or gunpowder on the human palimpsest, and this must be X. Y.—23783, George Gringo, alias George Vaughan, who had been duly convicted on the 14th May, 189—, at the C.C.C., "for conspiracy, fraud and personation," and having regard to his previous convictions, sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and a further ten years' police supervision. Now a sponge might be passed over the slate; the law had done with him—George Gringo was dead and buried in a nameless grave.

CHAPTER II.

"CAST UP BY THE SEA."

THE cruel sea, as its anger abated, seemed content to surrender some of its prey. All that next morning after the storm fragments of wreckage were thrown up on the beach, and it was evident that the havoc among shipping and their human freight had been terrible. Very early in the day parties of searchers, Coastguardsmen and longshore Portlanders, had been actively moving to and fro, intent upon the business of collecting flotsam and jetsam or of making rescue where it was not too late. Among the number of lattered, mutilated bodies gradually picked up, all undoubtedly dead, one still breathed. They found a man almost at his last gasp lying on the shingle just above the water line; he was lashed to a spar, part of a ship's top hamper, and he had, no doubt, been washed up by the sweep of some far encroaching, long reaching wave. To this he obviously owed his salvation.

He was a sailor, that was clear; tall, swarthy, strongly-built. His tattered tempest-torn rags had a nautical look; the blue jersey, the oil-skin cap, the knife in its sheath attached by a string around his waist, the trousers of coarse blue pilot cloth stuffed into high sea boots bore witness to the castaway's calling. He was too feeble, too dazed, too nearly gone to answer any questioning, and it seemed doubtful whether his life would not be extinct before they could carry him to some place of succour and attend to his needs. He was taken to the Portland Railway-station, and by train to the Weymouth Seamen's Home and Hospital, where he was partially recovered by restoratives; but he lay comatose for the rest of the day.

Towards evening he was just able to speak, incoherently; his mind wandered; he could give no account of himself or what he had passed through; for the moment his memory was gone, and the doctor in attendance being greatly interested in the case, expressed his opinion that it might never return. Yet the patient was quite unhurt; there were, at least, no visible external signs of injury; if he had suffered at all, it was only in his mind. He could answer none of the many questions put to him; he could not tell his own name, nor that of his ship, neither where she hailed from, nor where she was bound.

All was an absolute blank. Those who had charge of him were fairly puzzled. What was to be done with him? There were not sufficient grounds for certifying him insane. Send him to the workhouse? The man was a stranger, with no rights of "settlement" in a parish that did not own him; besides, he was able-bodied, and would soon be restored to vigorous health; why should he be kept in idleness by the ratepayers?

"Sometimes I have my doubts of him," said the doctor on the morning of the third day of his detention in the Home. "I shall get another opinion."

"It is not an unusual case, surely?" suggested the nurse. "I have heard before of this total loss of memory after some great shock."

"Yes, yes, I know that. My doubts are as to the genuineness of the symptoms. That is why I should like to call in Dr. Barnard."

"Of Portland Prison?"

"Precisely. He has considerable experience with feigned insanity and simulated disease. I'll write and ask him to come over. Stay, what was that?"

The patient who was in his bed just behind the screen made a movement, uttered a slight sound. Could he have heard this conversation, was he so far recovered as to understand and be interested in it? He had indeed heard it, and a good deal more.

The nurse found him sitting up, and seemingly much better. He rubbed his eyes and looked at her inquiringly.

"Where am I, missus? Seems as though I'd had a lashing" (beating).

She told him exactly what had occurred.

"Shipwreck! Ah, to be sure now, I remember. The James B. Osgood, from Miramichi, Thompkins, master. We was aying up the channel when the wind S.S.W. by Son' freshened to a gale and took us on a lee shore. Last thing I know was lashing myself to a spar as the ship went down."

"What's your name?"

"Jones. Jedediah Jones of South Shields. What's yours? Where dy'e say I am? Seamen's Home, Weymouth? Well, missus, I'd like to get up now and clear out. I've given you enough trouble."

"You must wait till the doctor sees you," protested the nurse.

"I want to go now, where's my clothes?" insisted the man.

"There by the bedside just as they were taken off you. But you can't, not yet. So lie still where you are till you get some proper discharge."

The sailor sank back among the pillows with a discontented grunt and said no more. He was sleeping soundly when the nurse presently left him to attend to other duties.

Half-an-hour later when she returned the bed was empty.

The man was gone. He had got out of bed the moment he was alone, had hastily donned his rags, and walked straight out of the house.

He struck out for the country, cautiously making inquiries for the Dorchester road, and when he reached the outskirts of the town he came upon a signpost which gave him a true direction. One arm pointed back to Weymouth, whence he had come; another eastward to Poole; westward a road led to Abbotsbury and Bridport; and, last of all, northward stretched the Queen's highway to Dorchester and London.

This last was, of course, his goal, the great centre of attraction to such as he. To him especially it was a pole that drew him with irresistible force, for there he knew he should find all that he most sorely needed—peace and pleasantness, security from pursuit, an assured position backed by a bottomless purse, into which he meant to dip his hands very deep.

"It was a bold move," he said to himself as he trudged gaily along, "but it was worth it, and the luck has favoured me well. That chap came ashore in the nick of time, and when I wanted him most. His clothes here, and the silver in his pouch; they're mine. I won them by right of—capture; that's the nicest word. Not quite in the way I should have fancied, but then, it had to be done. I don't believe the poor devil could have lasted long, anyhow. He was well nigh drowned, and it was really a kindness, what I've heard the doctors call *euthanasia*, to help him over the stile into the big Beyond."

"It was his luck, his fate, his misfortune that brought him there right in my path just then. But for him, I should never have got away from that accursed hole, that hell upon earth; they'd have run into me sure enough sooner or later. No man's got scot free from the island in all these years, and how should I?"

"But now, who's to stop me? Who's to know? Gringo's dead and buried. I heard them talking at the Home of the escaped convict they'd found upon the shore, and how the jury had brought in accidental death. They took it all for gospel, and they've let me out of the trap with a fresh start in life that will lead me anywhere I please."

"Aye, aye, the luck is on my side now; I've not had too much in my time, but, by Heaven, I believe it's going to change. I hold strong cards in my hand, and I mean to play them to win whatever I please. I can put the stakes as high as I like and she must pay, for she is bound to lose; I have her tight in the hollow of my hand; the sly, scheming, cold-blooded, she devil who broke with me because, forsooth, she did not like my ways; they were too dangerous for her

saintship, too dirty; she did not choose to run the risks; she preferred to separate; to go her own road; to work apart and independent; to make her own way."

"Yes, yes, my pretty Princess, you thought you could do better for yourself than George Vaughan. He was a failure, a 'wrong 'un,' you only had to throw him aside like a squeezed lemon and put out your hand afresh and take the pick of the basket. We shall see, we shall see. There are ties which cannot be broken; duties that cannot be ignored and that by the Lord above I mean to show you as soon as I get yonder, to London, where they tell me you are and where I shall find you, never fear. Great people are easy enough to run into when the prize is worth the hunting."

And with that he let out a "view halloo!" as though he were once again at the covert side, and had seen the fox break away. Then, settling down into a steady, manful stride, he trudged on towards Dorchester, eleven miles distant, the first stage on his journey to London.

We will not follow him through all his weary tramp to the far-off El Dorado—the land flowing with milk and honey, the inexhaustible mine for all who, like him, had the secret of drawing upon its supplies.

It was a long road, but the longest has its end, and he was helped forward by hope and occasional help. He had learnt to turn his hand to many trades in his various periods of enforced seclusion; he had served on the Dartmoor farm, had built walls, made and laid bricks; he had mended trucks, had done a spell of plate-laying, could drive an engine and milk cows. Here and there, as he 'skipped' it along, he picked up several small jobs that gave him food and shelter, and a few shillings to put him further on his way. He kept "off the cross," too, for he would not give the "coppers" another chance. He had had enough of "chokey" for a time, and did not mean, not if he could help it, to see the inside of another "stir" for the rest of his days.

He had done with all that game, had left it clean behind him, and he hugged himself with the delightful conscious ness that as things had fallen he had now nothing really to fear.

There could be no more pursuit; the screws had caught their man and buried him, as they thought. The Seamen's Home was not likely to talk about Jedediah Jones. This was a free country unless you went wrong, and a shipwrecked mariner could not be held against his will anywhere. All he had got to do was to make his way to London safely, the sooner the better, and draw the dividends that he felt certain would be paid him on his investment in secret inconvenient knowledge of other people's affairs.

When at last he approached the great Babylon he decided to do the final stage by train. He had saved a bit of money, farthing by farthing from the scant wages he had earned by the way, more than enough to cover the cost of a railway ticket, and he spent a portion of it now without a pang.

It was wiser he felt to enter London through Paddington Station than by any of the great thoroughfares, running the gauntlet of an interfering police, which holds its outposts and videttes ever ready to challenge the footsore travel-worn tramp, which looks upon him with evil eyes and listens incredulously to the most specious canting tale he may pitch.

He kept his talk rather for those it might influence; the kindly souls of the Good Samaritan Refuge to which he made his way at once; a hospitable haven this, in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, opened for men like he pretended to be, destitute folk of the better class, dragged down by undeserved misfortune, whom a little timely succour might save. Any one he knew who could persuade the doorkeeper, or the members of the committee on duty, that he had seen better days might have the run of the place; supper, a sleeping berth, and breakfast for the inside of a week, while he hunted up friends or found work.

George Gringo or Vaughan, as we will still call him, although it was soon to give place to another name, won his way easily inside. He was an old soldier, beating the streets, but he had been promised a situation if he could only tide over the next few days. Would the Good Samaritans give him the shelter of a roof until better times came?

A case of this kind, most plausible on the face of it, for Jones-Vaughan, in spite of his seediness, spoke with the accent and manner of a gentleman, was nearly certain to succeed at the Good Samaritan. They had many such applicants, with far better claims possibly, really honest, well meaning waifs astray upon the wide waters of want, and it was not strange they should be sometimes taken in.

The committee man on duty for the evening was a certain Colonel Mainwaring Dundas, a retired officer, who gave a large portion of his leisure to work of this sort, kindly, unostentatious philanthropy, and he was an active spirit in the management of this most useful and commendable refuge.

The Colonel, short in figure, spry, with grey hair, bushy white eyebrows, bronzed face, and an alert rather abrupt manner, sat at the window a little withdrawn; out of sight above the passage into which each candidate for shelter submitted himself for inspection, and answered the questions put him by the doorkeeper, an ex-sergeant major of the Guards. The latter was prompted often by the committee man, who for obvious reasons did not show.

"What does he call himself?" asked Colonel Dundas, who had been watching the applicant from behind a curtain.

"Jones, sir. Says he served in the Halbardiers years ago."

"Ask him his last Colonel's name."

"Dundas, sir, Mainwaring Dundas, he says," echoed the doorkeeper with a grin.

"What was his own rank when he left the Halbardiers? Ask him."

"He'd rather not say, sir."

"I should think not," was the Colonel's comment, made sadly enough, but sotto voce. "Pass him in, Sergeant-major, and, by-the-way, don't mention my name, or that I

was here to-night. And here, give him this without saying where it comes from. Understand? I should like, too, to know what becomes of him."

The sovereign, for that was the value of the Colonel's gift was duly passed on to Jones, alias Gringo, alias George Vaughan, whom Captain in Her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Halbardiers. It was handed him later in the evening when, after the night inmates had dispatched a substantial hot meal, the old sergeant-major who managed the Refuge, came for a "crack" with a comrade over a pipe before the common-room fire. He was easily persuaded to produce a Court Guide, which was lying on the shelf in the committee-room among the books of reference. Jones wanted it to seek the address of one who had been, he said, a friend and associate in past days.

He did not take the Sergeant-major further into his confidence, but the reader shall be told at once, for it has an important bearing upon what is to come, that the name he sought was Tzeurach, and the entry in full, as recorded in the Red Book, was:

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE TZEURACH
(Schloss Tzeurach, Hungary),
197 Park Lane.

CHAPTER III.

A BOMBHELL FOR THE PRINCESS.

THAT opulent Hungarian magnate, Prince Tzeurach—Prince Emil XXVII., as he was sometimes called in his own country—had come to London, with the avowed intention of making a long, possibly a permanent, stay. He had only recently been married to a second wife, a young and very beautiful creature, his junior by many years, whom he idolised, and on whom he was ready to lavish rich gifts in unlimited profusion. This move to England as a residence from the remote and gloomy recesses of the Carpathians had been made in deference to the Princess's most earnest wish. She had, indeed, her reasons why they should leave Hungary, strong reasons that were not without still greater weight with the Prince.

Schloss Tzeurach had been the scene of a terrible catastrophe some few years previously, the death of the first Princess Tzeurach, who had been burnt in her bedroom. Her successor, Hermione, Princess Tzeurach, an English beauty, was determined to escape from the Castle's terrible associations that darkened its history. Her husband had been nothing loth to humour her.

They had pitched their tents in Park Lane, acquiring there a fine new mansion just then vacant by the sudden bankruptcy of a millionaire diamond merchant. Prince Tzeurach took it over just as it stood; the lease and furniture, the first at a high figure, the second at a price that would have been prohibitory to any but one of presumably colossal wealth. The possessions of the Tzeurachs were indeed said to be most extensive, whole villages, vast forests, productive mines and many noble residences, the whole mortgaged no doubt as is too often the case in that far-off country, but the revenues remaining must still have reached a high figure.

Princess Tzeurach stepped straight into a first place in London society. She had been the greatest success of the season just passed. Her parties, her grand balls, and crowded receptions, her dinners sumptuous yet *recherché*, the cook an original artist, the cellar stocked with choice wines including Imperial Tokay—all these splendid entertainments had been the talk of the town. Still more people talked, and almost ecstatically, of the glorious creature who presided at them. Never had the great charm of personal beauty been set off to such advantage.

The Princess dressed to perfection, she was both a great fortune and a walking advertisement for modistes; her frocks, her furbelows and fallals must have cost thousands. Then her jewels were beyond compare. The Prince had given her the use of the Tzeurach diamonds, and all the rest of the family heirlooms, which were of the most gorgeous description. It had long been a tradition with the Tzeurachs that whoever held the title should add something to the general store, and thus it had grown greatly in value and extent.

The Princess' private apartments, a whole suite of rooms, boudoir, bedroom, dressing-rooms and so forth, devoted to her exclusive use were on the first floor of the Park Lane house. They were a triumph of the upholsterer's art. The boudoir was in pale primrose with hangings of pompadour brocade, the furniture white, many pieces in real ivory, a pretty fancy which had added thousands to the bill. In the bedroom, the decoration was stronger, richer—a sharply accentuated contrast between deep crimson and pure virgin white. Pannelled walls and painted ceilings, fitted with the spoils of an ancient Adam mansion, original works from the pencil of Angelica Kauffmann. Solid silver toilet appliances, tortoise-shell-backed combs, china of delicate old Dresden, a profusion of valuable old lace in hangings and *portières*. Beyond the bedroom were the rooms used to store her many choice belongings, wardrobes of gigantic size and great costliness, Buhl, Sheraton, Chippendale, Italian Cinquecento, all full to overflowing with pretty things enough to turn the head of any envious daughter of Eve.

The Princess was to be found in her boudoir most mornings till noon or later, receiving there only her chosen intimates, or occupied with her maid and chief dresser, the *coiffeur* or the tradesmen who sought her Highness's custom, the jewellers or *bric-à-brac* dealers, or the assistants of some great modiste who came with toilettes to choose or "fit." She was here, lounging idly and gossiping still more carelessly with a special ally, Cynthia, Countess of Mordaunt. It was, by-the-way, the very day after the escape of George Gringo, the convict, from Portland Prison, which has been already described.

The ladies were examining, the one rapturously, the other with languid interest, a magnificent cloak of sables which the Princess had just received from one of the first furriers in Europe.

"They are about the finest sables I have ever seen in my life," said the Countess, with a sigh, much oppressed by the hopeless inequalities of life. "Have you any idea what they cost? A thousand pounds?"

"Well, I believe two thousand, but really I do not know, nor do I greatly care. It is Emil's business, and I did not ask him for them. I think they are more or less a bribe. He talks of wintering at Tzeurach, hateful place. He says there is business of importance to take him to Hungary, and I suppose he thought that I might want these furs if I go with him."

"I suppose you will go if he insists?"

"Certainly not, if he insists; that is not quite the way to succeed with me. I might be led, but I refuse to be driven."

"Well, it is easy to understand that he would not like to leave you behind, even with such a thoroughly trustworthy chaperon as me," laughed Cynthia. "Besides, I tell you plainly, Princess, that I should shirk the responsibility. I will admit that you are a paragon of propriety, but you have too many people at your feet."

"There, there, my dear Cynthia, do not be alarmed on my account. I am perfectly well able to take care of myself, and I have not the slightest present intention of causing my Prince a moment's uneasiness."

At that moment her Highness's confidential maid and constant personal attendant came into the room.

"Have I your Highness's permission?" she asked in a voice of deep humility, a voice that was deep, harsh, almost masculine, and having a strongly marked foreign accent. This was Lisa—Tia Lisa—Aunt Lisa. A woman who had been with the Princess from childhood, and who was on the closest and most confidential terms with her. A woman no longer young—quite fifty, indeed, with hair that was nearly grey, and many wrinkles on her hard, weather-beaten face, the face of the Southern who ripens early and fades prematurely; but there were no other signs of failure; she stood firm and erect, with a square, robust frame, and her nervous hands, with their knotted joints, spoke of much muscular strength.

"What is it, my good Lisa?" asked the Princess.

"His Highness's valet, Aurel Mirko, has come to me representing that his Highness the Prince humbly solicits the favour of an interview. Will your Highness receive him?"

The permission was accorded readily, and almost immediately afterwards the Prince entered with many courteous apologies for intruding so early in the day. Let us pause a moment to contrast these two hardly fitting mates to judge by external appearances. The Princess was tall, so tall that her rather full well-moulded figure seemed quite slight; she had a dazzlingly fair complexion, violet eyes, brown hair, soft, silky, rebellious; a well-shaped rather "tip-tilted" nose, with fine delicate nostrils, a short upper lip constantly raised a little, and showing her one defect—a defect which yet gave piquancy to the face, rather prominent front teeth.

By the side of this charming woman the comparison was all against the Prince. He was well advanced into middle age, of short mean figure, had a small face with irregular features, and the chief characteristics of his race much emphasised, and to his disadvantage. A dull, swarthy skin, restlessly roving eyes of that deep, lustreless black that gave no index of what went on within, the unwinking eyes of the wild hawk, which never changed, save when they blazed with flame under some sudden access of fierce, wild passion, eyes that spoke of mixed ancestry, the Magyar crossed with the Tzigane, the Hungarian with the Gipsy. Once, so ran the family tradition, a Tzeurach prince had been carried away with uncontrollable love for the splendid beauty of a Romany Ro, and had made her his bride, thus importing the strange, wild Gipsy strain into the Tzeurach blood which appeared now in the present Prince Emil.

The Prince carried in his hand a morning newspaper, and he at once called his wife's attention to a paragraph under the head of Court News.

"Count Apafy has come over, as you see, quite unexpectedly on a special mission to St. James's. He is my very good friend, and we must do something for him, give some entertainment in his honour at once."

"What do you propose, Emil?" asked the Princess.

"What you English call a big dinner, I suppose, and a reception afterwards," replied the Prince.

"My dear man, are you aware that this is the month of November, and that there is not a soul in town. Cynthia tells me that hardly anybody is back, and anything like a large party is out of the question. We could get nobody to come worth having."

"Well, well, we shall have to try," persisted the Prince. "And I must really ask you, Princess, to give the matter your immediate attention."

"Ask Cynthia here," replied the Princess, with a little gay, unconcerned laugh. "She understands these things so much better than I do, and, as you know, she did all our parties last season."

"And most admirably, too, that I will most gratefully allow. Perhaps, Lady Mordaunt, you will place us under fresh obligations and prepare some sort of list? You know so much best whom we are likely to get. I think the invitations should go out to-day. Can you suggest any names? Let us go over there and write."

He pointed to a satinwood *escritoire* in a corner of the room and they went to it together, leaving the Princess still languidly indifferent to the proposed entertainment.

Presently, for some reason, or none at all, either automatically or because she was bored with her own thoughts, she took up the *Times* from where the Prince had thrown it, and began to glance carelessly through its columns. All at once something caught her eye, and startled her into a sudden exclamation not easy to characterise. It might have been sheer terror, or a mere spasm of surprise. But, whatever the cause, her outcry, which was probably involuntary and instantly checked,

sufficed to attract the attention of the two others in the room.

"Why, Hermione, what has happened to you?" quickly asked the Prince in an anxious tone. "Are you ill?"

"You must be," added Cynthia. "You have gone so white, even to your lips. Let me call Lisa."

"It is nothing, I assure you. I am very silly, I cannot account for it, a sudden acute pain which has already passed away. But I should like Lisa to come to me, or better still, I will go to her."

And so speaking the Princess with an alacrity that indicated the passing of her recent indisposition rose from her sofa, and walked quite briskly into the next room. She still held the *Times* in her hand, and her first act on joining her maid was to seize the woman's arm convulsively, saying in a hoarse fierce whisper:

"Read this, read this! Can it be he? It is the same name; the description tallies. Oh, Lisa, if it should be George Vaughan!"

The paragraph to which the Princess thus feverishly called Lisa's attention was headed, "Escape of a Convict from Portland." It was the first part of the story, the full details of which have been already given, and the details were evidently of a disquieting nature.

"I thought he was dead; I was sure of it. The news came from a source that seemed unquestionable."

"So it did, there can be no doubt of that," said Lisa, toning down her harsh voice to the softest, most soothing accents she could command. "This is not the same, rest assured, my sweet child. That other Vaughan was a villain who did not deserve to live. But even were it as we fear, if—if—sooner than that he should return to wreck and ruin your life, Hermione, I would—I would—there is nothing I would shrink from to save you, child."

The Princess threw herself into an easy chair without replying, but it was evident from the twitching of her fingers, and the movement of her foot, restlessly following the tracery of the pattern on the carpet, that her mind was greatly disturbed; she had lost for the moment the calm, cool self-possession, the complete mastery over her emotions, that were habitual with her. But at length, after some time, she spoke, and in her usual collected manner.

"You are right, Lisa. I will not allow myself to be disturbed, not at least at present, or until we know more. This may be, as I hope and pray it is, the merest coincidence. We will say no more about it, and I had better go back to those two."

"So keep up your heart, my bright, brave, beautiful child. Trust to your own self, and to your good old Tia Lisa. She will not suffer you to be wronged."

There were no symptoms of the great anxiety that had agitated her in the Princess Hermione when she returned to the boudoir. If it still rankled she concealed it well. At luncheon, which they took early, after the foreign custom, and which was a *à la carte* meal, she made herself particularly agreeable to her husband, talking lightly and pleasantly upon topics of general passing interest, and evincing a quite keen but unusual desire to know all about the party which Cynthia Mordaunt had planned.

How many would sit down to dinner, who were to be asked to the reception, and what hope there was of filling the rooms? After lunch the Princess volunteered to drop her husband at his club, and offered to call for him there at any hour. The poor little man, unaccustomed to these many condescending attentions, was so overwhelmed with gratitude that he quite resolved to call in at Garrod's and choose some costly offering for his wife's acceptance.

Fate, as it seemed, was kinder to the Princess than she expected. The second half of the convict's story reached London that same afternoon, and the news was conveyed to the Princess in that curious and often startlingly dramatic fashion with which the modern Londoner is so familiar. As she drove down Piccadilly behind her high-stepping horses, the finest pair that money could buy, the posters of the evening papers, with their huge, staring capitals, attracted her eye on the railings alongside the Burlington Arcade:

"AWFUL DEATH ON AN ESCAPED CONVICT."

And with a sudden uncontrollable impulse that might have spelt danger, she stopped her carriage and ordered the footman to buy her a paper.

There it was set forth in brief telegraphic fashion that the body of the convict, George Gringo, alias Vaughan, had been found in a disused Portland quarry, just above high water mark, and the manner in which he was supposed to have met his death was stated just as the reader already knows, but more in detail.

Her Highness threw the sheet away from her on to the opposite seat of the carriage with a sigh of huge contentment.

"It was absurd of me to imagine things, but even if it had been the worst I feared, I have done with it now for good."

She recovered the newspaper, folded it carefully into a small compass, and was still holding it in her hand when she re-entered the house in Park Lane.

"Send Madame Lisa to me," was her brief order. And the Princess proceeded to the tea-room, where her maid presently joined her, ostensibly to receive her hat and cloak.

"That man, whoever he was, our George Vaughan or another, is dead. See, read for yourself, Tia. It was foolish of me to take alarm so easily, wasn't it? Now, of course, I am safe, unless—unless—Tia, tell me, do you really believe that he has passed out of my life for ever?"

"Why, surely, sweet child. We had the plainest and surest proofs of that. In the future let not another thought of George Vaughan distress your mind."

The Princess evinced quite unusual interest in the forthcoming dinner and reception in honour of her husband's friend and compatriot, Count Apafy. Prince Tzeurach was delighted when he heard his wife canvassing with Cynthia the invitations, which were sent out in shoals, and included many who would hardly have been bidden in the height

of the crowded season to the somewhat exclusive coterie of the Tzeurachs.

As has been said, in this the early winter, London was not at all full—not, at least, with the "fine flower" and "cream" of Society. Still, Cynthia Mordaunt had succeeded in capturing a Royal Prince who was passing through town incog.; and a good many other celebrities thereupon emerged from the back premises of their mansions, where they had been hiding and informally enjoying the pleasures of the town. Now, too, the news of the great Tzeurach entertainment got about, and was quite welcomed in the prevailing dulness, so that when the night arrived, the magnificent reception rooms were positively crammed.

The dinner had been laid for forty, and was a very gorgeous affair. Prince Tzeurach had imported into Park Lane a good deal of state, the pomp and circumstance that prevailed always in his Hungarian home. There was a great retinue of servants dressed in the handsome livery of the house, very much like the uniform of a Hungarian hussar. The Tzeurach private band of Hungarians was stationed in an anteroom, prepared to strike up the National Anthem when the Prince received his Royal guest upon the threshold of his house; the dinner was served on superb gold plate, the menu included every delicacy in and out of season, and the wines were of the choicest vintages.

The Princess did the honours as though to the manner born. She was as gracious as a queen, condescendingly pleased to see her friends, yet with the quiet, impressive, self-contained air of one who knew her high rank and what was due to it. She had never looked better. Her costume, pale blue and silver, an accomplished dream of the dress-maker's highest art, set off to perfection her fine tall figure and her many univalued personal charms. She wore, too, many jewels, more especially a unique, priceless suite of emeralds; a coronet of them in her light brown hair, emerald bracelets, emerald stars, a great collar of the same rare stones ending in a magnificent pendant, smaller emeralds surrounding one of enormous size. This last was the historic Tzeurach stone, which was said to have been carried off by an ancestor from the sack of Constantinople, and never had it glittered upon a fairer or more dazzling white skin than that of its present wearer.

The Princess stood for an hour or more at the head of the grand staircase receiving her guests as they filed past in an almost bewildering crowd. The Prince was on one hand, Cynthia Mordaunt on the other, the latter specially retained like the nomenclator of a Roman Emperor, ready to whisper in the hostess's ear the name and quality of any person not known to her.

"These are my own cousins," said Cynthia, as a party of three approached—father, mother, and daughter. "The Mainwaring-Dundases." And the Princess shook hands warmly with the Colonel, whose acquaintance we have already made at the Good Samaritan's Refuge. His wife was a comely, fresh-coloured, wholesome English matron, inclining to embonpoint; his daughter resembled her mother with the added advantage of youth—a brilliant complexion, and a slim, supple, exquisitely-proportioned figure. Cynthia greeted them, too, as they passed, with kindly effusion, adding with a little malicious laugh to the girl:

"Geoffrey Lascelles" (he was the Prince's private secretary) "is somewhere about, Katie; only please don't monopolise him too much, for he has all this on his shoulders."

It was not till past midnight that the Princess left her station on the grand staircase to pass slowly through the rooms, making a sort of formal progress, and renewing her acquaintance with particular friends. She paused to exchange a few words here and there with those she especially delighted to honour, and she was actually talking to the guest of the evening, Count Apafy, when the groom of the chambers, a gentleman of such faultless appearance and manners that he might have been a duke, approached her and deferentially handed her a note.

"What is it?" she asked, angry at the interruption. "Madame Lisa said your Highness would like to have this at once," said the servant with a profound bow. "You will forgive me, Count," said the Princess, as she tore open the letter. It said:

"Come at once to the lower library. It is imperative, there is no other way.—Lisa."

"Some foolish matter with which I ought not to be troubled, Count," said the Princess with unshaken composure. "But I must not forget that I am the mistress here, and that everyone, even you, dear Count, and all these honoured friends must look to me that all is properly done."

So saying she turned, and still quite slowly proceeded to the room indicated, the lower library as it was called, a small room reached through a conservatory, on the ground floor at the back of the house.

Lisa was already there, keeping watch as it seemed, over the door of the library. Her dark face was blanched with terror, and her great black eyes gleamed with the fierce despairing look of a hunted animal.

"Go in! Go in!" she hissed in an agonised whisper. "Nothing else will satisfy him. He swears if you do not come to him he will speak at once to the Prince, here, before them all."

"Who is it? What do you mean?" faltered the Princess, with her finger treacherous on the door handle.

"Go in, and don't be frightened. Remember I am within hail. This must be faced now; it is the only way."

The Princess, steeling herself for the worst, and mastering her emotions with a violent effort, entered the room. Her head was erect, she walked with a bold unembarrassed air, but when her eyes met those of a man standing there—a man correctly dressed in evening clothes—with all the outward attributes of respectability and good breeding, she shrieked aloud:

"Great God! You, George Vaughan—you?" and fell then and there in a dead heap on the floor.

(To be continued.)

He Knew All About It.

HE was an honest-looking workman, who had the appearance of being very much in love with the dowdy and pretentious young woman beside him. She was evidently trying to impress him with her superior attainments.

"Yes," the young woman said, "I am so fond of reading that it seems as if I could never get enough. I am reading a most touching story in the *FIRESIDE SIT-DOWN*."

"I don't have much time to read," the young man answered, humbling himself before her superior culture.

"And I'm awfully fond of poetry," she went on. "Don't you think Lord Browning's, 'Old Clock on the Stairs' is a beautiful poem?"

"I don't know much about poems," he returned, with the air of one who at last gets his hand upon a familiar topic and feels at once at home; "but I know that in the clockmaking business we find those staircase time-pieces get a good deal out of repair, 'cause of the draughts they're in."

She said no more.

Which Half do you Read?

WITHOUT in the least noticing it, you probably only read from the top half of letters, and would be able to gain all the news you want from your daily paper, or read *P.W.* from cover to cover, even if the whole was only printed with the top half of the lettering.

THESE WHOLESALE SALES OF THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH

WILL BE THE MOST IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING OF THE YEAR

AND THE MOST IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING OF THE YEAR

AND THE MOST IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING OF THE YEAR

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What Made Him Wash.

LITTLE princes are much like other children. The son of the Crown Prince of Prussia did not like to be washed in the morning, and he often made a great fuss about it.

One day his governess reported him to his father. "Very well," said the Crown Prince, "after this let him go unwashed."

So the next morning the prince did not have his face washed, nor his hands, and he went out to walk with his governess, feeling proud to think that he had got his own way.

Around the palace of the prince there were many soldiers, who watched to see that no harm came to the royal family. These soldiers always saluted the children whenever they went by.

This time, however, the first soldier the little prince passed stood still and straight, and did not salute. The prince looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently he came to another soldier, but he also stood still and did not salute.

When the walk was finished, and they had passed many soldiers, none of whom paid any attention to the prince, the little fellow dashed into his father, exclaiming:

"Papa! papa! You must whip all your soldiers! They refuse to salute me when I pass."

"Ah, my son," said the crown prince, "they do rightly, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that he took a shower bath every morning.

PROUD DAME: "I do not see how you could think of marrying into such a commonplace family as that."

Romantic Daughter: "Oh, I'm not going to marry into his family; he's going to marry into our family."

SHE: "A doctor in Berlin, after a great deal of study, has discovered that married men live longer than bachelors."

He (imploringly): "Save my life!"

She (joyously): "Oh, Clarence, how did you guess that I loved you?"

Eyes Saved by a Powerful Magnet.

THIS MAGNET IS ON A PAR WITH THE X-RAYS FOR MEDICAL OPERATIONS.

ONE of the latest things in surgery is an electro-magnet of very strong power. It is in use at a certain eye and ear hospital where it has proved a valuable adjunct to ophthalmic surgery.

The magnet at first sight appears to be two cones wound with insulated wire. With the introduction of an electric current the cores become highly magnetic.

The power of this magnet is almost unbelievable. It will lift 250 pounds of iron, and a handful of nails or bunch of keys dropped within its radius of influence will fly toward it as if propelled from a gun. A row of tacks driven into a pine board, if held within the focus of its attraction, will leap out of the board as if enchanted, and as a destroyer of the mainspring of watches it has no equal.

In surgery, however, the use of this magnet is limited to extraction of steel and iron particles. It has been used so far only in removing iron and steel particles from the eyeball.

The first practical test was made upon a man whose eyeball had been perforated by a speck of steel. The man had been struck by the splinter while working over a lathe. The force of the bit of steel was enough to cut the outer envelope of the eye and penetrate to the tissues beneath. It had worked backward until it was in a position extremely dangerous to the life of the sensitive organ.

When the patient was brought to the hospital, he was placed upon the operating table and moved within the focus of the machine. The current was turned on, and the point of the magnet turned toward the eye. The optic began starting from the socket, and presently when it had almost been withdrawn from the orbit, the bit of steel shot from the wound and flew toward the magnet's pole. The pain subsided, and the operation was complete. But for the magnet the case would have been hopeless.

After a few days more at the hospital, the patient will be discharged, and the surgeons are already congratulating themselves upon the success of the experiment.

The new instrument is the invention of a German surgeon. In dimensions it is twenty-two inches long and fourteen in diameter. With a current of fifteen amperes and 110 volts it is capable of drawing an iron or steel fragment through the entire body of the eye.

The instrument is not only invaluable in removing substances from the eye, but is equally useful in diagnosing.

There are a number of instances where the most minute search has failed to locate the entrance of iron and steel particles, and in cases like this it is only natural that the diagnosis should be at fault. But with particles of steel or iron the magnet will do its work, and at the same time obviate the somewhat perilous use of knives.

Result of Servant Competition.

THE solid silver pencil-case offered in the "Servant" competition has been sent to Miss Amy Kyle, 2 St. John's Gardens, Kilmalham, Dublin; and the following have each received a gold-plated pencil-case:

K. Waring, Shanagarry, Milltown, Dublin, Ireland; Mrs. A. Steele, 5 Cromwell Square, Queen's Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow; Mrs. H. N. Ross, Denbigh Cottage, Yorbary Moor, near Stockport; Mrs. S. Davies, 70 Waterfall Lane, Old Hill, Staffordshire; E. Brown, Rhutinas Cottage, High Street, Aldersburgh, Suffolk; Mrs. A. Edwards, Lee Road, Blackheath, S.E.; W. Standring, 56 Central Drive, Blackpool; Mrs. M. Smith, 4 Ranelagh Road, Wood Green, N.; Mrs. A. C. Sewright, 4 Prince Street, Art. South, N.B.; A. Evans, 3 Mason Cottage, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire; Mrs. Turner, Coons Road, Tunbridge Wells; Mrs. E. Winkley, 6 Almorah Road, Ilkington; W. Williams, 54 Carran Road, Carran, near Maesteg, Glam.

When Surgeons are of No Use.

"THE driver of the stage, which was rolling down the Rocky Mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it, may have noticed that I was" (writes a correspondent now in America) "a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly said:

"No use to grip that railing so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger p'int for half-an-hour yet."

"Then it's on ahead?" I queried.

"Yes, three miles ahead, and I may say fur your benefit that hangin' on won't do any pertickler good."

"But I don't want to slide off."

"And you won't. If anythin' goes it'll be mawls and coach and the hull caboodle altogether, and as the drop is plump 800 feet, you won't hev no use for arnica or sticking plaster afterwards."

Smallest Farm on Record.

THERE is a farm in the thriving town of Molena known as the "Doodle." It is owned by a stock company, and contains one square foot of land.

It was decided to the company, which is composed of five or six men, by a keen politician, in order that these men might vote in elections where two-thirds of the freeholders decide elections. A few years ago an election was held at Molena to decide whether liquor should be sold in the incorporate limits.

Only freeholders were allowed to vote, and the antis had to receive two-thirds of the total vote cast before liquor could legally be sold. The election was an exciting one, and one of the leading antis deeded the land in order to carry the election, which he did.

Ladies! Is This Your Husband?

"Mr dear," said Mr. James McNaggett, as he scowled at his wife's new bonnet, "there are people who never should go out without a guardian or a chaperon or a general manager, and you're one of 'em."

"Why, what have I done now?" queries Mrs. McN. nervously. "You told me to buy a bonnet and gave me the money for it."

"Two guineas for a thing like that?" growled the irate husband. "Why, it never cost a penny more than ten shillings! Bah! That's where my money goes! All those shopwomen have two prices. If you'd have said one guinea they'd jumped at it."

"I don't think they would, my dear."

"I know they would. Put on your hat and come out with me. I'll show you how to buy things."

So the meek little wife did as she was directed, and trotted out beside her lord and master.

"I want a hat myself," he said, "and I'll let you see how the thing is done."

They entered a comfortable looking hat shop, and Mr. McNaggett gave his order with military precision. "A white alpine, seven and a quarter size, medium brim, black band."

The shopman bowed, and disappeared amid a perfect citadel of hat boxes.

"That's the way to do the trick," said the model shopper to his admiring wife. "No long waste of time talking and arguing and making up your mind."

The latter appeared with a sample that Mr. McNaggett tried on and indignantly discarded.

"I'm not Buffalo Bill," he growled. "I want to look like a native, not like a blessed bushranger. That brim's too wide."

The purveyor of headgear again disappeared, to come to the surface with another hat.

This Mr. McNaggett tried on, and then looked at himself in the mirror with some satisfaction.

"That's more like it," he said: "don't you think so?"

His wife trembled.

"Well, dearie," she replied, "it seems too small. The brim isn't wide enough."

"You have rather a fat face, you see, added the unfortunate shopman, "and a wide brim is more becoming."

Mr. McNaggett turned on him like a tiger.

"Who's got a fat face?" he roared. "What d'ye mean by insulting your customers? Where's the proprietor?"

"I am the proprietor."

"Oh, you are, eh? Well you ought to have better sense. The hat suits me and I'm the one to wear it. How much is it?"

"Ten shillings," murmured the abashed merchant.

"Ten what?"

"Ten shillings."

"I'll give you eight shillings for it."

"No, sir. I would not take nine and elevenpence."

And he jammed the hat into the box with an air of indignation, while Mr. McNaggett dragged his wife to the door.

"They can't swindle me!"

And his spouse followed him out with a happiness in her heart such as she had not known since she wore her bridal veil.

He Drew the Limit.

THIS is how Jones played a joke on his friend Smith. He rung him up at his office, and said:

"Is that Mr. Smith talking?"

"Yes."

"This is Central. We're testing the wire. Please step two paces to the left and say 'Hello!'"

"All right. 'Hello!'" sang out Mr. Smith, readily complying.

"Now step two paces to the right, and repeat."

"Yes, I'm to the right. 'Hello!'"

"Now kindly step two paces straight back from the transmitter, and repeat the test again, please."

Mr. Smith was by this time soliloquising strong thoughts; but he complied with a powerful "Hello!"

"Your voice is in good shape, Mr. Smith. Now, will you please step closer, stand on your head, and say 'Hello!'"

Then Smith began to see the joke.

The Syllable that was Drowned.

THEY met in the gay, crowded ball-room,

When the fiddle and flute and bassoon

Gave forth a deliciously mellow,

A beautiful, soul-stirring tune.

They danced to the music entrancing,

His lips he held close to her ear;

He praised her fair face and her dancing

In tones that no other could hear;

He poured out his soul in sweet earnest

As they gracefully whirled through the maze—

With the music that floated above them

He mingled his fair words of praise.

At last she looked at him in wonder,

As they glided along, to the tune—

To the mellow, the soul-stirring music

Of fiddle and flute and bassoon,

And said: "I'm afraid there's a blunder—

I'm a Mrs.; you think me a miss.

The noise when our friend introduced us

Was, I fancy, to blame for all this."

The scene lost its beautiful splendour,

The music, too, ceased to entrance,

And he scarcely had strength to attend her

To her seat when they'd finished the dance!

At the Penny Gaff.

THE lovely prima donna addresses the stranger in lavender silk tights, gold and drab jacket, and Charles II. hat:

"Speak, who art thou?
Wanderer in these rustic haunts."

The stranger, the gallant tenor, replies:

"Listen, lady, I will tell thee;"

and then, turning from her, rushes forward, and, tossing his head up on one side, shouts to a man in the second tier of boxes:

"I've been a rover over the sea,
Far I've wandered wild and free!"

and then, glancing down, he singles out and tells three ladies and two children in the stalls that he has also been a ro-o-o-ver o'erthesees—o'erthesees!—the see-o-ee!" and, for fear it may not be known, he shouts to a couple of boys who are jammed into the front row in the gallery that he has wandered "wild and free—wildan—free-e-e-e-e-e"—with that long-sustained, high tenor note—till you wonder if he were "bosun" or first mate amid the applause which follows, and however he "roves" at sea in that gilt jacket and those silk tights.

"It must be awfully hard for these poor foreigners who come to this country to find themselves strangers in a strange land."

"Oh, they don't mind it! You see they are used to it, having been born and raised in foreign lands."

"True; I never thought of that."

"HENRY, wake up!" exclaimed Mrs. Peck. "I'm positive I hear burglars downstairs. Get up and see if you can find them."

"I'm surprised, my dear," replied Henry, as he buried his head under the pillow, "to think you would so far forget yourself as to ask me to associate myself with vulgar burglars."

"You must always," said a butter dealer to his assistant, "put in a couple of sheets of paper when you weigh. Customers will think you neat and cleanly. They don't like to have their butter slopped on to a scale that for all they know, has never been washed. And besides, there's a good profit in buying paper at a halfpenny a pound, and selling it for fifteenpence."

An Episode.

"No, John!"

The words were spoken gently, yet firmly. Had I been older and more experienced in the ways of the gentler sex, I might have known that the answer was final.

But I was young—very, very young—and I was vain enough to think that she would be unable to resist my pleading.

I entreated her to take back those cruel words; but she would not listen. I begged—I implored, but she was inexorable. Yet she was kind. She merely told me that nothing I could say would move her. It was for my own good, she said, and some day I would thank her for it.

Her calm, cool manner angered me, and, forgetting the deference due the fair sex, I threatened violence.

She looked at me reprovingly and shook her head. She did not fear me in the least. Tortured beyond endurance by grief and anger, I burst into unmanly tears.

At last she was aroused. Drawing herself up to her full height, she said in angry tones: "No, John Henry, you can't have another piece of pie, and if you don't stop that noise I'll smack you!"

A Staggerer for the Barber.

THE other day a man walked into a barber's shop, deposited upon a table a number of articles which he took from a bag, and arranged them with artistic care.

"This is pomade," said the visitor.

"I am well supplied," said the barber.

"Here is some fine bay rum."

"No doubt, but I make my own bay rum, and put on foreign labels. Nobody knows the difference."

"Here is some patent cosmetic for the moustache."

"I know it is for the moustache, also for the beard, and all that, but I'm thoroughly stocked, and reeling with cosmetic at present."

"Here is an electric brush, a duplex elliptic hair dye, lavender water, and a patent face powder."

"I don't want any of them."

"I know you don't."

"Then why do you ask me to buy them?"

"I did not ask you to buy them. Did I say anything to you about buying them?"

"When I come to think of it, you didn't."

"I did not come here to sell anything. I only wish to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that a gentleman requires. Now don't try to sell me anything or praise up your wares. Give me an easy shave without asking me to buy anything."

How they Liked Her.

THE young man was in a glow of enthusiasm as he returned to his home after escorting his fiancée to her abode.

She had just made a formal call upon "his folks," and he was dashing back to hear their praises of his divinity.

As he put his key into the front door some demon—he thought it a good fairy at the time—whispered him to go in quietly and overhear their delighted comments.

So he sneaked into the library adjoining the dining-room and sat down unseen and unheard, with an expectant smile upon his face.

Mamma's voice was the first that reached him:

"She's not pretty. Her nose is like a button, and she's got an awfully weak chin, and as for her complexion! Why, as she sat by the window her face was the colour of a ship's biscuit."

"Oh! well," broke in Sister Clara. "There's no use trying to say anything to Horace, though I do wish he had selected a more stylish girl."

He bit a corner of a blotting-pad, while his thoughts were those of a pirate.

"I don't believe her family amounts to much," said Mary. "I met her mother at Mrs. Brown's last sociable, and she struck me as being awfully dowdy. Still, I suppose we'll have to receive them."

The young man burst in upon them like a whirlwind.

"No, you won't!" he screamed, as he fairly danced with rage. "No, you won't! She shall never step foot in this house again! Why, she could buy and sell you all in the matter of good looks, dresses, family, noses and complexion, and when it comes to mammas—here his voice rose to a shriek—"why, she could give you all trumps and beat you hands down!"

And he dashed out of the house in a frenzy, while the women looked at each other and wondered if poor Horace had taken to drink already upon discovering how inferior his fiancée was to his own mother and sisters.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In all our competitions readers must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or any other place at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.



.. BY ..

A. HAYDEN.

of our empire. He will then be a great lord with a score of native servants to do his bidding. It is thus the British teach even their common soldiers how to govern, and that is why they can control India with a mere handful of white men. That alone is liberty, equality, fraternity. Every Russian would then be free."

"M. Bollowski," said the Countess, with only half-feigned surprise, "you are a socialist."

"If patriotism is socialism, I am as great a socialist as Count Tolstoi himself," laughed the head of the police. "But, on the whole, I am inclined to agree with the entry you made in your private diary that Tolstoi was only a dreamer."

The Countess paled slightly at the mention of this volume. The police had found that. Then all was indeed lost.

"But, madame," pursued M. Bollowski, lighting another cigarette, "we are not here to talk politics. Your brother leaves for Siberia in three days, and you follow in a week or so. You will never see each other again."

The Countess started.

"You have a great brain, madame, it reveals itself everywhere—in your letters, in your books, in all you do. Consider, your country has need of you. Your brother's life and yours shall be saved if you successfully carry out a mission against an enemy of Russia. It needs a woman's adroitness and a woman's patience to carry it through. It will bring you freedom, your brother freedom, and your countrymen freedom. It is the great link missing from the chain which good Russians are busy forging to bind their enemy."

"And what is this link?"

"Listen, madame. We want an agent to go to London, and I am willing to offer this mission to you. We want two things—the secret cipher of the British Foreign Office and the plan of the secret submarine mines that guard the entrances to one of the British ports. It is a gigantic task, madame. Now the State regards you as one of its enemies, prove that you are its friend, and the Russian eagle shall spread his wings around you so that none may harm you. If you undertake this mission, I promise you two things in return—your brother's life and your own life. These are the conditions: Three years will be given you in which to perform it. You will be allowed to spend money up to £100,000 per annum in what way you think fit. It is great, but not too great for you. Are you willing to go, madame? But remember that failure means death."

The Countess leant over and took a cigarette from the silver box, and in a cold, clear tone replied:

"Monsieur Bollowski, I am!"

In the Park, whirling along in a well-appointed victoria behind as fine a pair of bay horses as ever stepped down the ladies' mile, sat a very pretty woman the type of sensuous beauty. If by some process one could strip the flesh and blood outward seeming of each of the occupants of the flying carriages and see them sitting in their real being, the soul colour of the majority would be an insipid grey—the inert soulless Society woman. Others would be black, bearing the charred signature of a vicious life. Some—one in ten thousand—would be blue, those high, clear, ethereal-souled mortals lost in a world such as ours. The soul-colour of others—the few, that aristocracy of intellect—would be red.

If such a transparent soul-baring were instantly to come about, the spectator would see the pretty woman in the victoria go by like a brilliant flash of scarlet. Without such miraculous device, the philosopher who is a physiognomist may any summer afternoon, from his penny green chair in the park, study the keen brown-grey eyes and the firm mouth of that woman's face, and the greater his powers of discernment the greater will grow his conviction that that woman is a great power in the world. Giving to the words their strictly literal meaning, that woman had come to conquer England.

The house of Mrs. Beaufort in Curzon Street was one blaze of flowers. Along the veranda baskets hung with drooping green tendrils and scarlet blossoms. The house painted white looked like a china house. The flower-boxes with their poppy sides were like the lines of colour in some cameo design decorating a white porcelain vase. Mrs. Beaufort was one of the prettiest women in London. Her house, though small, was one of the best appointed.

A year had already passed since she sat opposite the head of the police bureau at St. Petersburg. During that year she had done many things. Among others she had changed her name. She was no longer the Countess de la Drozie. All traces of Russia had disappeared. She was the widow of an imaginary Mr. Beaufort, and a slight but piquant American accent which she had acquired lent a colour to her face. She had attracted to her, by reason of her great beauty and charming personality, a circle of acquaintances at Court, in the Army, or in the Government service. For a whole year she had assiduously worked with one steady object in view. In all England the secrets she wanted were not known to more than twenty men. The great end was to come into touch with those men, and select such as seemed likely tools. Her circle she had gradually narrowed down to half-a-dozen men—men who danced with her, talked with her, rode with her, applauded her, and paid her a hundred other attentions. To exact homage from them was easy enough, but it was quite another thing to be able to filch from them, unseen, their most jealously-guarded possessions.

Rear-Admiral Sir Pellew Dumbleton, M.P., was a man of one idea. That idea was the extension of the British Navy. He was an authority on his subject, and from his seat in the House delivered driving, sledge-hammer blows at any weakness

A MAN of some forty-five years of age sat in the inner room of the bureau of the secret police at St. Petersburg. Two noticeable features in the room were its plainness and its neatness. A row of telephones occupied one side of the wall. Two great cabinets with numbered pigeon-holes neatly arranged, a table, an arm-chair, and two smaller chairs, were all the furniture. The man touched an electric bell at his side, which summoned a member of the Russian police, who saluted as he entered.

"Show in No. 86."

Shortly afterwards a lady was conducted into the room. The head of the secret police, M. Bollowski, gravely rose as she entered, and offered her one of the small chairs facing the window.

"Well, madame, and have you thought over my proposal?"

To English eyes and ears the scene would have appeared strange. The man, at whose word this beautiful woman would be compelled to make that long journey to the mines from which none return, graciously bent forward and struck a match on a silver box and offered his visitor a light to her cigarette as though he were host and she were his guest.

The beautiful prisoner "No. 86," the Countess de la Drozie, was a member of one of the noblest Russian families. She had been educated in France, in England, and in America, and had acquired a fatal taste for freedom. Her intense love of her country made her feel more deeply the wrongs of her countrymen. In her the police bureau had long recognised one of the most powerful agents of the modern doctrines of freedom—freedom in a country under the dominion of a narrow ring of official minds. At her house met the most distinguished members of Russian society. Young nobles who danced with her insensibly drank in her new ideas. Officers in the bodyguard of the Tsar himself came to her *salon* and took away books which filled their heads with strange thoughts.

When the young girl-student saturated her straw pallet with kerosene and set fire to it, dying a martyr behind the silent, grim stone walls of the old prison by the Neva, the Countess de la Drozie hung her draped portrait in her boudoir with a light burning before it as before some saint. Poor Captain Ozoff, of the Guards, who refused to charge the orderly crowd of students who had gathered to sing a mass for the girl student's soul, had his sword taken from him and was summarily and brutally hurried off to Siberia.

But the Countess de la Drozie was surrounded by police spies. A woman with her astuteness could not fail to have known this from the first.

The patience of the police department was at last rewarded. They had caught the quarry they had so artfully stalked. The only brother of the countess, a lad of twenty, had fallen into their clutches; his sentence was Siberia. Now came the duel. The government promised the countess pardon for her brother, release for herself on one condition—that she should continue to hold her *salon* and preach and teach her poisonous doctrines, but that she was to swear allegiance to the government she denounced and become one of its secret agents.

As the young Countess sat in the chair and faced M. Bollowski, a casual observer would not have detected anything more than what appeared to be a mere afternoon chat. Both were accomplished performers at the game of appearing to be what one is not. But this was a duel to the death, although the actors sat calmly opposite to each other and smoked cigarettes.

"Well, madame, and have you considered my proposal?" said the chief of the great department.

"I have."

"And you think—"

"That what you suggest is impossible."

"Impossible! No such word as 'impossible' should come from the lips of the Countess de la Drozie."

"It is impossible, sir, that I could accept the position of spy upon the actions of my friends and acquaintances. I would rather spend my days in the mines than that I should be said that I had become as Judas, and my house were a trap baited by my friendship and my smiles to catch the unwary."

"Madame, your philosophy is at fault. We live as princes that we may not die as dogs."

"M. Bollowski, I love Russia, so that I would die that Russia might be free."

"A true Russian, madame, is he who grasps the truth that education will not give freedom to the millions who live in half darkness. Do you want a horde of half-educated savages to sweep our empire from end to end, and destroy in a day what patient ages have built up? Give them freedom, give them liberty, give them room—break up the crowded masses and widen the empire. Give our Russian peasant a taste of proprietorship. Let him be drilled, and set him on the borders

If you purchase a copy of PASTIMES on Wednesday, you will be able to read a very interesting article, illustrated by photographs, upon the carriages of Royalty.

or vacillation on the part of the Government in connection with the Navy. He prided himself on having added one or two cruisers single-handed, as it were, to the strength of the Navy. He looked upon them as his own creation and almost as his own personal property. Mrs. Beaufort was never tired of listening to his enthusiastic conversations on this subject. She grew quite an enthusiast herself and read all his books most attentively. He spent a good deal of his time at Curzon Street and she skillfully conducted the conversation from torpedo catchers to commerce destroyers and from engine-room artificers to admirals. At length she could play upon him as a skilled player upon some instrument. He responded to her slightest touch.

Sir Pellew's new volume on "The Royal Navy: Its Latest Developments and its New Relations to Commerce," was in hand. Mrs. Beaufort had made one or two suggestions which the author saw were improvements and adopted them. The book was nearing completion. Mrs. Beaufort determined to play her trump card.

"You really must come again to-morrow, Sir Pellew, I am so greatly fascinated by your book that as it progresses I await each new chapter. And I am wondering something. I have a new idea and I am waiting to see whether it will develop in your volume as I should like it to develop."

"What is that idea?" said the Admiral.

"Ah! that is my little secret. I will not tell you till I see more of your book."

"But suppose I have omitted it?"

"Then I shall scold you for your forgetfulness, for the germ of the idea is in one of your own previous books, and I have only stolen it."

"You really must tell me your secret now," said Sir Pellew a few days later. "The book will be finished in a few weeks, and I am eager to know what it is I have omitted."

Mrs. Beaufort looked more beautiful than ever to-day. She wore a lovely gown of the most delicate white China silk. Her little feet were thrust out, just showing dainty American shoes with paste buckles, and a delicious perfume surrounded her while she moved. Fixing her grey eyes earnestly and almost beseechingly on her guest, she said:

"I am afraid, Sir Pellew, that you will, with your deep knowledge, think my secret a poor little secret; but, as you know, I am powerfully interested in all that you have written. The subject on which you write I have become convinced is, in addition to its technical value, the greatest commercial problem in all the world. The work of yours will go forth and be handed down to posterity. The greatest ambition that I can have is that a footnote or a paragraph suggested by me should be embodied by you in your text. I should feel then that you think my ideas worthy to be placed by the side of your own."

"My dear Mrs. Beaufort," said the Admiral emphatically, "I am willing to write a new chapter if your idea falls in with the scope of the book."

"It is this, Sir Pellew," said Mrs. Beaufort, with an earnestness that was not affected, "in your former works you have laid particular stress on more than one occasion on the strength and value of the existing submarine mines guarding the entrance to the British harbours in the event of a foreign invasion. So greatly am I struck with the force and truth of your conclusions on the matter, that in your new volume I feel convinced that you would be doing the country a service if you were to call attention to the existing mines and press for the construction of others. It is a weak spot in the national defence, as you observe."

"You are right," replied Sir Pellew after a few moments, and then with a bow, gallantly added, "as you are ever. Yes! I see in a flash of inspiration that a new chapter must be written."

"More than that, Sir Pellew, I am so deeply persuaded of the necessity for action, that I am prepared—if so frivolous a woman as I can be of any service to so distinguished an officer as yourself—here Mrs. Beaufort placed the tips of her jewelled fingers, as if unconsciously, on the hand of the Admiral, "to give you the whole of my time as your secretary till the chapter be completed."



"You will never see each other again."

"You are generosity itself," murmured Sir Pellew.

"Let us begin now," said Mrs. Beaufort. "The Use of the Submarine Mine" would be a good title for the chapter."

"Yes," assented Sir Pellew, "but we must bear in mind that we are now touching upon some of the secret safeguards of the nation, and to publish particulars concerning them would be to destroy their efficiency as national safeguards. We may suggest extensions, but we must not describe the weak spots. The authorities who read the volume can, and will, read between the lines, and will know what I am driving at."

"Exactly, Sir Pellew. In other words, it would be possible to move Parliament to press on with new mines through this chapter, and by suggestive questions in the House."

The old rear-admiral had at last found a kindred spirit. Day after day Mrs. Beaufort worked with him, now suggesting, now altering, till the chapter began to grow complete. With subtle ingenuity, she endeavoured to get a glimpse of the plans he had by him of the existing mines and their extent. She at length

persuaded him to draw up the plans of his proposed new submarine mines, so that, if the occasion offered, he might submit them in private audience at the Admiralty board-room. She met his protest that it would be impossible to trust a draughtsman with so secret a document, by volunteering to draw them herself, under his direction. He acquiesced. The moment had arrived. She accurately copied the old plans, and after many attempts the new extensions were decided upon.

At last she had the copies of everything. The room seemed to swim round for a moment. She put down her drawing-pen and ruler and tracing paper, and leant back in her chair.

"You are faint," said Sir Pellew.

"No, only a little tired," said Mrs. Beaufort with an effort.

"What a brute I am, and what an angel you are to go on working without a complaint. You women are martyrs to duty, especially when it is all for a good cause. Just think," continued the old Admiral, "a tiny spark—and *pouf!*—a Russian man-of-war and a thousand Russians blown to atoms!"

Mrs. Beaufort shuddered.



The pretty woman in the victoria.

"Yes! all for a good cause," echoed Mrs. Beaufort, shutting her teeth and rising to give the Admiral the tips of her fingers to kiss.

That night a letter went out under the seal of the Russian Legation with Sir Pellew's plans neatly addressed to the head of the secret political department at St. Petersburg.

The Honourable Augustus Fitzharris left his rooms in Jermyn Street and, proceeding by way of the Palace and St. James's, leisurely strolled in the direction of the Foreign Office, wearing that air of nonchalant superiority affected by many men in Society. His voice, the product of Oxford during the seventies, was a supercilious falsetto, which subtly conveyed to the listener that its owner, in addition to having a high opinion of himself, had a poor one of the rest of his species. There are two varieties of fools—those who look what they are, and those who look the reverse of what they are. The Honourable Augustus Fitzharris was a brilliant example of this latter variety. He conversed very little because he lacked the necessary energy to vitalise a conversation with any human being.

By virtue of the paradox that the fool who can persuade others that he is clever, must be a wise man, the Honourable Augustus was one of the shining lights of the Foreign Office. He was attached to the Political Department, and great and weighty State secrets reposed in the cells of his brain, wherein they resembled certain dust-laden and green silk-bedecked packages stored away in official pigeon-holes, never to be opened more till consigned to the Public Record Office—the great waste paper basket of the State.

In Society big men came into contact with the Honourable Augustus. Singularly enough, they all went away with one opinion of the man. They shook their heads significantly and nodded one to another—"a marvellously reticent man." The truth was that when they one and all had tried to ingenuously extract some piece of State policy or the answer to some question at issue, although the very document dealing with it was lying at the Foreign Office bearing the initials of the Honourable Augustus at its foot, yet so little was his knowledge of the subject matter, or, rather, so great was his ignorance, that to betray a secret became an impossibility.

If wisdom be higher than rubies, ignorance has its claim to rich guerdon also. It is only the middle states that bring ruin on their possessors. Thus it came to pass that the fame of the Honourable Augustus Fitzharris went abroad in the land, and wise men sat at the feet of the silent god. The Foreign Office authorities recognised his merit. "Promotion by merit" is a wonderful phrase to conjure with, as the bald-headed troop of seniors found, when the Honourable Augustus was promoted above them and duly installed in a room overlooking the Park, and given charge of the small but important department, which transmits and receives the most confidential documents in the State, a correspondence conducted by means of a secret and intricate cipher.

Mrs. Beaufort learnt of his promotion with great satisfaction. He was one of the men who formed her little court. She determined to throw her silken toils around him. She admitted him to an intimacy enjoyed by none other of her admirers. Three months later, and the Honourable Augustus was bound hand and foot, and became as the very slave of Mrs. Beaufort. Sometimes before noon he would pay a morning call at Curzon Street, or ride in the Park as the squire of Mrs. Beaufort. A madness possessed him. He was never happy unless he was by the side of the beautiful little woman. Her conversation and her tuneful laughter coursed through his veins like wine. A great restlessness which knew no satisfying quiet came over his life. His ambitions, his pursuits, were all swallowed up by the one soul-absorbing desire to love and be loved.

Mrs. Beaufort was slowly moulding him into the shape that she had purposed for her own ends. From the dull ball of clay he took an actual and symmetrical

form in her hands. Love quickens dry bones and puts fire into the dull eye. Every man has a devil within him that sleeps till some great event happens that arouses him. Lenore Beaufort had come like a great sun to illumine the life of the Honourable Augustus.

"I thought that I had lived and that at least I knew life," he said while Mrs. Beaufort sat opposite to him rocking herself and keeping her grey eyes fixed upon his.

"You were asleep, and the good fairy came to awaken you," she said smilingly. "Asleep!" said the Honourable Augustus with the habit he had acquired of assuming a passion and dramatically setting it forth. "Asleep! say rather that I was dead and that you have transplanted me to be with you where alone heaven is."

"No, you were simply asleep—sleeping the drugged sleep of the self-satisfied man. Your books and your *dilettante* art were your only world, which is, in truth, a dead world. You were a sleeping prince. You are now a prince awakened; you find the enchanted garden of your dreams is a real world of flesh and blood, men and women."

"Yes, and the good Princess broke the spell which had hung over me—was it a thousand years?—with a golden kiss. I shall now live for ever."

Mrs. Beaufort smiled. The passionate love that she had awakened in this man was a pleasing experience to her. It flattered her powers of subtle selection. Would any other man, she wondered, have succumbed as this one? As his words fell upon her ears they had a wonderfully soothing effect. These poetic, dreamy interludes gave her a new sense of pleasure. She put forth her hand half caressingly and touched the man.

Behind his eyes danced a great light. His folly seemed chastened by love. He was not a great man, not a man whom she could obey; but somehow or other she felt that there was something of a prince about him after all. Perchance he had touched her heart and warped her judgment. She could not tell. His great gentle soul, with its notes of pathos and its outbursts of half boyish ambition, seemed to belong to another age. To look upon him with his blue eyes and yellow hair made her think of those chivalrous days when men were strong and brave, and woman was worshipped with the life-long adoration of chivalry.

"Perhaps it had been better for you if you had never awakened," said Mrs. Beaufort half dreamily, and as if continuing an unhappy train of thought that was hidden from her listener.

"And never known life as you have taught it me. Have we not walked in the perfumed garden of love? You have filled my dreams and my waking thoughts with a fragrance and brightness of light that are both dazzling and intoxicating."

"Boy!" murmured Mrs. Beaufort, "when will you learn that life is no dream, but a hard wilderness of stony facts set about with prickly thorns. Your rose-garden is the poetry you have extracted from books; there is no poetry in a life where men and women do combat with one another, tearing each other's throats and mauling each other's limbs in deadly selfish struggle. We are all monsters with horrid gaping jaws ready to devour each other. I shall spoil your dream. I would I could pass a spell over you and put you to sleep again. It is too dreadful to live."

The Honourable Augustus bowed his head at the pronouncements upon life by this strange woman who seemed to know all as a god, and to have touched heights and depths of life unknown to him.

"I have come to doubt," said she, with a great look of anguish in her eyes, "whether there be any such thing as love, and to believe that it is only a word."

"Love gilds all life," quoth the Honourable Augustus with fervour, "it is all the world to the lover."

"It is a little world, then?" said she.

"No, it is as the great unknown: it annihilates time and space. To love is to live for ever."

"Oh! foolish one, to create an idol that will fall on you and wreck you."

"Better to die than to live when one's idol falls."

"But do you know that to worship me is a most exacting religion," said Mrs. Beaufort archly.

"All that I am, and all that I hope to be is yours," said the Honourable Augustus.

"Those that worship me," said the woman with a new light dancing in her eyes, "must worship me with mystery and in secret. I must have daily prayers offered before my shrine in an unknown tongue. The vulgar speech of the common crowd is not for my ears. Love is mysterious, unfathomable. To gain my love you must employ no ordinary means. Shall I set you a task?"

The Honourable Augustus grew fascinated.

"It is this," continued Mrs. Beaufort, the look in her eyes growing dangerous every moment, and her tone of voice suggested that she thought the task impossible. "You must write me a letter or a poem every day, which nobody else can read. It must be written"—here a pause during which her eyes were riveted intently on her listener. "Ah! I have it, in cipher—capital! And the cipher shall be great and intricate, such as emperors might use. But, bah!" said the little woman rising and straightening out a piece of Turkish embroidery, "this is child's talk. I might as well ask for the moon."

"You should have it if you asked me," said the Honourable Augustus, paling slightly.

"Then I will ask for the moon," said the little woman, quickly turning round and facing her listener. "You should never promise a woman an impossibility. Write me a letter using the cipher you employ at your office, or—I forbid you to make love to me again."

"Nothing is impossible when you ask it," came the slow reply.

"You promise to do it?" said Mrs. Beaufort with a tremble in her voice.

"I do!"

"Augustus—I love you!" murmured the little woman with a white face and big luminous eyes. And the Honourable Augustus put out his arms and caught her as she was about to fall.

The three years were nearly up, and M. Bollowski, the head of the secret police, was satisfied with the result of his bargain with the Countess de la Drozie. The plans of the submarine mines guarding the approaches to the British ports were filed at the Intelligence Department. One immediate result of this had been the release of the young brother of the Countess de la Drozie.

The cipher of the British Foreign Office now reached St. Petersburg. There

only remained one other thing to do, and that was to put the cipher to the test. There was in the archives of the Secret Department a document in cipher that had been filched from the British Government some years previously. M. Bollowski was intrusted to decipher this unknown document with the key which had arrived. It was in vain that he worked at it. The document was as undecipherable as before. In other words, the cipher sent by the Countess de la Drozie was valueless.

The head of the secret police with chagrin recognised that he had grasped at a shadow. Had the Countess betrayed them after all? Were the plans of the submarine mines a fabrication? Or had the Countess herself been imposed upon? These thoughts flashed through the mind of M. Bollowski. One ray of hope sustained him. The cipher might have been recently changed. All might be well after all. It only remained to get possession of some recent cipher correspondence of the British Government, which would prove everything.

In the meantime a letter was dispatched to the Countess de la Drozie, otherwise Mrs. Beaufort, in these terms: "The key you have sent does not fit. Await instructions."

Mrs. Beaufort, on the receipt of this letter, sat as once crushed. Her face was ashen and her teeth tightly shut together. Presently the blood came back to her lips and her brain began to work. Something must be done and that quickly.

A letter from the Honourable Augustus Fitzharris lay unopened beside the other. Mechanically she took a Japanese paper-knife and neatly opened it, and as mechanically set herself as in a dream to decipher the morning epistle. To-day it was a poem which, when translated, proved to be a love-song by Lovelace, the cavalier-poet. When Mrs. Beaufort came to the lines:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more!

she threw up her arms on a sudden and held her hands to her temples for a few minutes. This love-sick Englishman had deceived her. With vain protestations of love he had tricked her into believing him to be true. While recognising perhaps that "all is fair in war," she forgot the other half of the adage. The fierce blood in her veins was aflame. She was no longer the paid spy of the Russian government, she was the proud Countess de la Drozie whom a man had insulted.

All the cruelty of her nature was concentrated for some moments in her face.

She crossed the room with soft tread and the hard revengeful look settled in the corners of her mouth. She sat down at the piano. One sometimes mutters a low curse to one's self to relieve the tension of the brain. It was so with Mrs. Beaufort. Almost without knowing it she sang a wild and passionate Russian gypsy song. She had hardly heard it since her girlhood.

It was a tragedy, the song of this woman singing alone, with a great revenge in her eyes as she sang, and a fierce intensity in her voice.

For three days Mrs. Beaufort saw nobody, and the spy who had been stationed in Curzon Street reported that she did not leave the house.

Shut up in her room she faced the problem. It could not be. He was not false. He could not be false, this great strong Englishman who had become her prince. No lie could sit in his eyes. He was—he was true. The woman came uppermost in her. She had begun by playing at being in love with this man, and it had ended by her being in love with him in deadly earnest. But the great Russian eagle who was to have spread forth his wings to shelter her from all harm stretched like a black shadow across her

life. She groaned in agony. Was it a diabolic plot on the part of her Government to employ her further in their nefarious designs? Had she descended from her high ideals of freedom to prostitute her talents on behalf of despotism? Thank Heaven, her brother was safe, and in Paris.

When the Honourable Augustus Fitzharris was announced, Mrs. Beaufort met him with a smile. She had determined to bravely go through the ordeal. The cold words came at last after a long pause from commonplace remarks:

"Help me, Augustus! Can a great lie ever be forgotten, or a great liar go unforgiven?"

The Honourable Augustus had never seen Mrs. Beaufort like this before, and he took her hand in his, and said gently:

"Tell me, what is it that troubles you? You are not yourself."

Mrs. Beaufort took the plunge and continued.

"Suppose I had wilfully and wickedly deceived you."

"My dear Lenore," said the Honourable Augustus, attempting to draw her to him.

"I am not Lenore, and I am not Mrs. Beaufort. I am the Countess de la Drozie."

"Is that all?" said the Honourable Augustus with an uneasy laugh.

"No, it is not. I am a Russian, and I am in the pay of the Secret Department."

The Honourable Augustus moved not.

"I have stolen from you the secret cipher with which you were intrusted. That cipher is now at St. Petersburg. Do you hear me? I am a liar and a thief!"

But her listener sat with a look of horror on his face. He had betrayed his country. Then with a strange swaying motion as if to shut out a horrible vision from him he thrust forth both his hands and a groan escaped from him.

"Augustus! Hear me!" said the woman, "I love you. You will not hate me; you will not leave me. I will undo what I have done. Only say you love me still."

But he answered not and the look of horror and disgust on his face deepened into a set and fixed look of wretched and heart-stricken despair.

"Speak Augustus, speak to me once again. Tell me you do not hate me!"

But the Honourable Augustus spoke not and slowly rose and as slowly walked across the room to the door. His hand was upon the handle, when a loud report rang out and he turned suddenly in time to see the Countess falling and to rush and catch her in his arms.

"Kiss me, Augustus. I am dying," whispered the woman, and the Honourable Augustus pressed a kiss on her lips.

"Hold me tightly. I am slipping, slipping . . . it is cold . . . you do not hate."

"My love!" and at his words the beautiful eyes of the countess rested a second on his face, a smile flickered around them, and they closed for ever.

Two attachés from the Russian Legation came into the room, and found the Honourable Augustus kneeling over the body of the Countess. A laconic message had been received from St. Petersburg that morning.

"Arrest quietly as possible Countess de la Drozie, alias Madame Beaufort, Curzon Street. Most dangerous. Avoid international complications."

The body of the Countess was carried to St. Petersburg a week later. Great lights burnt before her coffin at the foot and at the head, and solemn masses ascended with the heavy perfume of incense, and Monsieur Bollowski stood at the graveside with bowed head.



"Tell me, what is it that troubles you?"

CRIMINALS ON A BIG SCALE.

**£50,000 MADE OUT OF A FACE BEAUTIFIER, AND
£10,000 OUT OF A LIFE PROLONGER.**

EDUCATION has done so much in the way of enlightenment that even our evildoers should be far in advance of their prototype of a generation ago. But are they?

Making due allowance for the vast increase in the precaution adopted by civilisation to protect itself against the schemes of the class who wage war against Society, it is extremely doubtful whether the modern criminal isn't, as far as ability and resourcefulness is concerned, in a decadent condition.

P.W. recently went over Harley House, Marylebone Road. This mansion, which will shortly be pulled down, was some years ago the residence of the Queen of Oude, when she visited London with a retinue so large that over 2,000 idols were necessary for the religious requirements of her suite.

On the 6th September, 1856, the BIRMINGHAM JOURNAL announced that the Queen of Oude, having decided on visiting that town, had secured apartments at the Queen's Hotel for one hundred persons. Her agent, a Captain Wyndham, was a gentleman of such fascinating appearance and engaging address that the orders he distributed with princely lavishness were executed without the faintest suspicion of there being anything wrong; indeed, he had not been in the town a week before the doors of the most exclusive houses were thrown open to the gallant warrior.

When it transpired that he was trying his level best to induce her gracious Majesty to also visit the great Midland metropolis, invitations to dinner poured in by the dozen. The tradespeople were especially delighted, and so extremely anxious that the Queen of Oude should commemorate the occasion by presenting their own sovereign with souvenirs that the Captain's rooms were soon crammed with goods, miscellaneous in character, but all capable of being turned into hard cash.

The gorgeously-attired natives of dusky hue, without whom Captain Wyndham never stirred abroad, were, it is needless to say, accorded the respect due to dignitaries filling such important posts at home as Prime Minister, General of the Army, Keeper of the Royal Purse, and the like.

Considering that the Captain had picked them up in the streets of London, it speaks well for his histrionic qualifications that he should have been able in so short a time to initiate them into the mysteries of Court deportment. Still, the time occupied in rehearsing was so considerable that other matters were neglected.

In his letter to the Lord Chamberlain (the official who superintends Her Majesty's arrangements when travelling) the Captain proposed that the Queen should take up her abode at Dudley Castle during her visit. As this venerable structure was in ruins, the Lord Chamberlain went to Scotland Yard, but as the artful one had taken care to have a trusty emissary at the station, the arrival of the detectives was the signal for his own departure. Fifty thousand pounds was about the sum he decamped with. Have we a swindler to-day who could bring off such a coup?

Now let us deal with the gentler sex. The name of Madame Rachael is doubtless familiar to most readers, but it being probable that little is remembered of her, save that her washes and enamels for transforming plain people into handsome ones were once greatly in demand, let us give some idea of her abilities.

Sometimes the skin of the patient was of such pronounced toughness that it would take quite six months for the wash to soften its adamant qualities.

Then the blood would be in such poor condition that a long course of dieting was necessary to bring the vital fluid up to the required strength.

When skin tighteners at ten guineas a bottle failed to remove wrinkles, something stronger, at twenty guineas a tiny flagon, was recommended.

As the wealth of a Croesus was required to meet such charges, some of the victims, after a few months of Madame, would have been content to have put up with nature, but to let a client go whilst she had a feather to fly with was not Madame's fashion. She believed in picking her pigeons clean, even if the operation necessitated blackmailing.

What she made—whether it was £20,000, or, as some said, £50,000—is not known, but that she was doing a roaring trade when Nemesis, in the person of a Mrs. Pearce, swooped down is certain, for on the morning of her arrest, remittances amounting to over £700 were found on her desk. Mrs. Pearce had been so firmly convinced that she would die in convulsions if she allowed her cure to be only half effected, that she clung to the quack for years.

When all her money and jewellery had gone, the beauty restorer, who, by this time had grown to despise threats of exposure, gave orders that she was not to be admitted any more. This so incensed her victim that she told her woes to the police, with the result that the beauty restorer was arrested.

Madame Rachael was not a charming woman to look at. With her hooked nose and cadaverous complexion she greatly resembled a bird of prey out of health. "Beware," was written on every line of her sinister face.

But she was a genius in her way. The criminal court was full of her dupes, who all shed bitter tears when she got five years. One lady who was induced to give evidence said that whenever she sat down to write a

cheque say for £100, Madame was certain to persuade her to double it.

Still she was no cleverer than Mr. G. Draper, who would have risen without doubt to a high position, say, in the diplomatic world, if his tastes had happened to lie in that direction; but they did not.

"I will make you beautiful," said Rachael. "I'll do better than that," cried the other. "My mixtures contain the secret of perpetual youth."

No wonder that society, or at all events that section of it who were looking forward to the demise of rich relatives were incensed at Mr. Draper offering to restore these old people their lost youth, and waited eagerly for the chance to pull him down. "Live on for ever essence," indeed! Even if it was not a swindle it was a shameful thing to try and defeat the laws of Nature.

Those who had something to leave behind were, of course, of a different opinion. As they could not take their gold with them why should they not live on and enjoy it.

Therefore, Mr. Draper's nostrums so commended themselves to rich old people that he soon found himself on the high road to fortune.

One dupe in particular, named Bevan, of Liverpool, became so infatuated with the idea of not growing older that after he had made the acquaintance of Mephistopheles, as some people called the quack, he practically devoted the next few years of his life to the consumption of the Draper elixir. Whatever its virtues may have been it did not suit the Bevan constitution, for, although the silly man drank three quarts daily for five years, he not only aged visibly, but soon died.

Liverpool being a commercial town, and Mr. Bevan's relatives commercial people, they naturally wanted to know where his money had all gone to. There was a sum of about £10,000 they could not account for.

What had become of it? When it transpired that the money had found its way into the breeches pocket of Mr. Draper, they waxed wrath. So did the matter-of-fact jury and the hard-headed judge who tried him.

"Three years is but a drop of the ocean of time to one who knows the secrets of eternity," said his lordship ironically.

The elixir seems to have suited its discoverer no better than it did Mr. Bevan, for its inventor died shortly after the expiration of his sentence—a melancholy example of misapplied talent.

In considering the question why we are in such a decadent condition where crime is concerned, one is confronted with the problem as to whether the success of criminals in the past was not largely owing to the credulity of the public.

That genius is becoming extinct in the criminal world is shown even in spiritualism—a class of imposture greatly simplified by the credulity of those who believe in spirit manifestations, slate writing, and all the rest of it.

The slates for deceased persons to write on, tables which give out raps, luminous shades floating and otherwise, hands minus arms and arms minus bodies, tambourines which emit sounds without being struck, and all the other paraphernalia are with us, but where is the medium?

Where the tall, thin mystic in a skull cap, grave in aspect and with a far-away look in his unearthly eyes? Show us the cunning rogue on whom the mantle of Colonel and Mrs. Fletcher, the talented couple who are said to have netted, when in full swing, over £2,000 a week from the spirit trade, has fallen.

True, we have on our side those haters of imposture, Professor Ray Lankester and Mr. Maskelyne, but that should surely not deter some modern Dr. Slade, if one exists. Impostors never dream of being found out; they would not risk detection if they did. Let the truth be told. We have no great mediums now, because genius has gone out of crime. It is in the sere and yellow.

Why is this? Can it be that the wave of respectability which overspread the community on the birth of board-schools, County Councils, and other now familiar institutions, has purified and swept away the baser passions of our nature? A society in which the evildoer finds no place scarcely bears contemplation. If we all become good, how shall we know it?

It is by contrast, and contrast only, that we estimate the comparative excellence of things.

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RHYMES IN NUTSHELLS.

LOVE is blind, so we are told,
Yet we know 'tis true
Love can see on one small chair
Sufficient room for two.

THE maid, who from a hammock
Hath had a tumble oft,
Takes care to hang it firmly
Where grass is long and soft.

WILLIE drank a pint of yeast,
In spite of friendly warning.
"I hope," said he, "this will make me
Rise early in the morning."

THERE are no friends like the old friends;
We know their ways, alack;
They walk in, take our brand-new books
And never bring them back.

ALONG the cool, sequestered vale of life
He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way.
He also keeps, afar from worldly strife,
The "tanner" that I lent him 't'other day.

QUOTH a sad young physician named Proctor,
As he sealed to his grocer a letter:
"It sometimes occurs I'm in his Dr.,
But oftener still I'm in his Dr."

SHE searched his pockets through,
Yet felt no jealous thrill,
Though she found some lines from an old, old
flame,
A great unpaid gas-bill.

LITTLE Miss Muffet her face she did puff it
With powder both red and grey,
When a bold man espied her and sat down beside
her,
And kissed all her powder away!

HE sent her bouquets and he scribbled her notes
With persistency loyal, but rash.
His posies she wears and his sayings she quotes,
But she'll probably marry the youth who devotes
His resources to gathering cash.

CLARISSA said she loved me to the bottom of her heart.
Of course, it more than pleased me thus to gauge devo-
tion's part;
But just to go one better—as a man is not averse—
I told her that I loved her to the bottom of my purse.

LOVING letters,
Cupid's fetters,
Foolish youth, the tale is old.
Jilted! Fury!
Judge and jury!
Letters worth their weight in gold.

ONE evening she remarked to me—
How sweet these recollections seem—
"A kiss without a moustache is
Like strawberries without the cream."
I sadly stroked my naked lip,
She gaily tossed her pretty head:
"Now, don't you know, with strawberries
I never did like cream," she said.

HE fell off for the fortieth time;
He bruised his Roman nose,
Frescoed his face with mud and grime
And tore his "nobby" clothes;
His favourite tooth was loose and sore;
He hit his "funny bone,"
And those who watched him say he swore
As thus they heard him moan:
"Those tortures of the ancient days
Were terrible, I vow,
For I've been 'broken on the wheel'—
I understand it now."

SHE stood while yet 'twas early dawn
Close by the open gate;
Her cheeks were pale, her eyes were wan;
She murmured, "He is late!
How does he dare to treat me so?
And after all he's said!
Ah! here he comes," her eyes grew bright,
And she raised her pretty head,
And as the laggard came in view
She cried in tones to freeze,
"You're getting later every day;
Three pints this morning, please."

WHAT SOME SLEEP- WALKERS HAVE DONE.

ONE PERSON DID FIVE HOURS' HARD WORK IN HIS SLEEP, WHILE ANOTHER ATTEMPTED TO SADDLE AND RIDE A PONY.

"NEXT to the possession of one's reason, I suppose there is no greater blessing than the ability to procure at will sound and refreshing sleep," recently said a well-known West-end physician to P.W.

"Indeed," continued he, "there is no surer way to the loss of one's reason than a converse condition of affairs. Now-a-days, owing chiefly to the rush and brain-distracting worry of modern competition, we doctors have an ever-increasing number of sleep troubles to deal with. The commonest form of all is, of course, that terrible scourge, insomnia.

"Sometimes, however, the patient is affected in quite another way. His sleep is apparently normal, and yet he derives no benefit from it. He may go to bed at ten o'clock every night, and be conscious of absolutely nothing until he rises at eight the next morning—a total wreck. It is then that the doctor has to look closer, for the odds are that his patient is a somnambulist, and the double strain of running a human brain at top speed by day and night alike is sufficient to unhinge the strongest.

"Although practically no public attention is bestowed at present upon this curious habit of sleep-walking, I am convinced that not a little benefit would accrue from its more general study, since it is certain that many otherwise inexplicable mysteries may safely be attributed to it. Indeed, to my own personal knowledge it has been instrumental in sending, happily temporarily, more than one innocent person to penal servitude, whilst the number of cases in which its presence has escaped suspicion, and the innocent have consequently drained to the dregs the cup of unmerited degradation, must be legion.

"A case in point, which was happily without serious consequences, occurred only a few months since at Alfortville, near Paris. A gentleman of private means, by name M. Clichy, was robbed of £2,400 worth of bonds. The manner of their disappearance completely baffled both the victim and the police, for although the missing securities vanished one night from his bedside, none of the house doors or windows bore signs of being forced, nor could any other traces of the thieves be discovered.

"Soon after this event, M. Clichy had occasion to take his wife to the Salpêtrière Hospital, with a view of putting her under treatment for a nervous disease. While she was there, an inspiration occurred to the house surgeon, who, in addition to being an expert in nervous disorders, was also a skilful hypnotist. Hastily throwing the poor woman into a trance, he drew from her the frankest admission that she had herself taken the bonds during her sleep, and buried them beneath a cherry tree in her garden.

"M. Clichy immediately repaired to the spot indicated by his wife, and found the bonds buried, just as she had described them, only a few inches beneath the surface. Hurrying joyfully back to the hospital he found that, although his wife had regained consciousness, she was entirely ignorant of her recent revelation.

"Acting under the instructions of the surgeon, M. Clichy then produced the bonds, with the explanation that they had been returned anonymously through the post. The good news had an immediate and most beneficial effect upon the invalid, who is now quite well and no longer walks in her sleep. But to this day it has been deemed expedient that she should be kept in ignorance of the identity of the thief.

"A very common form of somnambulism is that in which the sleeper carries on in his sleep the employment with which he has been overtaking himself during his waking hours. A well-known example of this kind used to be narrated with great gusto by the late Alderman Kelly.

"As a young man the worthy Alderman was extremely nervous: he was also in Paternoster Row. Here he was employed in a large bookellers, one of his principal duties being the dispatch of the monthly parts of various works to the firm's country customers. One evening a large order for a number of miscellaneous monthly parts arrived just as the shop was closing for the night. It was impossible to complete it that night, but since it had to be dispatched before the following mid-day, it was imperative that Kelly should rise with the lark and 'wire in.'

"Judge then of his dismay when, on waking the following morning, he found that it was already two hours after sunrise. Hastily throwing on a few garments—he lived over the business premises—Kelly rushed into the shop, determined to retrieve his character at all hazards. Imagine his surprise to find the whole of the work (which must have taken at least five hours to accomplish) neatly stacked ready for transit and labelled in his own handwriting!

"Of course, it was a clear case of somnambulism. Nevertheless, how on earth he managed to select, pack, and label correctly so large a quantity of literature in utter darkness (it will be seen that for at least three hours of the time there was no daylight, and apprentices were not allowed bedroom candles in those days) was a

mystery which he of all others felt least qualified to explain.

"Another curious case was that of a butcher's boy who, after dropping off to sleep one Sunday afternoon, suddenly stood up and announced his intention of going his rounds. Before the other members of his family could interfere, he had rushed into the stable, procured his saddle and riding whip, and was about to lead out his pony when his father and brothers seized him and pulled him indoors.

"Even this did not, however, awake him, and accordingly a doctor was sent for. When the medico arrived, he found the youth evidently under the impression that he was parleying with a toll-keeper, as he held a sixpenny-piece in his hand, and repeatedly demanded to be allowed to pass the barrier. Upon the doctor taking the sixpence from him and placing fourpence change in his hand, he immediately cried out that he was being cheated as the toll was only one penny. At this the doctor's professional instincts rebelled altogether, and he administered several sharp blows with a riding whip across the back of the apparent hoaxer.

"To his amazement, however, the boy gave not the slightest gesture of pain, but started to spur his imaginary pony round the room. Finally, he came to a standstill, as if alighting, reeled off a large number of imaginary orders to an imaginary book-keeper, reseated himself in his chair and—awoke utterly ignorant of the extraordinary part he had just played. During his trance, his pupils contracted and dilated when his eyelids were forced back, but his vision was unaffected. His pulse had the extraordinary range of from 136 full and hard when the doctor first saw him, down to about eighty, the normal beat for a boy of his age, when he awoke.

"Although but few are aware of the fact, somnambulism can be imitated by almost anybody who chooses to follow out the system introduced by Mr. Braid. The process is extremely simple. All that is necessary is to fix the gaze intently upon a bright object held rather above the line of sight and sufficiently near the eyes to produce a sense of strained vision whilst looking at it.

"If this action be persevered in for a few minutes, the person passes into a state of what is known as 'induced somnambulism'—practically a hypnotic trance. While possessing many points in common with the genuine article, the 'induced' form is nevertheless the inferior of the two; since, although the brain may be fully active under either condition, the muscular activity is distinctly inferior in the artificial trance."

"DID she make you feel at home?"
"No; but she made me wish I was."

THE BRIDE (on the honeymoon): "Why, you only bought one ticket, dear!"
The Groom: "By Jove! I never thought of myself."

"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"
"Indeed, I do; every mean trait Bobby has I can trace right back to his father."
"Does his father believe in heredity, too?"
"Yes; he traces Bobby's faults all back to me."

STRANGER (in Wild West town): "It doesn't seem as if this place could have twenty thousand population, as you report."

Resident: "Well, it ain't quite that much ordinarily. You see, we took the census the day the circus was in town."

"Oh, Georgie! Who opened the canary's cage?"
"I did. You told me a little bird was a-whispering to you when I was naughty, so I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about. So I opened the cage and the cat's eaten him. That's wot he's got for splitting on me."

Result of "Gun" Competition.

The total value of the coins fired from the gun was £35 18s. 2½d. Twenty-one competitors succeeded in getting this amount absolutely correct. We have made the amount £36 1s., so that each competitor receives £1 14s. 4d. Two competitors were within one farthing, and some hundreds within a halfpenny. Those who wish to find out where they went wrong can have a key to the competition upon application.

F. E. Clarke, 63 Spring Road, Ipswich; G. W. Lovelock, 46 Queen Street, Healey on Thames, Oxon; G. Stephens, 179 Ashford Road, Eastbourne; E. J. Day, 137 Norwich Road, Ipswich; J. Strickland, 1 Gordon Terrace, Lancaster; Miss E. Strickland, 1 Gordon Terrace, Lancaster; G. Strickland, 1 Gordon Terrace, Lancaster; E. A. Farr, 18 George Street, Broom Lane, Levenshulme, Manchester; H. Rathbone, 108 Perry Street, Northampton; G. Hammond, 41 Clare Road, Cardiff; G. Bowyer, 5 Freeland Road, Bromley, Kent; A. A. East, Healey Road, Ipswich; H. J. Frenchie, 29 Elgin Park, Bristol; G. Street, 23 Chester Street, Freetown, Manchester; W. Bishop, 29 Carritor Street, Holborn; A. Burnett, 3 Canaling Place, Grove Lane, S.E.; Mrs. A. L. Jennings, 69 Bramford Lane, Ipswich; H. A. Everts, 18 Lancaster Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.; H. Eekels, 41 Clare Road, Cardiff; C. H. Le Gassick, 15 Burns Road, Harrogate, N.W.; Mrs. E. E. Jenks, Shropshire Street, Market Drayton, Salop.

Couldn't Swallow That Story.

SOME years ago, while in Somaliland, Carl Hagenbeck related to the Somalis, through a native interpreter, the wonders of the railway, and then waited to see what effect the revelation would have upon them.

"What do they say?" he asked the interpreter.
"They say they don't believe it," was the answer.
Hagenbeck then described the steamboat, and the interpreter repeated this.

"What do they say to that?" Hagenbeck asked again, seeing the native faces all impassive.

"They say they don't believe that, either."
Then Hagenbeck gave an account of the telephone, and told how a man at the end of a long wire had talked to a man at the other end of it. The interpreter remained silent.

"Well," said the great traveller, "why don't you interpret that to them?"

"Because I don't believe that story myself," answered the conscientious man.

Supposing the Axe Had Fallen!

SOME years ago an inquisitive medical student, while examining the guillotine in a big waxwork exhibition, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp axe suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed, or it would fall—as it should—with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle, lest the shaking should bring it down, and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain.

"I'm thinking," said the gentleman—a Scottish visitor to the metropolis—to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the axe before releasing him from his predicament. The axe was afterwards removed and laid by the side of the structure, to prevent future accidents.

How We Poor People Live.

THE TURNOVER OF THE SWIFT BEEF COMPANY AMOUNTS TO MILLIONS YEARLY.

DRESSED beef, mutton, veal, pork, and poultry complete in themselves a question which at once forms a palatable subject for discussion. You who rejoice in these imported esculent table delicacies, without which you feel inclined to say that life is not worth living, will be interested to know that perhaps the most prominent firm at present dealing in dressed meats and suchlike food specialities is the Swift Company, of Chicago.

P.W. has just received from the firm some particulars of the enormous business done last year, and as the consumption of food is at all times a reliable subject, if only from a point of figures, we make no apology for giving a few items with which we have been favoured. The firm's purchase of live stock last year included nearly nine million beasts, comprising oxen, sheep, and pigs, while, for the same period, the total sales aggregated more than £30,000,000 in English money. Apart from their dressed meats, they manufactured and sold upwards of 2,000,000 pounds of lard, and 9,000,000 pounds of butterine.

In order to keep their business going, the continuous daily and nightly services of fifty-four engines, with one hundred and forty-two large boilers, are required, while to shed light upon the movements of the 20,000 workmen, who are constantly employed year in and out, no fewer than 20,000 electric lights are turned on.

A business of such vast dimensions, of course, requires showing up, so 302 large arc lamps are requisitioned for the purpose, a goodly number of these being placed outside so as to attract attention to what is going on inside. This is really essential, as on one single day no fewer than 55,140 beasts were slaughtered—a fact which cannot be too loudly proclaimed.

The weekly wage list amounts to £240,000. Proving that the British public is partial to meat other than that produced at home, we are informed that the sales in this country amounted last year to £1,915,995, representing 423,764 quarters of beef, 79,100 pigs, and 11,725,000 pounds of pork products.

Figures are always inexorably dry and unpalatable, but when these are shown in connection with an industry which holds in its grip the golden opinions of the people of the English-speaking world the patriot throws his mind back to what has gone before, and realises in it one of the many causes that contribute to the greatness of the English-speaking commercial world.

There is a nice icy article in the August PEARSON'S which will help to keep you cool this hot weather. Be sure and buy a copy before they melt away from the bookstalls.

BRAIN MESSAGES.

As the result of the incident published the other week of the news of the battle of Omdurman reaching the native bazaars of Cairo before it was received by telegraph, I have received a number of remarkable stories from correspondents, from which I select the following. A gift has been awarded to the sender of each of those published. Most of my correspondents are soldiers who have served in India and Africa, and their experiences only go to show how marvellous is that Oriental gift, or sixth sense, or whatever it is, of the working of which we Occidentals are so profoundly ignorant.

Three Days Ahead.

"WHILE I was in charge of the Government Telegraph Station at Cape Coast Castle, Gold Coast, West Africa, about the year 1893, it was rumoured in the town that a certain medical officer (a native, by-the-way) in the Government Service, who was stationed at the Gold Mining Station of Tarkwa, or Tarquah, had died of fever.

"Tarquah was nearly three days' journey from the then nearest telegraph station at Chama, and yet the news of this gentleman's death was known and discussed in Cape Coast Castle on the very day of his death. Confirmatory news was received by telegraph three days later. Questions elicited the fact that even educated natives believed a witch had flown with the news; but I attributed it to thought transmission or call it 'Brain telegraphy.'"

No Need for the Telegraph.

"I REMEMBER hearing from an Anglo-Indian official of a remarkable instance of swift transmission of news in India, outstripping the telegraph by some hours.

"It occurred at a dinner given by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, at Simla. A well-known colonel was one of the guests, and in the course of the dinner his Pathan servant leaned over his master's chair, and whispered in his ear. His master hurriedly wrote on a slip of paper and passed it up to the Lieutenant-Governor. It contained the news of the assassination of Lord Mayo in one of the Andaman Islands.

"The extraordinary part of the matter is, that the Andaman Islands are some distance from the mainland, and yet the news reached the bazaar some considerable time before the telegraph."

Started Up and Said, "Abdul Huq is Dead!"

"OVER two years ago Sirdar Diler Jung Abdul Huq was in England. Soon after his arrival in London he died. Whilst I was sitting with some Mahomedan friends in Hyderabad one of them started up and said, 'Abdul Huq is dead!' and some hours afterwards a telegraphic communication arrived which corroborated the truth of his statement.

"The above is the longest distance through which what I call 'hypnotic communication' has to my knowledge been transmitted. This may seem to be an ordinary coincidence, but if it were a solitary instance it could be explained as such, but other cases happen too frequently to admit of the coincidence theory.

"It is a well-known fact that during the Indian Mutiny, the news of the progress of the British army and particularly of the fall of Delhi was known in Hyderabad City, long before the British Resident there or anyone else received the intimation by telegraph."

Mystic Propulsion.

"DURING a stay in India of five and a half years I was thrown much in company with educated natives; in fact, several were employed with me under Government with whom I was more than ordinarily intimate, and I took every opportunity of acquainting myself with Eastern peculiarities and powers.

"Evidence of the possession of powers of translating thought, or gaining intimate knowledge of passing distant events, were plainly discoverable. But if you ask the question: 'How and by what process of conveyance and reception thought is transmitted and received?' he would surprise you by treating your ignorance with profound contempt; and if you have an acquirement of Bengali, Hindustani, Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit language and literature, your advancement in the knowledge of the mystic propulsion and receptivity of reason, thought, sound, or what not, will be hindered by the astonishment natives feel at your professed ignorance; and that which we account a science being to them Nature's gift to cover a necessity, still puzzles those who have lived with them and learnt scarcely anything."

How was this Message Sent?

"I BELIEVE it was in the summer of 1850-7 that I visited the Caledonian 'diggings,' which are on the edge of the Mordialloc Scrub, and about thirty miles, in a bee line, from Melbourne. I was not impressed favourably with the prospect from a gold-digging point of view, and would have left there a few days after arrival, but for my being engaged to build a slab and bark store there for an old friend. I stayed with some old mates of mine, and became acquainted with two Americans who were working a quartz vein close to, one of them being a genuine old-style backwoodsman, the other a naturalised citizen of the U.S.

In religious matters, they professed a thorough belief in the Bible, and belonged to the set called 'Spiritualists.'

"They informed me that some six months previous an old trapper and Indian interpreter, who had come with them from the western part of the States, and was known by the cognomen of Red Cap, died in an adjoining tent. He, too, was a Spiritualist, and claimed to hold mental converse with those of his persuasion in the U.S. In less than four months from his death, these friends of his received by post a copy of *The Spiritualistic Messenger* (I believe that was the title), which contained a notice of the decease of Red Cap, the exact date of the occurrence, and the exact locality, published on the 1st of the month following the death. But if this had rested upon the personal statements of these two men only, I would have simply put the occurrence down as an untruth, for it was impossible by any system of message-carrying, whether by telegraphy or fast steaming, to have forwarded the information in less than five weeks. But the statement was borne out by a large number of the residents of the Caledonians, including my own friends, so much so that I could not help but accept it.

"The magazine in question had been sent to some of the spiritualists in Melbourne, but I was assured that, if ever I visited that diggings again, I should see it for myself. How was this message sent? It has been a puzzle to me ever since."

A Possible Solution.

"A RATHER peculiar coincidence happened in the native bazaars at Cairo when Hicks Pasha and his followers were killed. It was known at least twenty-four hours before any official telegram was received. I was not in Cairo, but I recollect perfectly well reading a paragraph in one of the service papers about it.

"When the 19th Hussars' invalids were sent home to Colchester I asked several whether such a thing was possible, and they did not think it was. But one man said he thought it was done with smoke signals if it was done at all, as he had actually seen the Arabs signalling this way. Of course I merely give the statement as I had it; he didn't explain the way it was done. That they have a way of telegraphing I think there is no doubt."

Beat Telegraphy.

"AT the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, I was then but a mere child, and was very much among the native servants, whose language I thoroughly understood. My father held a responsible position in the Army, and on more than one occasion I remember well his having had intimation of the movements of bands of mutineers days before intelligence reached the authorities in Calcutta, through a faithful cook, who had been my father's servant in three previous campaigns.

"I came home to England at the age of eleven and on joining the Army myself returned to India. I there engaged the son of my father's old cook, who, being about my own age, was also a faithful servant to me, and on many occasions he gave me intimation of events long before they could have been ordinarily, or even extraordinarily transmitted. In fact, the thing became so common that it ceased to be wondered at.

"The natives could give us information of our next move from station to station, always in advance of instructions from Army headquarters, though these instructions were always forwarded to the parties concerned as soon as decided upon, and sometimes came by wire."

Describing an Un-travelled Journey.

"SHORTLY after my marriage I took my wife to live in a small town not far from the coast of Kent. It came to my knowledge that an old friend of my father—a sea captain—was living at a village about four miles off, and as I had been a great favourite of his as a boy, I determined to take the first opportunity of seeing him. I arranged with my wife that on a certain day we should drive over to the old fellow's place, but when the time came she was not feeling well, and decided to stay at home.

"She would not hear of me remaining with her, and I set off to walk the short distance. I found the old gentleman well and hearty; he gave me a warm reception and evinced great pleasure in showing me over his little domain. Chief among his treasures was a shell in the shape of a skull which had in the cavity formed by the absence of what in the human skull would be the nasal bones, a large stone of yellow colour, and marked in a peculiar manner with bars of gold and brown.

"On my return home I began to speak to my wife of my old friend, but had scarcely commenced when some neighbours came in, and nothing was actually said except that I had had an unusually pleasant visit.

"Several weeks elapsed, when one day I received a letter from the old gentleman inviting me to bring my wife over to see him on the following Tuesday. As this day was convenient for both of us I accepted with pleasure. But again my wife was unable to go, and when I returned home I found her sitting in a basket-chair apparently asleep. As I stood in the doorway she began to speak, not to me, but to her mother, I fancy.

"I cannot express my astonishment when I heard her proceed to describe the journey she was to have taken to my sea-faring friend. She accurately pictured the road, the houses, the gardens; mentioned an old-fashioned ale house where I had stopped to refresh myself when I travelled the road before; drew a vivid picture of the lovely view to be obtained on the higher ground above the inn. Spoke of the old captain, described his personal appearance, his quaint summer house with its roof formed by an inverted boat, his lovely flower beds, and then the interior of the house with

its treasures, the result of many voyages to foreign lands. And last, but not least, she accurately described the skull shell and its cat's eye nose.

"I stood rooted to the spot, unable to believe my ears. Had my wife travelled the road before; had she ever seen the Captain and his marine treasures; had she held the shell in her hands, or had I told her anything of these I could have understood it, but knowing that she had had actual experience of none of these I was totally at a loss—and am so still—to account for her accurate description of what she had never seen or heard of. Was it a case of auto-hypnotism and clairvoyance?

"Her mother was the seventh child of a seventh child, and was supposed to possess the gift of second sight, but does this account for the daughter's peculiar power of seeing the invisible?"

From Brain to Brain.

"WHEN I was serving in Egypt in December, 1885, I was stationed at Tagoog heights, near Assouan. At the time the battle of Ginnis was fought, the result, with many details afterwards found to be substantially correct, was at once known in the bazaar at Assouan, and thence filtered up through the camp loafers to the knowledge of the troops many hours before it was known officially that any battle had been fought."

1,000 Miles in Twelve Hours.

"IN 1888 I was hunting on the Lundi River, in Mashonaland. I noticed my native boys were excited, and on ascertaining the reason they explained to me that there had been a big fire in De Beers' Mine, Kimberley, over 1,000 miles away, and that many of their brothers were killed. I did not doubt the veracity of their statement, knowing the natives possess this power.

"Two months after I was at Bulawayo, and there learnt from a trader the details of that dreadful disaster, and found that the news had reached me in less than twelve hours. This is a subject that I have never mentioned to my English friends, as they are apt to take a story of this kind with a big allowance of salt."

Superior to the Heliograph.

"HERE is an incident which occurred on the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-95:

"The signallers of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders were attached to the force, and visual signalling by heliograph was the only method used for conveying intelligence and orders up till February 22nd, 1895.

"A party of signallers were left at a place called Sheik Budin, situated on a mountain seventy-five miles as the crow flies from the heart of Waziristan. From there the telegraph line ran to India. The distance by road was 127 miles over mountain ranges and passes.

"On January 13th, 1895, the brigade I was attached to fought an action, during which fifty of the enemy were killed, the casualties on our side being slight.

"Owing to a heavy mist rising between us and Sheik Budin, no news could be sent to India until the morning of the 14th, when I myself opened communication with Sheik Budin by heliograph.

"The first thing sent to me from Sheik Budin was:

"'Natives here say you have been fighting and have beaten Waziris. Is it right?'

"Wondering how he could know, I then asked:

"'What time did natives tell you?' He replied:

"'Last night, 7 p.m.' (The action was fought at 5.45 p.m.)

"Now, the mist prevented us from signalling, therefore the Waziris could not use their method of signalling by smoke columns. We have had many an argument about it, but could never come to any satisfactory conclusion until reading the article on 'Brain Telegraphy.'"

A Remarkable Case.

"ABOUT four years ago I lived in the City of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., and one day attended a lecture and demonstration by Sumri S. Baldwin, the White Mahatmas. Like a good many others, I was sceptical, and went to enjoy the fun.

"During the evening Mrs. Baldwin was mesmerised, and the audience were told to write questions on paper and place them in their pockets, and Mrs. Baldwin would answer them without seeing them. A reporter of the PROVIDENCE JOURNAL wrote a question asking for any important event that was happening.

"Mrs. Baldwin during this time was visibly agitated and her husband asked her to speak, and she described a murder of a woman in a wood, the details of which were terrible to listen to. Of course, those of us who were listening put this down as a piece of dramatic effect. When Mrs. Baldwin came out of the mesmeric sleep she was so ill that she had to be carried off the platform. Baldwin told us that what we heard was undoubtedly true, and we should look for the sequel. It came sooner than we expected, for next morning the papers published the account of a foul murder, just outside Providence, in a wood.

"Next evening Baldwin requested the people not to write questions in reference to the murder, but before long it was seen that Mrs. Baldwin was going through a similar scene to the one on the previous night, and she then explained the murder and gave a description of the murderer. Although this man swore and had witnesses to prove he was in the City at the time the murder was committed, he afterwards confessed, and is now in States Prison for life, as there is no hanging in the State of Rhode Island.

"Professor Baldwin told the people that this power of telepathy, as he terms it, exists in everyone and only needs developing personally."

A THRILLING TALE OF

THE DARK DAYS OF '57.

KISMET!

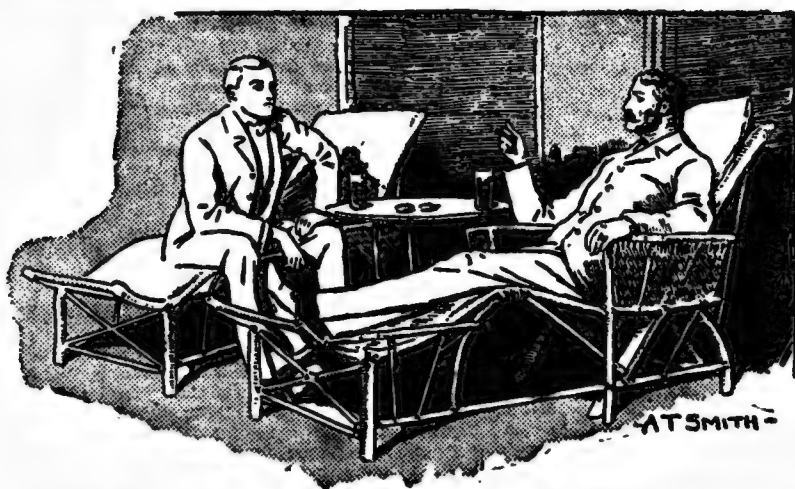


By H. HUNTER

JUMNA DAS had just stepped off the veranda. "Do you know, Met," said Junior Lieutenant Ellis, addressing the Assistant Magistrate, as he thoughtfully flicked off the ash from the end of his cheroot, "I think this shop's rather a pretty bad place for the nerves."

"I'm afraid, Jimmy," replied Metcalf Wood slowly, "that very soon I shall find myself saying ditto to you."

Lieutenant James Ellis had arrived in the Hooghly at the beginning of the cold



"The look Mr. Azimullah gave me made me swear that I'd break his precious neck for him if ever I got the chance."

weather, and, after a few weeks, had been sent up to Agra to join the regiment to which he had been posted. He had come out on three days' leave to see his cousin, Metcalf Wood, the assistant magistrate at Muttra.

Wood reckoned his service by years, whereas Ellis only counted by months. There was a matter upon which the younger man wished to take his elder's opinion.

The General's lady had given a dance. Some of the native princes had been present. Cards had been sent out for a big function on the 29th, and it was expected that a few of the "native gentlemen" would assist.

Ellis was at the club the day after the "hop" at the General's, and heard something which sent him out to Muttra to talk matters over with Wood.

They were sitting in the veranda. Upon the low table between the long chairs lay a couple of small cakes about the size of a lunch biscuit. Jumna Das had taken them from his dhotee. The magistrate had been toying with them while speaking. His manner was curious and abstracted.

Ellis threw a glance at his companion, and appeared suddenly absorbed in the beauty of the night.

The moon, which had just climbed over the jungle, made the tall minarets of the city stand out against the dark background of velvety sky, like slender columns of gleaming silver.

In the compound the tops of the big *chunars* were all touched and edged with the pale glory reflected from the great ball of dazzling light across the river. But in the garden below, the castor oil bushes, the marigolds, and the great masses of rhododendron were still in shadow—a shadow so black and deep that the eyes of the young Lieutenant of Infantry, sitting in the veranda of the Assistant Magistrate's bungalow at Muttra, had failed to distinguish the dusky form of Jumna Das squatting at a respectful distance, and waiting in dumb patience till the *Huzoor* should be pleased to summon him into the presence.

Jumna Das had just quitted the veranda, leaving behind him the *chupatties* aforesaid, when Lieutenant Ellis was moved to make his remark about India being "a pretty bad place for the nerves." The Assistant Magistrate had replied with something seemingly appropriate, whereupon they had lapsed into dreamy, unsympathetic silence, each absorbed in his own meditations.

It was the younger man who spoke first, and his voice was rough and raspy:

"Then I suppose that beggar was out there all the time, Met?"

"Meaning Jumna Das, Jim?" said the Assistant Magistrate, coming out of himself. "Yes, we were at dinner when he arrived, so he sat down and waited. He saw us come into the veranda."

"And heard all we were talking about?"

"What he understood isn't worth counting."

"That's where I differ, Met. P'raps I haven't got used to 'em; but I don't trust these black devils. They mayn't understand the lingo, but that makes no dif. I believe the rascals can even tell what you're thinking about half the time."

The Assistant Magistrate gave a low chuckle.

"Making a study of the native character, eh? Big subject, Jimmy. Grand opportunity coming on."

"By-the-bye, Met," burst out the Lieutenant suddenly, "how did you know the old boy was there? You called him up. He came out of the bushes. Say, how did you know he was there?"

"I'm not sure, Jim, that I should be doing you any good if I were to tell you. Your nerves are the least little bit too slack, boy. You'd likely not understand, and the observation you'd most probably make would be, 'tell me another.'

"This is the East, my son, and Western notions will not help you to find your way about here."

"Jumna Das, by the way, has brought news that will require me to start for Agra about four o'clock. What was it you came particularly to talk to me about, eh, Jimmy?"

"I'd lay 20 to 1, Jumna Das could tell you," said Lieutenant Ellis pettishly.

"I daresay I should lose, Jimmy; something about a girl wasn't it?"

"That beast Azimullah," growled the Lieutenant savagely, "and what they were saying at the club. Harrington told me that you knew the man before he went to England, when he was table-servant to an English gentleman at Lucknow, whose daughter, in walking out of one room into another in her own father's dwelling, vanished as completely as a shadow. That the fellow can exercise some devilish influence over women I'm quite persuaded. At the Lilypink's dance Lucy Appleton, I thought, seemed to be falling in some way under this man's fascination."

"What's he doing at Agra?" interjected Wood.

Lieutenant Ellis shrugged his shoulders. "I should like to know what he was doing with Lucy—you remember her, a pretty little golden-haired dot, of twelve summers; well, she's nineteen now, stands five feet four in her shoes, and is fair to see—and when the beggar found that I was keeping my lights on him, the look Mr. Azimullah gave me made me swear that I'd break his precious neck for him if ever I got the chance."

"Which you're very likely to have, Jim," said the Assistant Magistrate grimly. "These little things," holding up one of the *chupatties*, "are not love tokens. They're object-letters 'understanded' of the people, but a Chinese puzzle to the European."

"There's going to be trouble my boy; and if I can assist you in the breaking of Azimullah Khan's pretty neck, I shall consider I've earned pay and-a-half for that day's work anyway."

"Then what Harrington said was true?"

"What is true, Jimmy, is this. Nellie Allardyce was the sweetest little girl in the Allardyce set, and that was no small one. Azimullah was *khitmatgar* to her father. There was a dinner party at the Allardyce bungalow to celebrate a birthday. Miss Allardyce passed out of a crowded drawing-room into a chamber set apart for 'ladies only,' and in which it transpired there were four ladies actually sitting at the time."

"She was seen to pass between the double curtains which screened the one apartment from the other; and from that moment, disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her. She was never seen again."

Mark Allardyce, her father, spent months in searching for her. For a full year he kept the hunt going at full cry. Meanwhile, Azimullah had taken service with the Náná at Bithoor, and blossomed into a full-blown Grand Vizier on a small scale.

"At the end of the second year, Allardyce went home—a broken man. He died at Alexandria."

Something that sounded very like a "swear" escaped from Lieutenant Ellis.

"And you believe, Met—" he began slowly.

But the Acting Magistrate interrupted him quickly:

"It happened in India, Jimmy, where the limits of the possible no man has been able properly to fix."

"And this is the fellow that gentlemen in England *fêted*, and English ladies went mad over?"

"The very animal, Jimmy. They treated the ex-butler like a prince. He was



"What's that on your neck, Lucy?" he asked.

"SHORT STORIES is a marvellous pennyworth." That's from P.W. so that it must be so.

courted, caressed, and flattered by dames of high degree. He had a good presence—which he has still—fine manners, and the tongue of the old serpent. He spoke English fluently—learnt in the house of Major Allardyce—and was familiar with many English customs, picked up in the same service.

"He went over, you know, as agent for Nani Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor. There was nobody to explain his true position in India, or tell the story of his early life at Lucknow; and they took him at his own value.

"Vanity, Jimmy, is no stranger to friend Azimullah; but I have the best reasons for knowing that the tales he tells about England are not all without warrant. Hundreds of letters came out to him after his return to India.

"Before I was transferred, I was a good deal in Cawnpore and Lucknow, and came to know Mr. Azimullah too well. I'd like to thrash him round the city with a rawhide whip.

"He's not in Agra now for any good. He's a smooth-spoken oily-tongued rascal who deceives the men by doing the amiable to the women.

"I've warned our little super-omniscients till the department complained of my stationery account."

"Well, Met, I shan't feel any happier for coming out, old man. But I wanted to hear how much of the Harrington tale was true. You've confirmed it in the worst particulars.

"It makes a chap feel pretty mean, though, to have to own up to being jealous of a black fellow, but I s'pose that's about the size of it."

He flung the stub of his cigar out amongst the bushes and drained his peg at a gulp.

"So you think these rumours that have been flying round have really got a backbone to 'em, do you, Met?"

"There's a storm coming, Jimmy. I can hear the murmur of it in the jungle even now."

"Then I hope it'll give me a chance for that black beauty of the Nani's. I mayn't know my way about this devil-ridden old country, but I know what that villain meant when he honoured me with his stare the other night.

"I won't say anything to alarm Appleton mater—Appleton himself's gone down to Calcutta—but I'll keep double watch on the girl, who, to say truth, seemed as much frightened as tions of Mr. Azimullah.

"What time are you starting, Met?"

"Four sharp, Jimmy."

"Then, if you've no objection, let's turn in."

The Agra Ball was a very swell affair. It was remembered twenty years after by those who were present; there are some people who remember it to this day. The Committee of Management deserved all the thanks that were voted them. No bullock team could have toiled harder. They spared not themselves nor any they could lay hands on to make the function a success, and they did it. It was a big success. Of course, what happened before supper spoilt most people's appetite for the spread; but the committee had done the thing well all through—from programmes to ices. Expense was a minor consideration when it was a question of impressing two Nabobs and Rajah, not to mention a score of lesser lights from Grand Chamberlain to Pipe-bearer.

The dusky "gentlemen" who had donned all their jewels and wore all their orders, looked finer than harlequin on a Boxing night. They viewed the scene from a crimson-covered dais at the upper end of the principal room, the dusky "rankers" being accommodated according to their degree at the lower end of the second chamber.

Nothing was wanting that could possibly conduce to a successful entertainment. The presence of three high native dignitaries was a contradiction to the sinister rumours which continued to be circulated. The floor was perfect, the company agreeable, the decorations magnificent, the dresses superb. The scene from the top of No. 1 room was simply dazzling.

Lucy Appleton, in pink and white, looked lovely. She had dark, velvety flowers in her hair. Her only ornament, except the bracelet on her right arm, was a necklace of pearls fastened in front with an odd-looking sort of gold clasp. It bore some rude resemblance to a fish with one tiny ruby for an eye. The pearls had belonged to Mrs. Appleton, but the little gold fish, with the single eye of a singular brightness, had come from nobody knew whence. The ayah had found it only the day before, in turning over some articles taken from one of the memsahib's old dress-baskets. Mrs. Appleton, however, had no recollection of it—couldn't say at all how it came to be among the odds-and-ends at the bottom of her dress trunks. But when Lucy pleaded that Nussee might use it as a clasp for the pearls which the ayah was stringing, with a view to their being worn by the miss-sahib at the Garrison Ball, Mrs. Appleton consented.

Lieutenant Ellis danced Nos. 1 and 2 with Lucy Appleton, and arranged that he should take her in to supper. Then a big artilleryman coming to claim her, Ellis went off to look for Wood.

The rooms were rather crowded, and he had not seen his cousin Metcalf in either of them. He was beginning to feel just the least bit uneasy at Wood's non-appearance. In the present abnormal condition of his nervous system, the stronger fibre of the Muttra magistrate should stiffen his back, and give him the support he sorely needed. India was still a "dark" country to Lieutenant Ellis. Wood was not much of a dancing man, though he always made a point of being present at all the "big things" in his district, and he had promised Ellis to help him warn off "that beast Azimullah." Why, then, was he not there? Ellis was just in that state when everything assumes unusual proportions, and Wood's absence at once became ominous. An unreasonable idea that he was powerless against the arts of Azimullah took firm possession of the Lieutenant's mind, and made him feel very sick.

Between the dances the man would mix freely with the guests, paying his sugary compliments in the gracious manner which usually found so much favour with the feminine division. It was his custom at mixed parties. Therefore had Ellis begged for Wood's assistance? He thought that Azimullah would not care to stay long in Wood's neighbourhood. The feud between them was too notorious and too bitter. But Wood had not turned up.

While dancing, Ellis had not given much attention to Azimullah, though he was conscious of an uncomfortable sort of feeling that the man's eyes were following him. But on looking in the direction of the dais, after leading his partner to her seat, he found the Nana's Chamberlain in deep converse with the Nabob of Ullapora.

When the Lieutenant returned, after a vain search for Wood—nobody had seen the magistrate from Muttra—they were just in the middle of No. 4. His partner had found another cavalier, so he had plenty of time for reflection.

When he raised his head, the couples were pairing for the next dance. He remembered that he was engaged to Lucy for No. 5, and went to seek her. He thought her eyes looked dim and filmy, and instinctively his own sought those of Azimullah. The man was gazing out straight before him, his brilliant pupils blazing like fiery comets. An involuntary shudder passed over Ellis.

"Has that fellow Azimullah been talking to you?" he inquired shortly.

"No," she answered quickly. "Why do you ask that? I saw him go down the room, but he didn't notice me."

Her voice was languid and her manner listless.

"What's the matter, Lucy—aren't you well?" asked Ellis anxiously.

"Oh! I'm all right," she said; "a little bit tired, that's all. Shall we sit out this dance?"

Before Ellis resigned her to her next partner, the girl seemed to have recovered her elasticity. She even rallied him on looking so dour.

"I shouldn't have thought it possible," she said, "that one man could have been so miserable over the absence of another. I feel quite jealous of Mr. Wood."

Ellis's spirits had certainly sunk unaccountably on realising that Wood had not come. By the time No. 11 was reached, however, the fit was over.

It was the last dance but one; he had Lucy for partner; the girl challenged him, and when the band struck up, they went away in capital style.

"What's that on your neck, Lucy?" he asked when the waltz had come to a finish.

"This?" she said, putting up her hand to the little gold fish. "Oh! it's a fancy for a brooch, or a clasp, or a fastening of some sort. I really don't know which. Mamma's ayah found it in one of mamma's dress-baskets; but mamma doesn't seem to remember it," she added, laughing.

"H'm!" said Lieutenant Ellis doubtfully. "I thought it was something alive."

"Well now, that is funny!" she exclaimed; "I've had just the same feeling all the evening. I don't think I shall wear it again."

They turned to walk down the room. Till that moment Ellis had not noticed how near to the dais they had lingered; Azimullah could have touched them with his finger. His face, however, wore a look of stupid indifference. His eyes were dull, heavy, and without vitality—the eyes of a man whose brain was asleep.

Lucy Appleton's last partner was an old Winchester boy, who wore the smart uniform of the Bengal Lancers.

The uneasy sensations which had made the first part of the evening a misery to Lieutenant Ellis had vanished. He felt angry with Wood; but his feelings stopped there. He had been allowing India to get on his nerves. Well, colts had to be broken to service, and "griffins" to be smoked and seasoned! In his case, he thought the process was nearly completed.

"I take Miss Appleton in to supper, old boy," he said jauntily, as the cavalryman led her away. "Take care of her, Dick, till I claim her."

"Miss Appleton missing? Git! Wasn't she the girl that Dick Weatherby took out?"

Well, I saw Weatherby's long legs not half a minute since; and, if they're still attached to Weatherby's insignificant body, you'll find him in that little snuggery at the back of the palms yonder," and the speaker passed on to the supper room, partner on arm.

"Here, Ellis!" cried several voices, as Lieutenant Ellis, looking heated and scared, came down the room, inquiring of all he met for Dick Weatherby. "What a funk you're in, man! It's only a game at hide-and-seek, old chap." Several fingers pointed to the convenient screen made by the palm clump, and a friendly voice whispered: "Behind!"

"Looks as if he'd got a bad fright," said a P. W. D. man as they moved off.

"Steady, Jim, steady! I don't know in the least what you're gassing about. But you're talking an awful lot of rot. Keep your head, man; keep your head! She can't be very far away. We dropped out of the dance just at the finish—some part of her toilette wanted attention: my confounded long cavalry spurs, I think—and she asked me to wait for her here, while she went into the room yonder to get it seen to. She hasn't come out yet."

Ten minutes later, it was publicly announced in the supper-room that Miss Appleton was missing. After that, there was very little done but talking. Several of the men went out to make inquiries. Ellis, it was rumoured, had to be forcibly restrained from running amok amongst the doolies. Wood's name was mixed up with Azimullah's, and it was told by a "man who knew," that Wood was transferred to the Agra division because he couldn't get on with Azimullah and the Nani.

The supper-room gradually emptied. Groups stood about discussing the "situation," but the tables were deserted. Men ran hither and thither, gathering the latest news, which was largely contradictory.

The attendant in charge of the waiting-room was positive that Miss Appleton had never entered it. Weatherby said he saw her go towards the door, which was not a dozen paces from where she left him, although not actually visible from the spot. "Where in the world else," he asked, "could she go in that direction?"

Nobody had seen the lady for several minutes before the hue and cry was raised. She was dancing with Captain Weatherby, was as far as anyone could go. Well, you can imagine the sort of wind-up it was.

People slipped away feeling very uncomfortable, and poor Ellis was carried off to his quarters swearing vengeance against the whole race of Azimullah; and declaring that it would never have happened if Wood had kept his word. I think he was right. But then, you see, Wood couldn't keep his word. If I don't make this as clear as it might be, you can blame Wood. He supplied the information.

Wood was half-way between Muttra and Agra, when his tat shied—"First time on that road," said Wood, when he told the tale afterwards—and pitched him out of the cart. Result, a broken shaft and a sprained ankle.

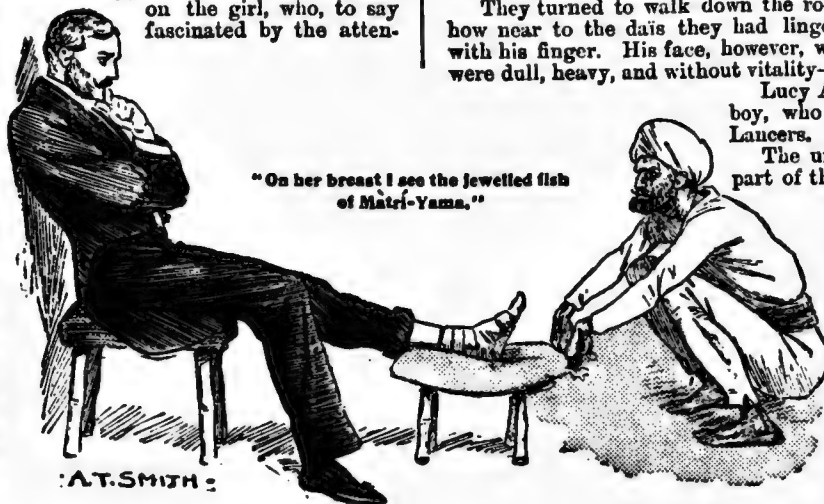
"What made the brute shy, Bence?" to the syce.

"Yellow fakir, Huzoor."

"Yellow fakir be jumped! There was nothing there."

"If the Huzoor says there was nothing, there was nothing; but horse see yellow fakir."

"Help me to the village, take the horse back, and bring out Jumna Das, sharp."



"On her breast I see the jewelled fish of Matri-Yama."

Late in the evening Jumna Das arrived.
"This is what I've got," said Wood, pointing to his swelled ankle, "through not heeding the warning you came last night to give me. Just do the needful to the foot, please, and then tell me if I'm wanted at the Fort."
After the man had seen to Wood's injury, he squatted down on the mud floor.

An hour passed, and Jumna Das opened his mouth. He had not moved or spoken since he sat down.

"The sahib I saw seven days since on the veranda," he said, in a low mechanical tone, "is inquiring diligently for the *Huzoor*. I see trouble written on his forehead."

The voice ceased, Wood waited, not daring to speak.

"There is a memsahib with the sahib. She is young and very fair. On her breast I see the jewelled fish of *Mātrī-Yama*." "When I heard that," said Wood, telling the tale next day, "I had to bite my tongue to prevent my crying out, and thus severing the connection."

Another pause, and he began again:

"A black man—a black man—"

He repeated the words several times without seeming able to get any farther. Then, after a long interval, his mouth began to twitch, and he said in a low faint voice—his energy was getting exhausted:

"There is a mist rising about her, *Huzoor*—a thin, white impalpable vapour. It is obscuring the vision. The figure is being blotted out. It is dissolving in the vapour. It is fading away in the fluid envelope wherein the soul swims unconscious and conditionless."

("The sweat," said Wood afterwards, "was pouring off me like a river.")

"It is going fast—fast. It is gone!"

Wood reached Agra in the morning, as soon as the gates were opened; but he was not surprised at the news which met him.

When Náná Sahib fled from Bithoor and the English sacked the palace, many curious things were discovered. Amongst them, three large boxes filled with letters from the English admirers of the "noble native gentleman, Azimullah Khan."

But in the dungeons below the soldiers hunting for loot made a more gruesome find—the body of a young English lady who had been stabbed to death.

She was wearing a necklace of pearls, and the doctor who saw the remains gave it as his opinion that she hadn't been dead more than eight hours.

Close to where she lay some bricks had been displaced; the bayonet of a soldier dislodged a few others; but the only thing concealed behind was what had once been a living, breathing woman who had been bricked up alive in this horrible tomb.

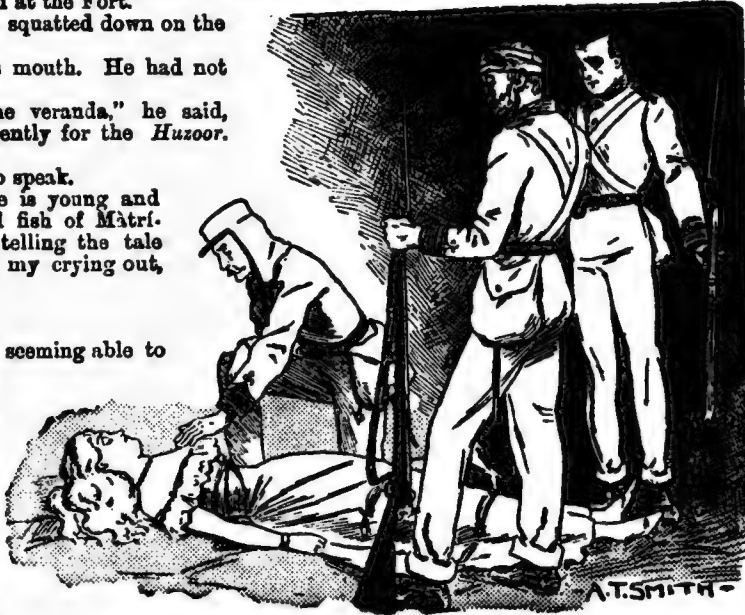
From a gipsy-ring found amongst the debris, Metcalf Wood identified the remains as those of "Sweet Nellie Allardyea."

How she had been captured by Azimullah and conveyed to her death-chamber will remain for ever a mystery. Lucy had obviously been spirited away in the same fashion and for the same purpose, but the victory of the English Army had led her captors to murder her before their escape.

Ellis, with vengeance still unsatisfied, had died of his wounds a week previously, after performing prodigies of valour before Lucknow.

Azimullah escaped with the Náná.

"Kismet!" murmured Metcalf Wood bitterly, as he looked away the pretty bauble which had once adorned the finger of a fair English girl. "What a world of irony can lie behind a single word."



The body of a young English lady, who had been stabbed to death.

WHISKY AT EIGHT POUNDS A GALLON.

Four Hundred Barrels of the Spirit Which Had Lain for Fifty Years in the Hold of a Wrecked Ship has Just Been Sold to a Wealthy Club for \$250 per Barrel.

FIFTY years ago a ship, bound from an American port for Leavenworth and Omaha, ports on the Missouri River, with, amongst other cargo, four hundred barrels of whisky, went ashore on the banks of the river at a place called Parkville, close to the Kansas shore. She struck on a sandbar and stuck there. Her crew and passengers, consisting of forty persons, all told, were fortunately saved; but the vessel was abandoned, and, singular to relate, left to her fate, being completely forgotten.

In course of time the Missouri river at that part changed its course, and what was fifty years ago a sandbar or bank, became in time merely a foreshore, and, later on, was reduced again to a mere tract of waste land or plateau, running alongside the river proper.

This topographical change of river bed naturally brought in its tread other changes equally remarkable, but this time interesting to the geologist, for very quickly the vacuum created by the change in the channel, or course of the river, became filled in with solid earth, which crept up steadily inch by inch until it overtopped the level of the sunken ship, and finally hid her from view. Thus she lay like a buried thing in solid earth some thirty feet below the surface.

During this time no attempt was made to relieve the wreck of the cargo which lay in the hold of the ship, and the 400 barrels of whisky, which was worth at the time of the wreck about three shillings a gallon, consequently remained untouched until the other day. This apparent indifference on the part of the captain and the ship's owners towards the wrecked vessel, and the carelessness displayed by the natives living in the vicinity, can only be put down to two motives, either that the ship and her cargo were fully insured which induced the owners to finally abandon her, or else the bed of the Missouri was too muddy for exploitation. The last seems a poor reason, but it must be remembered that in America the Missouri is spoken of as the Big Muddy.

Some grave reason must be assigned for the allowing a ship to go to pieces on a sand-bank (this is sometimes called a mudbank), so that it is only reasonable to assume that impossibilities of a serious character presented themselves at the time, preventing attempts to save the ship. She was known to the local shipping world as the *Arabia*.

The whole incident connected with the foundering of the vessel might have escaped the mind altogether had not a number of old river men met at a re-union just recently at a place called Holt, not a very great distance from the scene of the wreck. They were telling yarns of bygone days, when one of the company related the loss of the *Arabia*, which he had witnessed from the banks of the river some fifty years ago. Some of the old men present turned the affair over in their minds and the whole history came back to them. They remembered the disaster and that the wreck was locally known as the whisky ship.

Speculation ran high as to what the worth of the buried whisky would be now and the old men ruminated matters over in their minds and suggested various ways for getting at the buried treasure. A whisky that had been ripening for fifty years would be exceedingly valuable.

Then and there four old friends formed themselves into a syndicate and pledged themselves that they would spend the rest of their lives and all their means if necessary in the search for the hidden treasure-ship.

Naturally, there was much guessing and calculation respecting the whereabouts

of the sunken ship embosoming its priceless alcoholic treasure, for, as has been stated, the country had changed its features; the river had changed its course, and the banks thereabouts had grown and developed some thirty feet in height, caused mainly through upheavals.

Their first move was to select a piece of territory which they thought corresponded with that which had existed fifty years before, and so they leased for a short period a tract of five hundred acres in this locality.

One or two members of the syndicate pinned their faith to the magical influence of the divining rod, and they engaged several experts who claimed possession of successful rods; but somehow the rods did not exercise very considerable success, and the method of finding the buried treasure by means of divination was suddenly given up.

The third member of the syndicate believed in the power of the seventh sons of seventh sons, and a vast amount of territory was hunted over in the search for these gifted people, and although a goodly number were found, who endeavoured to trace the lost ship by every means in their power; yet they all failed to satisfy their employers that they had superior powers to men who were not seventh sons of seventh sons.

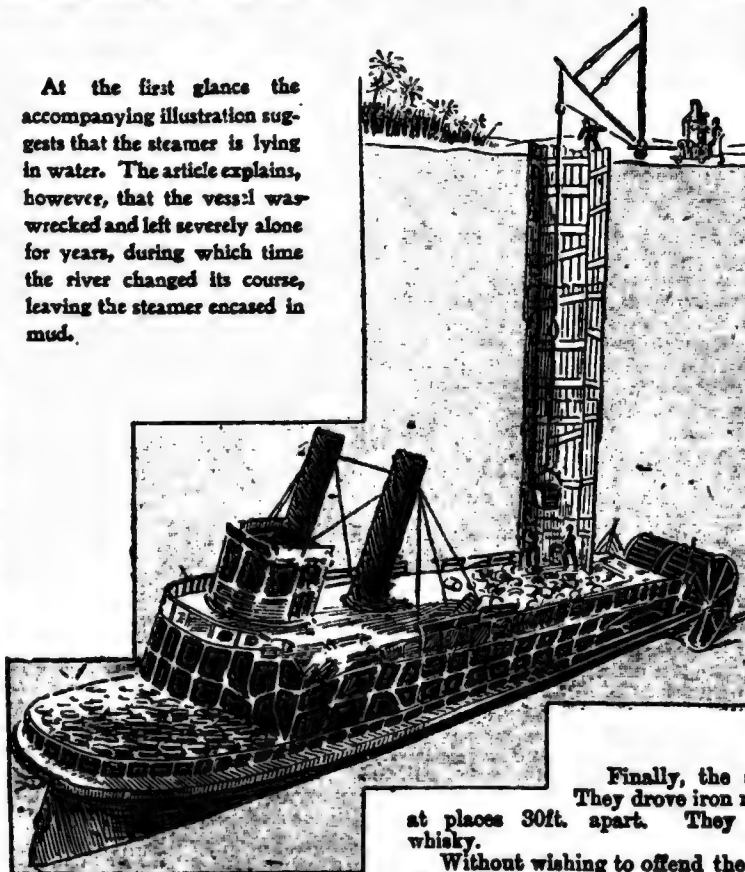
The oldest inhabitants were next consulted as to their knowledge of the exact locality where sank the *Arabia*; but no two opinions agreed, so that source of wisdom was abandoned. In the meantime over two hundred acres had been dug up for no purpose.

Finally, the syndicate adopted practical, everyday methods. They drove iron rods down through the soft soil to a depth of 35ft. at places 30ft. apart. They discovered the old wreck, and secured the whisky.

Without wishing to offend the susceptibilities of the clubmen of the metropolis of the United States, we may repeat what has often been said of them, that they have fine palates for rare old whisky. When it came to their knowledge that a gold mine in whisky had been found a messenger was dispatched with all speed from a certain wealthy New York club with instructions to buy up the whole of the four hundred barrels of the hitherto buried fifty-year-old whisky.

The messenger arrived in time and secured every gallon of the liquid at a price which is far beyond any which has hitherto been paid. The syndicate has been paid at the rate of \$250 per barrel, or \$8 a gallon. The price per gallon ordinarily paid by the trade to distillers is 8s. 6d.

At the first glance the accompanying illustration suggests that the steamer is lying in water. The article explains, however, that the vessel was wrecked and left severely alone for years, during which time the river changed its course, leaving the steamer encased in mud.



Gardens that Move.

THE manner in which floating fields and gardens are formed in China is thus described: In the month of April a bamboo raft ten to twelve feet long and about half as broad is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between them. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating two inches thick of adhesive mud taken from the bottom of a canal or pond, which receives the seed.

The raft is moored to the bank in still water, and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way, and the soil also, the roots drawing support from the water alone. In about twenty days the raft becomes covered with creeper, and its stems and roots are gathered for cooking.

In autumn its small white petals and yellow stamens, nestling among the round leaves, present a very pretty appearance. In some places marshy land is profitably cultivated in this manner.

Besides these floating vegetable gardens there are also floating rice fields. Upon rafts constructed as above weeds and adherent mud were placed as a flooring, and when the rice shoots were ready for transplanting, they were placed in the floating soil, which being adhesive and held in place by weed roots, the plants were maintained in position throughout the season. The rice then planted ripened in from sixty to seventy in place of a hundred days. The rafts are moored to the shore, floating on lakes, pools, or sluggish streams.

These floating fields serve to avert famines, whether by drought or flood. When other fields were submerged and their crops sodden or rotten these floated and flourished, and when a drought prevailed they subsided with the falling water, and while the soil around was arid advanced to maturity. Agricultural treatises contain plates representing rows of extensive rice fields moored to sturdy trees on the banks of rivers or lakes which existed formerly in the lacustrine regions of the Lower Yangtze and Yellow River.

INSURANCE

FOR

Working Men and Women AGAINST FATAL ACCIDENT.

SPECIAL TO "P.W." READERS.

TEN POUNDS will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION Ltd., of 40 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the heir or assign of any person, over 14 years of age and under 65, who dies within six weeks as the direct and sole result of an accident sustained within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, whilst in the performance of his or her usual work, provided that the following conditions are complied with:

1. The person desirous of benefiting by this Insurance Scheme must, as the essence of the contract, have filled up, cut out, and retained the **FATAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE COUPON** (which appears each week in P.W.) for at least twelve consecutive weeks immediately before the accident. (See below also.)

2. The statement of claim on his or her behalf, accompanied by the twelve coupons, must reach the Head Office of The Ocean Corporation as above within seven days of the fatal termination of the accident.

3. Together with the statement of claim and the coupons, must also be forwarded a copy of the death certificate and a written guarantee that the coupons were actually filled in and signed by the deceased.

4. Only one claim can be accepted in respect of each death.

5. The decision of the Directors of The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd. as to the payment of the money is final, and when once the payment has been made, no claims as to its disposal can be considered.

6. In the event of this offer being withdrawn, no claims for accidents taking place after the expiration of one week from the issue of the last coupon can be considered.

Special Insurances are offered of £1 for three signed Coupons from consecutive issues of the paper immediately preceding the fatal accident, or £5 for six signed Coupons, under similar conditions to the above.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company Limited Act, 1890," Risks Nos. 2 & 3.

The possession of this Coupon is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Office of the said Corporation.

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PEOPLE WHO MAKE HOAXES PAY.

IS YOUR SILK GOWN, YOUR DRESDEN CHINA, OR YOUR ANCIENT RELIC GENUINE?

"Yes, it's a queer way of making a living, but I can assure you that it is an extremely profitable one," recently said an old Criminal Investigation officer to P.W. in reply to a request for some information as to the wiles of the professional hoax merchant.

"Truth to say," continued he, "the trade in manufactured hoaxes is fast developing into an industry, the magnitude of which is but little appreciated by the man in the street. Its chief centres are London and Birmingham, but many little provincial towns are already adding their quota to the fraudulent whole.

"Although the materials and articles imitated are usually confined to the few for which there is a constant demand, the scope of the imitator is practically limitless. Provided only a reasonably good order be forthcoming, and he is satisfied of your financial soundness, the nature of the articles required matters little. Indeed, he is equally at home with silks and with sapphires; whilst his antiquarian knowledge is such that he can provide either the mummies of old Nile or the flint axes of prehistoric Britain with equal celerity. Provide them, too, at a price which effectually disposes of all fear of serious competition on the part of the more genuine London dealers.

"It must, of course, be understood that in nine cases out of ten the actual manufacturers of these imitations are entirely guiltless of any intention to defraud. In fact, they openly advertise that their goods are only 'best imitation.' The real defrauders are the middlemen, who, after knowingly buying up an imitation article, endeavour to palm it off upon the unsuspecting purchaser through the medium of house to house peddling and the insertion of 'bankrupt stock' advertisements in the daily press.

"Of these bogus transactions, perhaps one of the most paying is that which flourishes in connection with the manufacture of artificial silk. As most people are aware, the price of the best silk, ranging as it does from 15s. to 19s. per pound, is prohibitive to all but the wealthiest purchasers. For countless generations the silkworm has held its own as the producer of this costly material, until it almost began to seem as if the discovery of an effective substitute must be relegated to the same shelf as that appropriated to the celebrated philosopher's stone.

"To-day all this is changed. There are now in existence at least two ingenious processes by means of which it is possible to produce a perfect imitation silk for but one-sixth of the cost of the genuine article. It is true that in point of durability, the imitation article cannot compare with the genuine; but in all other respects it is fully its equal. The method of manufacture is as follows:

"The fundamental fibre of the silk is obtained by forcing a strong solution of a gelatinous nature through a species of colander. The holes in this machine, being exceedingly small, produce a thread of exceeding fineness, which possesses a lustre superior to that of natural silk, and can be made as fine as 1-1000th part of an inch in diameter. As soon as the gelatine thread leaves the 'colander,' it solidifies by reason of its fineness, and is then wound upon bobbins, and subsequently spun into silk cloth in the usual way. After being waterproofed and dyed, it can be profitably sold at 3s. 6d. per pound.

"The second process differs from the first chiefly in the materials employed. In the place of gelatine, a solution consisting of cotton dissolved in chloride of zinc is forced through the colander into a bath of methylated spirit, this immersion converting it into an excellent imitation of silk thread. This process is slightly cheaper than the former. Needless to say, the temptation to certain classes of our fellow citizens to buy this remarkably smart imitation, and fraudulently retail it under the guise of the real article offered at a startling reduction, is by far too good a chance to be missed.

"From the year 500 B.C. to the present year of grace, is a long jump in point of time. Nevertheless, the hoax merchant, who respects neither time nor persons, bridges it with a single leap. To-day, you may see him in the wilds of Shadwell employed under the tender fashioning of a flint axe head. A week hence that very man may be regarding unmoved that very specimen of his handiwork as it reposes in the window of a West End dealer in close proximity to a statement of antiquity, which he, of all other men, can most easily refute.

"Nevertheless, he speaks not. Why should he? Are not the shillings in his pocket good coin? And, after all, who is he that he should dispute the written testimony of so eminent an authority upon palaeolithic antiquities? Besides, the public demand is great, and neither dealer nor manufacturer can afford to disappoint it.

"And so the game goes on. Sometimes the antiquity faker blunders, usually, too, in the matter of inscriptions, which are but kittle-cattle for illiterate people to dabble with. The commonest form of mistake is to place, say, an Assyrian inscription upon an obviously Grecian weapon or utensil. Upon the whole, however, his imitations are so skilfully carried out that even an

expert has been known to choose them in preference to the genuine articles.

"Another phase of antiquarian hoaxes deals with the production of bogus mummies. These grim old relics of a mighty past are usually built up around a genuine skeleton. This, after being treated to a swim in pyroxic spirits, is 'fleshed' with the kindly aid of several pounds of papier-maché, and then soaked for a day and night in another bath of boiling bitumen.

"The resulting 'body' is now swathed in the requisite number of bandages of becoming antiquity, varnished all over with a highly-scented resinous wash, and packed in a genuine sarcophagus ready for exhibition. A great many of these frauds are annually manufactured to the order of travelling showmen, the possibility of detection on the part of the public being brought to a minimum by the usual 'visitors are requested not to touch' legend.

"Perhaps the greatest versatility of all is shown by the manufacturers of spurious china, ivories, and bric-à-brac generally. Their faculty of resource is practically unlimited. Suppose, for example, that an ancient ivory tablet is required. In a short time, an exact replica of a genuine specimen has been faithfully carved from a piece of new ivory. This is then immersed in oil for several hours, and finally subjected to the influence of a great heat. The resulting specimen is not only historically correct in every detail, but bears just such a series of discolourations and cracks that one would expect to find in so ancient a work of art.

"The imitation of old china is a much simpler matter, the various trademarks being for the most part of comparatively simple design. Indeed, many a Mayfair china cabinet abounds with Derbys, Worcesters, Sevres, and Dresdens that were all branded as such in the privacy of the same factory.

"As no self-respecting parvenu considers himself complete without an ancestry, the sale of ancestral armour forms by no means an inconsiderable item of the hoax maker's business. It being only necessary to treat a set of bran new armour with age bestowing acid in order to enhance its marketable value tenfold, it is perhaps superfluous to add that there is a pretty constant demand for corrosive acid in the ancestral armour trade.

"Finally, if there is one man who above all others wishes confusion to the Peace Conference, it is the bogus war-relic man. Although personally far from warlike, he is nevertheless one of those most interested in the perpetuation of war, since nothing gives so great a fillip to his trade than an occasional outbreak of hostilities. Indeed, the effects of Waterloo have lasted to the present time, for he still annually exports several gross of British cavalry sabres and French cuirasses to the guileless Belgian peasantry who are always so willing to sell appropriate mementoes of the fray to personally conducted visitors to that historic field."

A TRAMP applied to a gentleman for a few pence to buy some bread.

"Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" he was asked.

"I'd like to open a bank if I could only get the tools," answered the tramp.

TEACHER: "You should always be frank, and not try to hide any fault you may have committed. Now, Johnny, if you had fallen into the water while you were playing, when you ought to have been hurrying home, what would you say to your papa?"

Johnny: "You don't know pa. He wouldn't give me time to say anything until his arm got tired."

DRIBBLER: "In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is the personification of conceit."

Scribbler: "Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest."

"Modest! What about?"

"About his spelling."

MR. TROTTER (to himself): "As I shall be at the office until nine o'clock this evening, I think I'll send Alice a telegram explaining matters."

As he enters the house at ten o'clock his wife of a month throws herself into his arms.

"Oh, Tom," she weeps, holding out a brown envelope, "this horrid telegram came this morning, and I've been afraid to open it lest it should contain bad news. What in the world has delayed you so?"

A BODY of sailors from a British vessel, stopping at Samos, went to the German Consulate, and demanded dinner.

"This is not a hotel," said the offended official who met them.

"Well, if it ain't a restaurant, what's that black fowl hung out for? Ain't it a sign?" inquired the spokesman.

The "sign" was the German eagle, the consular coat of arms.

A well-dressed woman is a pleasure to behold; every woman should therefore buy Isobel's DRESSMAKING AT HOME, published on the 1st of each month, and learn how to dress well at slight expense. The patterns are beautifully cut and amazingly cheap.

BOMB-THROWERS AS EDITORS.

ALL ABOUT THE NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED
BY ANARCHISTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THE Anarchist, as a rule, is not such an enormity as most people imagine. One may rub shoulders with him in a crowd or at a popular demonstration; one may meet him in his daily avocation, one may consort with him at the club without finding that he carries a blood-red handkerchief in his pocket or treason in his heart.

As with the Anarchist, so with the newspapers which are devoted to the cause for which, in an age which so often seeks to shirk its responsibilities and to let the burden of its acts be borne by others, he is willing to die.

At the present time there are five Anarchist newspapers published in London.

The first and oldest is unquestionably FREEDOM, which describes itself as "a journal of Anarchist Communism." It is a monthly publication of eight pages which has run to nearly 150 numbers. Its size is about that of P.W., but it is printed in two wide columns. It is edited by a group of Anarchists, among whom are several people well-known to the literary world, as well as the famous Krapotkine.

Of the other papers, there is the NEW ORDER, edited by Mr. J. C. Kenworthy, a Tolstorian Anarchist and a member of the "Brotherhood" Church, and published by the "Brotherhood Printer and Publisher" of Croydon.

There are also two others—a weekly one, the WORKER'S FRIEND, and a monthly one, the PROPAGANDIST. These are published not in English, but in the Yiddish dialect, and are circulated among the Russian Jews, who live in the poorer Eastern district of London.

The history of the Anarchist movement, like all other histories, is strewn with the corpses of dead leaders, and among these leaders of Anarchist thought and feeling in London are the COMMONWEAL, which was published in 1884 by the Socialist League, and was edited by William Morris and Belford Bax. It was first suspended at the time its editor was arrested and subsequently sentenced to serve a term of eighteen months' imprisonment for an article which he published on the trial of the Walsall Anarchists in 1892.

Two years later the compositor who set up the paper was arrested for a speech which he had made on Tower Hill, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour for the vigour of the opinions which he held. That seemed to be the death-blow to the COMMONWEAL, for it was not found possible to continue its publication afterwards.

The TORCH was a well-known paper at one time, and was published under the editorship of Dr. MacDonald, supported by the Misses Rossetti. It has, however, ceased for about three years. About the same time also LIBERTY, edited by James Tochatti, a tailor of Hammersmith, gave up its little life, which, however, was not a very vigorous one, for the publication was held in Anarchist circles to be "rather a poor affair."

The ALARM, on the other hand, with its stirring title did not strike often, although it gave promise of being a very smart publication. It was started about three years ago by a group of young workmen, but it only lived a couple of months.

As might be expected, the German-speaking population of London, which, it is generally believed, furnishes most adherents to the creed of Anarchy, has produced several papers devoted to preaching the tenets of Anarchy, and while the Anti-Socialist Laws lasted in Germany they found a cause for existence. Since those laws lapsed they have, however, rallied to the SOCIALIST of Berlin, which is the weekly organ of the anarchists of the capital of the Kaiser's dominions.

The provinces have not been left out of the movement, for Sheffield has had the distinction of supporting a paper of its own, called the ANARCHIST. This was started by Dr. Creagh, in 1890, or 1891, and it ran for a couple of years, but fell soon after its guiding spirit left the City of Steel.

Other towns have also harboured for a short time one or two more of these publications, but they have not lasted any length of time, and need not be referred to here.

There have also been one or two papers which the people in the inner ranks of the movement believe to have been subsidised by the police. The peculiar characteristic of these papers has been the vehemence of their method, the violence of their language, and their whole tendency to advocate the practice of violence. Their use has been, according to the belief of the best and most active members of the Anarchistic Brotherhood, to "attract any young enthusiasts with a leaning towards revolutionary methods," with the object it is believed of getting these hot-headed young men, if not in the clutches of the police, at all events of making them known to the preservers of law and order, so that in the event of acts of violence, or when acts of violence are known to be about to be perpetrated, they may be carefully watched.

One of these papers was the INTERNATIONAL, with which the police agent, Coulon, and the instigator of the Anarchist plot at Walsall, to which reference has been made, was connected.

There is now being published at the present time in London a paper in German called the LUMPEN PROLETARIAT.

It is said that "all the Anarchistic plots, as apart from individual acts of violence, originate with the promoters of these papers." Whether the statement be true or not it is nevertheless further believed that it is the secret service money of the different countries which actually is expended in paying for these publications. It is even pointed out that these journals, which even Anarchists call "vile sheets," are not interfered with by the authorities.

In this connection it is interesting to note that one of the late chiefs of the police in Paris actually admits the fact above stated, and goes so far as to be proud of his action in the matter, no doubt seeing that the course he adopted did something, at all events, to the discrediting of Anarchism among the people.

Of the Continental papers, LE TEMPS NOUVEAU is one of, and is probably, the best known of all the Anarchist papers. It is edited by Jean Greave and Elisee Recluse, the famous geographer, is connected with it, as are a goodly number of active literary workers.

Another well-known paper of the same class is LE PÈRE PIENARD, which is largely written in the slang of the Paris workmen, and is an exceedingly militant organ, attracting a great deal of attention among its admirers. LA LIBERTAIRE, edited by Sebastian Faure, the well-known freethought orator, is another of these papers with a large circulation.

There has been, however, a considerable falling off in the number of the French journals during the last few years. Before 1894 the list of both newspapers and magazines was fairly large, but they have been most of them suppressed since the assassination of Carnot. There are also several provincial publications but not of enough importance to warrant mention here.

The Anarchist journals of Italy are limited to a weekly and a monthly magazine. One of these is L'AGITAZIONE, which is described as a "social Anarchist periodical." It is a four-paged paper, similar in get-up to one of our own halfpenny afternoon papers, but rather smaller, being two-thirds as large again as a page of P.W. Each page is divided into four columns, and it is printed in a large, clear type, but the general nature of the work leaves much to be desired from the point of view of the general get-up.

Roumania boasts one monthly, and Holland has two or three weeklies.

The chief papers of Germany are limited to two weeklies and a monthly, while Sweden has one monthly publication and Denmark a weekly one. Russia, where probably Anarchism reaches almost its highest pitch, has only a few clandestine fly-sheets, which live their little life and die after having served their purpose, like the gnats of a summer day.

In America, on the other hand, there are a very great number of Anarchist papers.

In South America there are some eight or nine weekly papers, most of them, indeed, having their being in Buenos Ayres, which seems to be what the Conservative writers would call a "hot-bed" of Anarchistic literature. It does not seem, however, that very much has been done in that growing and thriving city to hurt anyone.

QUINN: "As long as pencils and jokes are used, woman can never hope to equal man."

De Fonte: "Are those the greatest obstacles?"

Quinn: "Yes; they can't put a point to either one."

"No, we couldn't agree," sighed the man. "I said I wasn't worthy of her, and she said I was. For the sake of harmony I yielded my opinion and said I was worthy of her, and she, not to be outdone in generosity, I suppose, yielded her opinion and said I wasn't."

"WHERE do actresses get all their pretty little tricks of high bred manner?"

"They imitate the ladies in the boxes."

"And where do those ladies get all their fascinating little ways?"

"Why, they imitate the actresses on the stage."

THE great detective paused.

"The horseless carriage containing the murderer passed here just twenty minutes ago," he said.

The other man looked astonished.

"But I see no wheel tracks," he cried.

"No," said the great detective calmly, "but if you'll sniff a little you'll get the odour of the oil."

THE beauties of nature are deeply studied by some. Two men last summer put up five shillings each on a wager that one could hold a wasp in his hand longer than the other. The man who rubbed chloroform on his hand expected to win, but the other man happened to know that male wasps don't sting, and accordingly got one of that sex. They sat and smiled at each other while the onlookers wondered, until the chloroform evaporated, and then the man who used it suddenly let go his wasp. The other man got the money.

How Cloves Are Gathered.

MORE cloves are said to be used in America than in any other country, England and France following in the order named. In this country and in Great Britain they are used almost wholly as a condiment, but in France they are used largely in the manufacture of certain liquors. To some degree they are employed in medicine for their tonic properties.

The name clove is from the French *clou*, meaning a nail. The tree is an evergreen, growing from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty.

The tree belongs to the same family as the guava, the pomegranate, and the rose apple. The cloves are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red. Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are then dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark colour.

A clove tree begins to bear at the age of about ten years, and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and the other in December. Hot weather is favourable to the crop, although a little fog is said to improve the flavour.

READ THIS NOTICE BEFORE GOING TO TOWN.

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway and
Cycling Insurance.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 SPECIALLY GUARANTEED

BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE
CORPORATION LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notices of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature or written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

W.R.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2000 RAILWAY INSURANCE and also of the CYCLING INSURANCE has been paid up to August 31st, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Cycling Accident under the conditions named in the notice above.

RICH. J. PAUL.

Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY	
REQUEST FORM.	
AUGUST 12th, 1899.	Whatever sum is due to me in respect of this insurance, I wish to leave to
(If this space is not filled up the Proprietors of P.W. reserve to themselves the right of sending the money to the person whom they consider has the best claim to it.)	
Signature	See other side
AUGUST 12, 1899.	

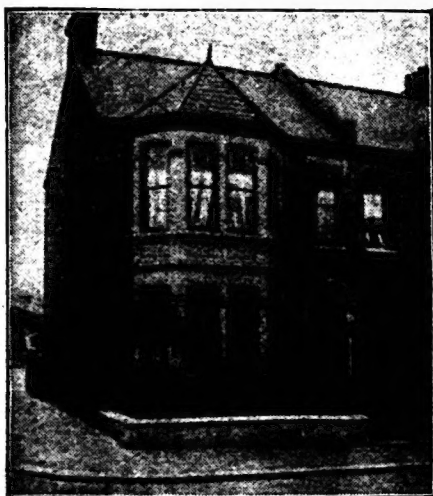
Soups, Cakes, Puddings, Savouries. Recipes for these and various other delicacies may be obtained by buying Isobel's HOME COOKERY. Price One Penny on the 1st of every month.

34 PRIZES

BETWEEN
438 COMPETITORS.

IN THE LAST
CHANCELLOR SOAP
COMPETITION.

THIS
IS THE
HOUSE
(9 years' lease)
THAT



**JOHN
E. NAYLOR**
(of 85 Goodrich Rd.,
East Dulwich.)

WON

FIRST PRIZE—"CHANCELLOR HOUSE."

Situated at 33 NARBONNE AVENUE,
CLAPHAM COMMON, LONDON, S.W.

Result Sheet, giving FULL particulars, sent with pleasure, to ANY reader sending
stamped addressed envelope with request to

CHANCELLOR SOAPS,

13 CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

N.B.—"CHANCELLOR" SOAPS (2½d. and 3d. per bar) are, altogether apart from
prizes, BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.

WHITE SHIRTS fitted with our REVERSIBLE CUFFS

(See Nos. 2 & 3 described below.)

WEAR TWICE AS LONG as ordinary shirts.

This shows the Cuff the first day.



Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

UNLAUNDERED WHITE SHIRTS

Straight from the needle to the customer at Wholesale Prices.



Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.

IN THREE QUALITIES—
No. 1—"THE DEFENDER." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. With large single cuff, 2/6 each, 14/6 half-dozen, post free.
No. 2—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. 2/3 each, 18/6 half-dozen, post free.
No. 3—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, 3/9 or 21/6 per half-dozen.
When ordering, mention size of Neck-band, and say whether to button back or front.
PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers, F Dept., 101, Sauchiehall St., GLASGOW.

Why not have Value for Money?

MITCHELL'S
GOLD MEDAL.

"PRIZE CROP"
Choice Virginia
CIGARETTES,

WEIGHT
FOR
MONEY.

PER **8^d.** OZ.

VALUE
IN
WEIGHT.

If You Cannot Otherwise Obtain

"CHANCELLOR" SOAP

We will send 1 dozen 3d. bars, carriage paid, for P.O. value 3s.
BETTER VALUE IMPOSSIBLE

Also send name of your Grocer or Oilman to
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DEVONA

This charming Sweet is made from
FRESH COTTED CREAM.



CHOCOLATE DEVONA

This is Chocolate in its most
DELICIOUS form and SWEETNESS.
Sold everywhere in 1/2 and 3/4 Packets.

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1898 Price Lists Free.
Wonderful bargains.
All prices. Carriage
Paid. Easy terms
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1 year's guarantee.
All accessories in-
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REVOLUTION IN
Cigarette Paper
Books

EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.
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INDISPENSABLE TO LADY TRAVELLERS.

SOUTHALLS' (PATENTED)

SANITARY TOWELS
(ABSORBENT and ANTISEPTIC.)
In Packets of One Dozen—

Size 0 ... 6d. Size 2 ... 1/6 Size 4 ... 2/-
" 1 ... 1/- " 3 ... 2/- " X ... 2/9

Size 1 can also be had in Packets of Six Towels at 6d.

Sample Packets (marked Size 5), at 6d., containing three Size 0, one
each 1, 2, & 4, post free, eight stamps. Southalls' Sanitary
Towels for Accommodation in three sizes, 1/2, 2/2, and 2/6 each. Sold
by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the World.
SAMPLES free on application to the LADY MANAGER,
17 BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

DO NOT BE MISLED!
JATERSONS'
CAMP
COFFEE
IS THE BEST.

PRODUCING
A CUP OF
DELICIOUS COFFEE
AT A
MOMENT'S NOTICE.

Indispensable with Fruit & Delicious. Nourishing!
DEVONSHIRE CREAM.
(Highly Genuine.) In Patent Air-Tight Tins. 4lb.,
10d.; 1lb., 1/2; 1lb., 2/- including tin and postage.
MRS. CONYERS, MORCHARD BISHOP, DEVON.

CONGREVE'S
THE MOST EFFICACIOUS REMEDY IN
PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.
Proved for 70 Years.

BALSAMIC
For COUGH, CATARRH, ASTHMA,
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, &c.
Will NOT cure every disease.

ELIXIR.
Sold by Chemists & Patent Medicine Vendors
Mr. G. F. CONGREVE'S BOOK ON "CON-
SUMPTION, &c." from Coombe Lodge,
Peckham, London, S.E. 6d. and 1s., Post Free.

The Unrivalled Exterminator.

VERMITE
INSECT KILLS POWDER

Cockroaches, Beetles, Bugs, Flies, Moths, Greenfly,
Ants, Vermin in Dogs and Poultry, &c., &c.

Used by the Admiralty. Used on all Steamship Lines, &c.

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HARMLESS TO EVERYTHING BUT INSECTS.
Householders should keep it who are troubled with

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Sold Everywhere in 1/- Bellows (full), and 3d., 6d.,
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KAPUTINE THE SAFE HEADACHE

REMEDY FOR
Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamped
envelope for Free Sample. **KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.**

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IS
GRAVES'
SYSTEM

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